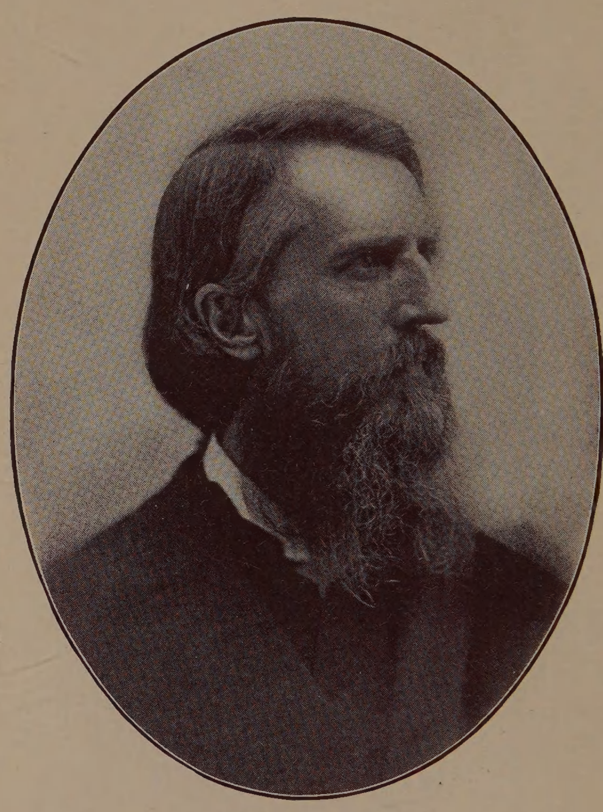

School of Theology at Claremont
1001 1349130



Vinton P. Eastman,
Merry Xmas 1910.
F. C. E.

Fifty-Three Years in Syria



HENRY H. JESSUP
Taken when Moderator of the General Assembly.

Fifty-Three Years In Syria

By

HENRY HARRIS JESSUP, D.D.

Introduction by James S. Dennis, D. D.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II



NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO

Fleming H. Revell Company

LONDON AND EDINBURGH

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 80 Wabash Avenue
Toronto: 25 Richmond Street, W.
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 100 Princes Street

Contents

SECOND VOLUME

Illustrations

SECOND VOLUME

XIX

Notable Visitors and Converts

The one-eyed kadi—Mr. Roosevelt—Two great sheikhs—The new bell—Wm. E. Dodge—Abu Selim and Moosa Ata—The monthly concert at home.

AT the close of 1873 the stations were manned as follows: Beirut, Drs. Thomson, Van Dyck, Dennis, and H. H. Jessup.

Abeih, Messrs. Calhoun and Bird.

Sidon, Messrs. W. W. Eddy and Pond.

Tripoli, Messrs. S. Jessup and Hardin, and Dr. Danforth.

Zahleh, Messrs. Dale, Wood, and March.

The theological seminary was opened in Beirut in premises adjoining Dr. Dennis's house, the teachers being Dr. Dennis, Dr. C. V. A. Van Dyck, Dr. Wm. M. Thomson, and myself.

The Syrian Protestant College at this time had eighty-four students in all its departments and all its friends were much encouraged. They little thought that in 1907 the number would be 878.

In September the notable meeting of the International Evangelical Alliance, postponed from 1870 on account of the Franco-Prussian War, was held in New York. My paper on "Missions to the Oriental Churches" was read in my absence by my dear friend, Rev. D. Stuart Dodge. It was subsequently the basis of a booklet on "The Greek Church and Protestant Missions," written at the request of the Christian Literature Society of New York

and a special edition of which was published in England by my friends, Canon H. B. Tristram and Rev. H. E. Fox, and sent to hundreds of clergymen of the Church of England. The object of this act of Canon Tristram was to counteract the efforts of the High Church Anglican Clergy to fraternize with the Greek Church ecclesiastics, ignoring the anti-scriptural teachings of the Greek Church. A reformation of the Greek Church is possible, but not very probable. With education and the Bible the people some day will demand the abolition of Mariolatry and ikon worship.

Early in March Dr. Van Dyck, manager of the press, was sent for by Kamil Pasha, the governor, to come to the seraia, as he was about to shut up the press for a violation of the press laws. Dr. Van Dyck proceeded to the seraia and asked the pasha what he meant. The pasha, holding up a little tract, said, "Was this printed at your press?" "Yes." "Then it must be confiscated, as it contains an attack on the Turkish government." Dr. Van Dyck asked, "Wherein does it attack the government?" The pasha pointed out several passages which criticized the bribery and corruption everywhere prevalent, perjury and lying among witnesses and public officials; and the fact that "truth had fallen in the streets and equity could not enter." Dr. Van Dyck replied, "Are not these statements *true?* Your Excellency ought to put a copy into the hands of every government official in your pashalic. Is it not so?" asked the doctor. "Yes," said the pasha, "but we don't like to be so constantly reminded of it. Have you never heard the story of the Kadi el Ah-war?" (*i. e.*, the one-eyed judge). "And what is that?" asked the doctor. "Well, once there was a famous one-eyed kadi. One day a man came into the court and addressed him as follows: 'Good-morning, oh, one-eyed kadi! May your day be blessed, oh, one-eyed kadi. I have heard of the noble character and justice of the one-eyed kadi, and I would ask the distinguished and revered one-eyed kadi to do me justice,' and, 'Stop,' said the kadi, 'supposing I *am* one-eyed, do I want to be everlastingly reminded of it? Get out of my sight.'

"And so," said the pasha, "we know that these reflections on our country and our courts are true, but we don't want to be publicly reminded of them. Who wrote that tract?" The doctor explained that it was a prize tract on veracity and the prize was won by Rev. Sarafîm Potaji of Shefa-Amr near Nazareth. But the pasha insisted that it be destroyed. The doctor withdrew and the case was taken up by the British consulate, as the tracts belonged to the London Tract Society. Then the pasha insisted that the consul seal them up in a box and send them out of Syria. The consul sent a dragoman and sealed the box and left it at the press. Dr. Van Dyck sent and asked the consul to remove the box. He did not do it. Then the doctor gave him a week's notice that if it were not taken away in that time the press would not be responsible for its safe-keeping. The British consul never sent for it and it disappeared, being scattered throughout the land.

The prohibition by the Sultan of all criticism in the newspaper press is one great cause of the universal official corruption in the empire. Bribery exists in civilized lands, but is kept at a minimum through fear of exposure in the press. Here there is no such fear, and it is at a maximum.

On Saturday, March 22d, I called at the hotel on Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., of New York, and the next day he spoke to our Arabic Sunday-school on his work among the newsboys of New York. His son Theodore was with him and was a boon companion of Frederick and Howard Bliss, sons of Dr. Daniel Bliss. The three boys rode together on one donkey, the property of Mrs. Bliss. One of those boys is now President of the United States, while another is president of the Syrian Protestant College, and, as a witty Arab remarked on hearing this reminiscence, "The donkey is now the Waly of ———."

Mr. Roosevelt gave $500 to the college in Beirut. His visit was memorable and an inspiration to young and old.

In February, 1871, we were favoured with a visit from a celebrated Arab sheikh, the noted Sheikh Mohammed Smeir Ibn ed Dukhy, the emir of the Anazeh tribe, who can command ten

thousand horsemen and who receives 280,000 piastres annually from the Turkish government to keep the Bedawin in order.

He had just sent off a detachment of his tribe with the great Mohammedan caravan of pilgrims from Damascus to Mecca and was sent for by Rashîd Pasha, Waly of Syria, to come to meet him in Beirut. While here, he was the guest of a friend of ours and we invited him to call. He came on Thursday, February 2d, at 2 P. M., first calling at my house and then at the female seminary. He looked through the institution and after examining the appearance of the pupils, turned to them and said, "Our Bedawin girls would learn as much in six months as you learn in two years." I told him we would like to see the experiment tried. He said, "Perhaps it may be some day." Our friend had informed us that although the sheikh could not read, one of his wives could both read and write well, being the daughter of a sheikh near Hamath, so we had prepared an elegant copy of the Arabic Bible bound in green and gilt with a waterproof case to prevent injury on his long return journey of twelve days into the desert, and when we reached the press it was presented to him. He received it with the greatest respect and asked what he would find in it. We told him it was the complete "Tourah" and "Ingeel" (Old and New Testaments) and he said it would be profitable to read about Ibrahim the friend of God, and Ishmael the father of the Arabs, and Moosa (Moses) and Soleyman the king and Aieesa or Jesus the son of Mary. The electrotype apparatus deeply interested him but when Mr. Hallock showed him the steam cylinder press rolling off the printed sheets with so great rapidity and exactness, he stood back and remarked in the most deliberate manner, "The man who made that press can conquer everything but death." It seemed some satisfaction to him that in the matter of death the Bedawy was on a level with the European.[1]

From the press the sheikh went to the church and after gazing

[1] Mr. Waldmeier, who was formerly in Abyssinia and is now in Beirut, informs me that one of the Abyssinian princes once made a precisely similar remark when looking at a piece of European machinery.

around on the pure white walls, remarked, "There is the Book, but there are no pictures. You worship only God here."

He was anxious to see the tower clock, and although he has lost one arm and had the other nearly paralyzed by a musket shot in the desert wars, he said he would climb up the long ladder to see that clock, whose striking he had heard at the other end of the city. So up he went and it would have done the maker, Mr. Hotchkiss of Cortlandt Street, New York, great good to see this son of the desert gazing admiringly upon that beautiful piece of mechanism. We helped him down the ladder, greatly to his relief, and then he went to the college where he heard Dr. Van Dyck deliver a lecture on chemistry, and the doctor performed several brilliant experiments for his benefit. Dr. Bliss showed him the large electrical machine and he took several severe shocks in hopes of deriving benefit to his left arm.

The botanical collection, the library of Arabic books, the cabinets of minerals and fossils, and the anatomical museum all interested him and he finally left us expressing his gratitude for what he had been permitted to see, and especially for the Book. He left by diligence stage early the next morning for Damascus and was soon in the desert again as another tribe had revolted and he hastened to quell the revolt.

On Wednesday, February 8, 1871, one of the notable characters of Syria died in Beirut. Sheikh Nasif el Yazigy was the greatest living Arabic poet, author of fourteen different works in Arabic, and formerly for years the companion and assistant of Dr. Eli Smith in the translation of the Bible into Arabic. He died aged seventy-one years. He had been partially paralyzed for two years past but never forgot Dr. Eli Smith. He often said to me, "When Dr. Smith was on his death-bed he preached to me a sermon which I have not forgotten and never can forget. No, sir, I cannot forget it. Dr. Smith was a man of God."

An immense crowd followed the sheikh to his grave, among them nearly 800 pupils from the schools and seminaries of Beirut, a noble tribute to his great learning. Such a sight had not been seen in Beirut since the days of Justinian.

On Sunday, February 12th, the little stone church in Kefr Shima, six miles from Beirut, was dedicated, with more of state and formality than had been known by any Protestant church in Syria. Among those present were H. E. Franco Pasha, Governor of Lebanon, Mr. Johnson, American consul-general, Mr. Eldridge, H. B. M. consul-general, Mr. T. Weber, German consul-general, Dr. Daniel Bliss, president of the Syrian Protestant College, Dr. Thomson, several of the Prussian deaconesses who had pupils in the village and a great crowd of Syrian villagers. I preached the Arabic dedication sermon. Five years later I preached the same sermon at the dedication of the churches in Judaideh and Zahleh. At the latter place the kaimakám (a Papal Greek) was present, and a fortnight later sent a formal complaint to Rustam Pasha that I had taken advantage of the presence of Roman Catholic officials to attack the Holy Catholic Church. The pasha sent the complaint to the British consul, to whom I sent a copy of the sermon reminding him that it was the same one I delivered before Franco Pasha and himself and others in 1871. I heard no further complaint. It was afterwards proved that the complaint was instigated by the Jesuit priests of Zahleh.[1]

On Saturday morning, April 15, 1871, the American bark *Marguerita Blanca* came into port bringing the new church bell. The captain said that he had a tempestuous voyage across the Atlantic and for three days gave up all hope of deliverance. The bulwarks of the vessel were carried away, 10,000 feet of lumber on the deck were swept overboard, the kitchen and water casks were swept away, and the bell was about the only thing that remained. The fixtures were in the cabin and although the sea

[1] In January, 1878, Mr. James Black, a noble specimen of the British Christian merchant, whose word was sworn by both by Moslems and Christians, and who had taught the Syrians a lasting lesson in business integrity, erected at his own expense a bell tower on the Kefr Shima church, which stands to-day a monument of his liberality and true Christian zeal. His self-denying labours in the erection of the Beirut church are commemorated in a beautiful white baptismal font erected after his death by the congregation.

broke in and deluged the cabin, nothing was damaged. The only effect that we could observe was that the yoke of the bell (which was evidently meant to be a revolving yoke so as to change the place of the stroke of the tongue) was so firmly welded on to the bell by rust that we found it impossible to remove it when elevating the bell into the tower. We were thankful however that it was not lost during that Atlantic hurricane.

Ten porters brought it up from the custom-house swung between two oak poles, and a fine set of tackle blocks from the American bark enabled Mr. Hallock, our efficient press agent and electrotypist, to hoist it into place with comparative ease. It is the largest bell in Syria and its clear sweet tones can be heard to the very suburbs of this widely scattered city.

We were honoured in 1871 by a visit from Rev. N. G. Clark, secretary of the American Board, and Rev. George W. Wood, D. D., who after labouring as a missionary in Singapore and Constantinople and then as district secretary of the Board in New York was returning to Constantinople to renew the work he so much loved. Dr. Clark's visit was especially gratifying. We had separated from the American Board, but not from the love and confidence of this beloved man with whom we had corresponded for years. He had often intimated that we should not erect expensive buildings on mission ground, and he had many misgivings when we were building the girls' school, the church, the Bible depository and press. But on this visit he expressed his gratification with all he saw in Beirut. He said, "Brethren, you are right. These buildings are a credit to your taste and judgment. Protestantism looks as if it had come to Syria to *stay* and not merely to pitch a tent and then decamp. There should be substantial buildings of a superior character in our chief centres of labour and influence." He was delighted with the large plot of ground owned by the college at Ras Beirut and gave the mission much credit for wisdom and broad views, as might be expected from a man of such large experience and wide observation as he is. The purchase of that college site is universally regarded as one of the master-strokes of Dr. Daniel Bliss, and it is to this

day (1908) still looked upon as the finest college site in the East.[1]

In December, 1871, we were favoured with a visit from the Hon. Wm. E. Dodge and Mrs. Dodge. Their presence was a benediction. They showed interest in every detail of all departments of our work, and his laying the corner-stone of College Hall of the Syrian Protestant College, December 7th, was an occasion long to be remembered. An immense crowd assembled and Mr. Dodge made a brief but eloquent address. His son Stuart, after accompanying his parents to Egypt, returned here and laboured for many months with Dr. Bliss during the progress of the new edifice. The use of iron beams and flat stone arches between the girders, for the first time in Syria, awakened great interest. The building, finally completed in 1872, is a monument to their patient and faithful attention to all the details of the architect's plans. The same may be said of all those who superintended the construction of all the buildings on the college campus. The names of Hon. Wm. E. Dodge and Dr. D. Stuart Dodge will be forever linked with the history and success of the Syrian Protestant College.

The closing months of 1871 were full of hope and cheer. The congregations in Beirut were crowded and the Sunday-school flourishing, the church-members active and willing to work, and some twenty young people asking admission to the church. Rev. Samuel Jessup had returned from Scotland to Tripoli and been joined by Rev. O. J. Hardin and Galen B. Danforth, M. D., who had married Miss Emily Calhoun of Abeih. Rev. and Mrs. Frank Wood had arrived in November and were stationed in Sidon. Dr. Danforth opened a clinic in Tripoli which was thronged, and the faithful Moslem friend, Saleh Sabony, was constant in his attendance, aiding the doctor for three and one-half years till his death, July, 1875, and keeping the crowded throng of patients in order.

[1] Dr. Bliss states that John Jay Phelps, father-in-law of Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, was the first person to insist on the purchase of the Ras Beirut property.



COLLEGE HALL
Syrian Protestant College.

At this time I conducted the Sunday-school of 300 scholars, preached in Arabic twice every Sunday, Monday evening held a neighbourhood prayer-meeting, Wednesday a class of catechumens, Wednesday evening a Bible class of eighty young men, Friday morning short services at three boarding-schools, and Saturday evening a teachers' meeting of thirty young men and women.

This year, 1872, is said to be the year for the final crisis or cataclysm of the Druse religion. Their prophet, El Hakem, who claimed to be an incarnation of the deity, and is worshipped by them, promised when he died, 1021 A. D., to return again with an immense army from China, overthrow Islam, and subject the earth to his sway. This year, according to certain Druse authorities, is the year for the return of El Hakem, but the educated and thinking men among them have the sense to know, firstly, that there are no Druses in China, and secondly, that if there were, there would be no prospect of their getting to Syria without such a conquest as the world has never seen. Despairing of this, some of them, though not many as yet, are asking what is to be done. If El Hakem does not appear in 1872 the Druse religion is false, and we must cast about for another. One of their leading men said a few days ago, "If the crisis comes some of us will turn Moslems and some Protestants. God only knows; God knows all things."

We have had one extraordinary Protestant on the docket in Beirut but now he has returned like the sow that was washed, etc. He was asked for an extra donation in the Maronite church and was so enraged that he turned Protestant. He remained Protestant two months, and had several prayer-meetings at his house. He acknowledged to me that he had committed not less than twenty murders. He sleeps with several loaded pistols under his pillow, and one day threatened to kill his wife. He presented the loaded double-barrelled pistol to his own breast in the presence of two of the brethren, exclaiming, "Bear me witness, that I die a Protestant and give three-fourths of my money to the Protestant Church and one-fourth to my wife." They snatched the pistol and brought it to me; I declined to

harbour it. He afterwards calmed down and came with his wife to call on me. We laboured with him faithfully, but when he heard that we had collections in the Protestant Church, he went back to the Jesuits. It is one of the marvels of this Eastern land that so many men of that kind go unhung. This hopeful character murdered his first wife and may at any day despatch his present one. It was a relief to us all when he ceased entangling the Protestant community with his iniquities. Crimes and sin have hardened his nature and though he has amassed great wealth by his crimes as a highwayman and villain, he will not loose his grip on a cent without a struggle.

How different this man from Abu Selim, the blind Damascene, who has lately united with the church, a man once steeped in iniquity, but now a gentle and loving disciple of Jesus. Kind, affectionate, prayerful, zealous, going about the streets led by a little boy, preaching the Gospel early and late, bringing strangers to the church and the prayer-meeting, and thinking only of one great theme, salvation through Christ, who sought him when a stranger, and sent blindness of natural vision five years ago, in order that his spiritual eyes may be opened! He said the other night at a prayer-meeting, " Would that He had sent this blindness twenty years ago before I had spent so much of my life in sin. Praise to His name for not leaving me now."

On April 5th, Antioch was destroyed by earthquake. The shock continued for several days. Sixteen hundred were killed, 1,000 wounded. The Turkish governor, Ahmed Beg, was a marvel of efficiency and humanity. More than 15,000 people were without food or shelter. Help poured in from Alexandretta, Aleppo, Beirut, Damascus, and Constantinople. Theraia Pasha, Waly of Aleppo, sent 100 tents and soldiers to guard the city and prevent plunder. The stench from bodies buried under the ruins became intolerable. A series of shocks continued for ten days. Suadiyeh on the coast, Bitias, and scores of villages were in ruins and hundreds perished. The house of Mr. Powers, the American missionary, was not injured, though surrounded by ruins. He raised $800 in Alexandretta to aid the sufferers. Caravans with

provisions, bread, flour, rice, and butter came daily from Aleppo, and were distributed by the Aleppo committee, Sheikh Beha ed Din Effendi Rufaiee, Mustafa Agha, Siyas Effendi, Rizkullah Effendi Bulleet. The commercial council of Aleppo sent $3,200 in cash. Edward Van Dyck, United States vice-consul in Beirut, Rev. O. J. Hardin, Dr. Galen Danforth and wife of the American Mission in Tripoli and two graduates of the medical college, went on to Antioch, April 27th, with medicines and blankets to aid in the care of the sick and wounded. The desolation and suffering were heartrending. The entire population were living in the open country, and daily shocks for three weeks added to their terror and distress. No such earthquake had occurred since the days of Justinian in 526 A. D., when the ancient Antioch was destroyed and according to Gibbon 250,000 perished and the city thereafter was only an abject village.

On April 12th the Greek priest Jebra was searching amid the ruins of the Greek Church for the silver ornaments and furniture buried under the débris when he heard a faint groan. He at once informed the government, and the Greek bishop and the entire body of government officials repaired to the spot with labourers who dug away the débris. The groans gradually grew louder and louder until they found two persons, the one clasping the other in her arms. They were a girl of twenty and her younger brother. As they drew them out after digging three hours they found them still alive. They had been entombed seven days. They begged for water. Dr. Franki gave them wine and water in very small quantities. They had no sign of wound or bruise on their bodies but the girl did not survive long. The boy, aged twelve, revived and recovered.

Sabbath evening, April 7th, I retired about midnight, exhausted by the labours of the day, and was just losing myself in sleep when the door-bell rang, and the telegraph messenger brought me a telegram from Miss Wilson, the English teacher in Zahleh, stating that Moosa Ata was dying, and my presence was absolutely necessary. No reasons were given and I was seriously perplexed. The Damascus diligence would leave at 4 A. M., and

this was the only way of getting there unless I rode ten hours on horseback, which I was quite too weary to attempt. There was no time to consult the brethren, and such was the pressure of duties on hand in Beirut that it seemed impossible for me to leave. At last I decided to leave the question to the divine Providence. If there proved to be an empty seat in the diligence I would go; otherwise not. I went down to the office at half-past three and found a seat. On reaching the house of Miss Wilson in Zahleh at noon, I found the town in a state of great excitement. Moosa had died one hour before my arrival. He was the first Protestant in Zahleh and had been a steadfast evangelical for fifteen years. The town numbers 12,000 souls, all Greek or Greek Catholic, and the people have been noted in years past for their insubordination to the government and their blind devotion to the priests. Years ago they boasted that the Protestants should never enter Zahleh, and twice have they driven out missionaries by violence. The town was sacked and burned by the Druses in 1860, and the great church of Mary, the citadel of Mariolatry in Lebanon, was destroyed. It is now rebuilt, the houses being constructed of stone and sun-dried brick. It stands in a narrow valley which runs down the eastern slope of Lebanon to the plain, and is built on both sides of the river, the north and south quarters of the city rising abruptly from the river and facing each other, the roof of one house often forming the court or floor of the house above. The power of the Jesuits and the native Catholic and Greek clergy was once supreme and is now enough to incite the masses to almost any act of rowdyism, unless restrained by force or fear. A month since, the young heroes of the town, of various aristocratic families, attacked the governor and threatened to kill him. He barely escaped with his life and an army was despatched for his protection. Numerous arrests were made and six of the finest young men of the town were sent for six years to the penitentiary in Acre. This condign punishment has somewhat tamed down the fire of the masses or we might have had serious trouble in burying our deceased brother, Moosa Ata. Ever since he had become a

Protestant the priests had vowed vengeance upon him, and although a venerable man, respected by all, and admired for his skill (he was a gunsmith, and received a reward from the London Exposition for a curiously wrought and inlaid weapon), they resolved that when he died, he should be dragged through the streets and be denied decent burial.

On Sunday, April 7th, he was very ill. The Protestant native helper, Giurgius, went to see him and was refused admittance. The Greek Catholic priests had gone a dozen strong to his house, fastened the doors, and sent out word that Moosa had recanted and returned to the papal church. His son Abdallah, who is a Protestant and a lovely young man, told the brethren that this was not true. Still none of the brethren could get access to him. At length Miss Wilson sent word to Jebran Meshaka, city judge, and, since the riot, acting governor, asking leave to visit Moosa, the Protestant. He at once sent the chief of police and two of his men to accompany her. Giurgius, the preacher, and several of the brethren went with her. The roof of Moosa's house and all the adjoining houses were covered with thousands of women and children and the roughs of the town hooting and cursing and railing at the Protestants. The chief made his way through the mob, and took the party with him into the room of the dying man. The room was crowded with the black-robed and hooded priests. Said the chief, Butrus Agha, to Giurgius, the Protestant preacher, "You may now question Moosa as to his faith." Giurgius sat down by his side and said distinctly, "My brother, are you still in the faith of the Gospel, or have you returned to the papal church?" He replied in a clear voice, "I am a Protestant and die a Protestant." At the request of the agha, the question was repeated, with the same reply. Then the agha ordered the priests to leave at once. "What business have you here by the death-bed of a Protestant? Leave him without delay." Moosa then asked Giurgius to read and pray with him. When Miss Wilson left, the mob began to shout and threaten the life of Giurgius. "Bring out the dog and we will kill him! Break down the door and let us shoot him!" etc., etc. Giurgius went to

the door and told them, "I am ready to die, but I will not leave my brother while the breath of life is in him. If you kill me I will die between his feet." The agha then drove back the crowd but they soon returned instigated by the priests. The agha stayed with Giurgius all that night and the next day until 11 A. M., when Moosa died. For three years the papists had been threatening that when Moosa died he should not be buried. As no Protestant death had ever occurred in Zahleh they gave out word that Protestants have no funeral service, no clergy, no honour for the dead, and that no Protestant dog should ever be buried in the sacred (?) soil of Zahleh. When he died they would drag him through the streets and throw his corpse into the river. The gathering of these thousands on the housetops meant mischief. As soon as Moosa's death was known, his wife and sons, and Abdallah's wife, arose and left the house, declaring that as none but street dogs would follow a Protestant to his grave they would not attend the funeral. The brethren had telegraphed to me but my coming was uncertain, and they sent for Mr. Rattrey, a Scotch gentleman living a few miles away, to come and aid them. When my arrival was known, a great change came over matters, and although I was almost faint from exhaustion, loss of sleep and riding in a burning sirocco, I forgot my weariness in the joy of the brethren at my coming. At half-past two I went over to the house with Miss Wilson and instead of finding none but street dogs, we found the entire body of Zahleh aristocracy assembled to condole with Abdallah and to attend the funeral. All the parties in the late riot who had taken up arms against one another were sitting side by side. Outside the building the scene beggared description. Thousands were surging against the house or on the adjacent roofs screaming, cursing, and calling us dogs and wild beasts. One woman cried out, "If they bury that dog in the sacred soil of Zahleh the earth will vomit him forth." Another said, "They cut up their dead and burn them." "Let me see." "See the heretics." "God curse them and their preachers and their books," and volleys of similar vituperation and insult, to all of which we paid no attention whatever. Butrus Agha, the

chief of police, charged upon them repeatedly, but the crowd rolled back again like the waves of the sea. The clamour outside and the roaring of the sirocco wind made it most difficult to speak, but I conducted a short service standing in the door between the crowd inside and the mob outside. When it was ended, the body was placed in a coffin, wrapped in a white cloth, as there was not a woman in the family who would make a shroud, and the crowds of young men, seeing the chief dignitaries of the town in attendance, vied with one another in carrying the body to the chapel on the opposite side of the town. The procession was immense. Five of the Protestant young men walked in advance singing in Arabic, "My Faith Looks up to Thee," and "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds," and their loud, clear voices had a palpably soothing effect upon the tumultuous throng. On reaching the chapel (Miss Wilson's large schoolroom) the crowd was excessive so that they literally trod upon one another. The doors and windows and the fields outside were jammed with the curious multitude, anxious to see what we were going to do. I was getting hoarse from sheer exhaustion, but when the agha had literally cudgelled the crowd into silence at the request of some of the leading men, though against our solemn protest, it became quiet enough to speak, and I conducted a funeral service. The service was brief. I had to speak with the voice of a sea-captain giving orders in a hurricane, yet the people gave good attention and some seemed to be effected by the truth. The singing was good and on leaving the chapel for the cemetery, the young men again sang as we passed through the streets, and the interment took place decently and in order. I walked by the side of Abdallah as he followed his father to his grave, and he was sad to think that not one of his family was present. I told him that it was just so with Christ in His hour of extremity. All His disciples forsook Him and fled, and He could sympathize with His bereaved and lonely children now.

In the evening the brethren all called and said that though they were all sad at the death of Moosa, their patriarch and chief, yet the providence of God had made this day the gladdest and

most auspicious in the history of the Gospel in Zahleh. Opposers had been silenced and the enemies had heard the truth, the priests had been foiled in their lying plots, God's truth had been openly honoured, and Protestantism had been recognized by the government. Early in the day they had telegraphed to Franco Pasha, the governor of Lebanon, for authority to select a cemetery from the Government lands in the suburbs. For years they had tried to get this concession but priests and bishops had prevented. While we were assembled in the evening, a telegram came from the pasha ordering the judge to set apart a cemetery for the Protestants at once and without delay. So the next morning we called at the Mejlis with Miss Wilson and several of the brethren. The judge sent a high official with us and we selected an appropriate place near the cemetery of the other sects, and before one o'clock the deed was made out, signed, sealed, recorded and given to the Protestant brethren. I made various calls on the people and was everywhere courteously received, and in the house of one of the leading families a young woman whose husband is in the penitentiary asked me to read the Scriptures and offer prayer, in which request the whole company joined.

The effect of my visit to Zahleh in my mind was this: that it is a most important centre and should be occupied as our mission previously voted and that as speedily as possible. It is surrounded by important villages, is easy of access, a good climate, and could be manned by two families to-morrow were they on the ground.

On Wednesday evening, April 8th, Mr. Calhoun and brother Samuel Jessup arrived from Tripoli after a tedious ride of nineteen hours on horseback, and on Friday, April 10th, at sunrise, Samuel and I embarked on the Austrian Lloyd steamer for Jaffa en route for Jerusalem. It was a trip for mental rest and recreation on the part of both of us for the sake of seeing the land in which we live and the Christian labourers in Palestine, to say nothing of the sacred associations of the Holy Land. I had not been to Jerusalem in fifteen years, and he had never been either

to Jerusalem or Damascus and it seemed high time for him to go. The Austrian steamer was crowded with Russian and Armenian pilgrims going to Jerusalem. These Russian pilgrims are the most abject and filthy creatures to be seen in the East. They must be chiefly of the lowest of the serfs. They are herded together like cattle and seem lost to all sense of decency. They lay up money for many years to make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Bethany, and the Jordan, and go back fleeced and plundered by the priests and monks to spend the rest of their lives in poverty. They carry back the clothes in which they bathe in the Jordan and keep them to be buried in. How long they will keep with so much filth matted on them I cannot surmise. Their ignorance and infatuated superstitious devotion to saints' pictures, and holy places, make one ashamed of Christianity. No wonder the Mohammedans scoff and ridicule Christianity when thus identified with the grossest idolatry. I saw two Moslem sheikhs from Shechem (Nablus) standing at a Christian shop in Jerusalem with a view to purchasing cotton cloth, when the eye of one of them fell upon a piece of carved and painted wood designed to represent the Virgin. "Do you see this?" said he to his companion. "These are the gods of the Christians," and he turned away. I stopped him and said, "My friend, these are not the gods of true Christians. Such things are contrary to the Old and New Testaments and against the law of God and His Son Jesus Christ. They are the gods of mere nominal Christians who have forsaken God's Word and followed the traditions of men. True Christianity is a spiritual religion and forbids all worship of the creature." The shopkeeper blushed, and the Moslems said "that kind of Christianity would suit us Moslems, but this idolatry never."

On board our steamer were three Russian gentlemen of the higher class, tall, slender, gray-bearded men, with long black coats and flat black caps, and they paced the deck side by side with faces of the most awful solemnity, as if the responsibility of some momentous task was weighing them down. I soon learned that they were bringing two ponderous bells, one of them weigh-

ing 6,600 pounds, as a present from Russia to the Russian convent in Jerusalem. The bells were on the main deck and the problem as to how they were to land them at Jaffa and transport them to Jerusalem was probably tasking their minds day and night. I have since learned that the bells were landed and that 400 of those poor Russian women who were at the convent in Jerusalem came down to Jaffa and drew the bells up to Jerusalem, thirty-six miles, on trucks, as a work of religious merit, thus adding to their stock of good works and increasing their chance of getting to heaven.

We took breakfast at the hotel kept by our courteous vice-consul, Mr. Hardegg, in one of the houses of the defunct Adams Colony. That colony has been brought out principally by the industrious and God-fearing German sect of Hoffmanites, who are now firmly settled here and in Haifa under Mount Carmel. They are steady, honest men who tolerate no drones in their hive, and have set about their work in earnest. Their numbers in Wurtemburg are large, but they will allow no new immigrants until they have work provided in advance. The great problem in their future will be whether the Turkish government will protect them or allow them to be harassed and gradually worn out with petty annoyances until they finally break up in despair and leave. The wooden houses in Jaffa will not last long but they can be replaced with stone in due time.

It is twelve hours' ride from Jaffa to Jerusalem but Mr. Hardegg gave us animals that took us up the thirty-six miles in six hours, without great effort on their part or ours. Fifteen years have made great changes in this ancient land. This road is an incalculable blessing and a Greek lady who broke her arm in riding down to the Jordan has expended £700 in making a fine, broad, and easy road all the way from the gates of Jerusalem to the banks of the Jordan.

The Plain of Sharon was covered with waving grain, as if literally groaning under an excess of luxuriance.

Amateur missionaries abound in Palestine, some of whom hold extraordinary views. We met a white-bearded patriarchal apostle,

Dr. Zembal, when encamped at the Fountain of Elisha at Jericho. He sat in his tent door at sunset, looking out on the mountains of Moab, now tinged with purple and gold by the rays of the setting sun. He had just returned from a journey, with no companions but his guards and muleteers, to Ramoth Gilead, Rabbath Ammon, and Heshbon, where Sihon, king of the Amorites, lived, and had only recrossed the Jordan because his supply of bread had failed. He said, "Do you know what I have been there for? I have been to find a place for 'the Woman' in the wilderness. The time is at hand, rapidly approaching. A fine tract of land here in Jericho is offered for sale. It must be secured. Napoleon must soon become King of Rome, and then the Jews will begin to return in thousands. Everything must be ready." It was really affecting to witness the tearful and intense earnestness with which the old man expressed his views. He is very aged and fears lest he may die before the Messiah actually appears.

On our way to the Jordan we were escorted by Sheikh Rashîd, a stalwart and dignified Arab, with whom I had a two hours' conversation on our return when riding slowly up the long ascent. It was pleasant to have an opportunity to preach the Gospel so practically to one of the sons of the desert. He listened most patiently and with apparent interest to a full exposition of the gospel plan by which God can be just and the justifier of them that believe. The idea was new to him and I trust that it will not be lost upon him.

While in Jerusalem we were invited to view Mr. Shapira's unique and unparallelled collection of Moabite pottery, just brought, as he said, from Makkedah, east of the Dead Sea. It is covered with Phœnician and other antique characters, and was claimed to be of immense importance and value. A small selection of the vases, tesseras, and earthern gods, was offered for £100. German savants examined the collection and it was purchased for the Berlin Museum for a fabulous sum. But soon after, M. Ganneau, a French savant, let the whole Moabite cat out of the bag and proved that Shapira had manufactured the whole collection at a pottery of his own in a secluded place and hired

trans-Jordanic Bedawin to bring them in on camels, as if just discovered at Makkedah. The exposure subjected Shapira to such indignity and contempt that it was reported that he had committed suicide.

During this visit we met the genial and godly Bishop Gobat and had full conference with him about the basis of missionary comity established between our missions. We were told that the recent Episcopal invasion of Aintab was in spite of his protest.

We received on Sabbath, May 19, 1872, to the communion of the Beirut church nine persons. One is a Damascene, a Jew of a wealthy family, who have now disowned and disinherited him. He gives good evidence of being a true disciple of Christ. In 1906 three of his children were received into the same church. The Jews in Syria are in a sad condition. There is not a more superstitious or fanatical class in the community and they are hated intensely by all the sects, but more especially by the Greeks and Latins. In the gradations of Oriental cursing, it is tolerably reasonable to call a man a donkey, somewhat severe to call him a dog, contemptuous to call him a swine, but withering to the last degree to call him a Jew. The animosity of the nominal Christian sects against the Jews is most relentless and unreasoning. They believe that the Jews kill Christian children every year at the Passover and mingle their blood with the Passover bread. Almost every year in the spring, this senseless charge is brought against the Jews; senseless because blood is unclean among the Jews, but an impossibility is no obstacle to Oriental fanaticism.

The Jews of Beirut and Damascus are obliged to pay heavy blackmail every year to the Greek and Latin "lewd fellows of the baser sort" who threaten to raise a mob against them for killing Christian children. Quite a number of Jewish children are gathered in the missionary schools of the Scotch and English missions in Beirut, but the chief rabbi of Damascus ordered them all removed on hearing of the recent bloody assault of the

Smyrna Greeks on the Jews of that city. It is one of the most practical comments on the degraded character of these Oriental so-called Christian churches, that they never lift a finger for the instruction or conversion of Jews, Moslems, or Druses, but hate them with a perfect hatred and not only in theory regard them as children of hell, but would rejoice to send them there if they could.

One of the most remarkable items of news in this part of the world just now is the recent discovery in Diarbekir of one of the shoes of the Prophet Mohammed! It is generally supposed that Mohammedans are above the superstitious relic worship of the Greeks and Latins but those who live among them know very well that they sanction some of the most foolish, superstitious practices and revere sacred places and footprints and tombs with what is akin to idolatrous homage. To give you a correct idea of the wonderful relic just discovered I will translate from the Turkish government official organ published in Damascus and called *La Syrie* or *Surîyeh.*

"The long-lost sister of the noble prophetic shoe, which has long been preserved with distinguished honour in the treasury of the imperial wardrobe in the new sultanic palace in Constantinople, has now been found in the possession of Derwîsh Beg, a descendant of the family of the Abbassides, living in the province of Hakari east of the Tigris, and under the government of Diarbekir. The beg has brought it to Diarbekir with the most ancient testimonies, which prove beyond a question that it is the mate of the famous shoe of the prophet, and in view of these facts the entire population of Diarbekir great and small went out a distance of several hours to meet it, and it was brought in and placed in a special room prepared for it in the house of the mufti of the city, and the curious and eager multitude thronged the house in crowds to visit it.

"Now it is clear that the noble and holy relic, wherever found, ought to be most sacredly preserved and guarded, and his Imperial Highness the Sultan, caliph of the two worlds and imam of all Mussulmen, being entrusted with the protection of the two

Harams (at Mecca and Jerusalem) most honoured and noble and delegated for the preservation of all the exalted prophetic relics, will doubtless preserve this relic also in the holy treasury above mentioned. The effendi above mentioned has left Diarbekir for Constantinople, after allowing the entire population to visit it. The celebration and pious rites performed by the Mussulman population of Diarbekir in high honour of this sacred relic are sufficiently described in the Diarbekir official journal in an extra edition, and there can be no doubt that the lords of Moslem orthodoxy will feel under great obligations for its perusal and show to the editor some substantial proof of their appreciation.

"There can be no question that this most precious and holy relic is one of immense value and importance, the flood of whose benefits, material and moral, will overflow the whole Mohammedan world. There is therefore the most assured hope that it will be borne into the Court of Happiness (Constantinople) on a special steamer, with the most exalted honour and ceremony and may God grant (may He be exalted) that we may yet receive the particulars of its grand entrance into the Sublime Porte. . . ."

The girls' school in Hamath is proving a great success. It is one of the darkest cities in Syria and one of the most beautiful. For years the brethren of the Tripoli station have had a native preacher, Nasif Sellûm, working away in Hamath knocking at the Ear Gate and looking in at the Eye Gate of that Man Soul, but none replied. During our recent visit on June 5th, we met a young woman, Raheel Weider, who had been for eight years a pupil in the orphan house of the excellent Prussian deaconesses in Beirut. She had married and removed to Hamath, and the native preacher found her out. I called on her with him and asked her what she was doing for the good of the people of Hamath. "What can I do, a lone woman in such a dark place? My husband is poor and I have no means of doing good." "Would you be willing to gather a few girls around you from among your neighbours and give them instruction every day? We will furnish you a room and pay you for your time." "I will be delighted to do it and will do my best." "Very well.

Do you begin next week? If you have less than ten girls you shall have two dollars a month, and if more than ten, four dollars." After giving her earnest advice as to how to carry on the work, and the need of looking to God for aid, we bade her good-bye.

She commenced. The Greek bishop and his priests, with the bishop's Mejlis or council came together in great indignation. A deputation waited on both her and her husband Daûd, and entreated her to desist, or the rather, to teach a school for *them*, but on this condition that no Protestant child should be allowed in the school, and they would pay her a good salary. "Never," said she, "will I consent to such a plan. I shall invite Moslems, and Jews, Jacobites, Greeks, and Catholics to my school, and shall I reject Protestant children, when for eight years I have been taught and trained by Protestants?"

They then threatened excommunication against all who would send their children to her, and in the Greek Church the great curse was fulminated against all such erring and foolish ones as should send children to the heretics. Raheel held on her way. Nasif Sellûm encouraged her and soon they had twenty girls of all sects. The bishop was in a rage. He is a foreign Ionian Greek and hates Protestants in the most senseless and fearful manner. A Prussian prince visited Palmyra and Hamath last spring and on reaching Hamath, sent to the Greek bishop and asked his hospitality. The brutal ecclesiastic, on hearing that he was a Protestant, refused to entertain him, and the prince went to the little upper room of the Protestant preacher Nasif, and spent the night. The bishop raged against the new girls' school with such violence that the Greek community became divided in two parties, one for the school and one against it. The last letter from Raheel states that she has sixty pupils.

At this time the mission decided to occupy Zahleh. In November, 1872, Rev. Gerald F. Dale was stationed in Zahleh. The Zahleh church was organized June, 1873, and Rev. F. W. March joined Mr. Dale November 19, 1873. On November 19, 1876, the Zahleh church edifice was dedicated.

I have often thought of the monthly concert as the great link between the Christian Church and a perishing world. One hour a month is certainly little enough to devote to prayer and information about the hundreds of foreign missionaries, in various empires and nations, engaged in preaching, teaching, writing, and translating books, editing journals, visiting the people, travelling by land and sea, training a native ministry, overseeing the native churches, planning new modes of reaching blinded and hostile populations, conducting Sunday-schools, Bible classes, and having under their influence more or less directly, thousands of children and youth, and hundreds of thousands of heathen, Mohammedans and nominal Christians ; with seminaries, schools, colleges, hospitals, printing-presses, and type foundries, to say nothing of that most responsible and difficult of all works, the translation of the Word of God into the language of millions of our race. On the foreign field are combined all the Boards of our Church: Home Mission, Foreign Mission, Publication, Sustentation, Church Erection, Church Extension, Education, Primary, Collegiate, and Theological. There are hundreds of native churches, whose members, pastors, and teachers, need the sympathy and prayers of the whole Church. Your missionaries are a mere handful thrown out into the frontier line of the Lord's host among organized and mighty foes. The great source, the only source of their strength and success, is in the sustaining hand of the Lord Himself in answer to the prayers of the Lord's people. The thoughts and hearts and sympathies of the churches at home are naturally and inevitably taken up through the month with interests that are near and visible and pressing. The home work in all its branches must and ever will be linked to the very heart and life of the Church, and all through the month, it must and will be remembered in earnest prayer. But let the Church give that one sacred hour in the month, twelve hours in the year, to the work they are doing among the kingdoms of darkness. Let all missionaries and mission churches be assured that this one hour is the hour of contact between them and the great heart of the Church ; that they and their colabourers, the churches and



GROUP AT BEIRUT, 1871.

Back Row (beginning at left): James S. Dennis, George E. Post, H. H. Jessup, Samuel Jessup, William Bird.

Front Row: Dr. Van Dyck, S. E. Calhoun, W. W. Eddy, D. Bliss, William M. Thomson.

pastors, the schools and seminaries, the translators and physicians, the editors and itinerants, the colporteurs and teachers, the persecuted and the suffering, the inquiring and awakened, as well as the great perishing myriads of the ignorant, superstitious and fanatical, are being thought of, prayed for, wrestled for and borne up on the arms of faith before the interceding Saviour, the faithful Promiser, who is Head over all things to the Church!

The thought that the Church at home is praying is a tower of strength to the missionary in distant lands. Whatever else is neglected let not the Church forget to pray; and what time more fit and more hallowed than the monthly concert, when those at home and their brethren and sisters abroad bend around one common mercy seat.

XX

A Cholera Year

The Tripoli school—Close brethrenism—Government hostility—Dr. Ellinwood's visit—The Dog River—Dr. Danforth's death—The scourge of cholera 1873–1875.

FRIDAY, January 31, 1873, Mr. Calhoun and I went in a little Russian steamer to Tripoli to hold communion, receive members and negotiate for premises for the girls' boarding-school. We received Mr. Yakûb Surruf (now Dr. Surruf), a college graduate and for twenty-five years editor of the *Muktutaf Scientific Magazine* in Cairo. "Only one received?" some would say. Yet that one has become one of the most influential men in Modern Egypt. In that little congregation was Nofel Effendi, the well-known Arabic author and M. Elias Saadeh, who was converted in Beirut in 1886.

Mr. Antonius Yanni, our brother beloved for seventeen years, offered us his spacious house for ten years for 6,000 piastres or $240 a year with eight rooms above for the girls' school and four spacious stone vaulted rooms below for chapel and boys' school. It was a cheap bargain and an admirable home for the school. The Board in New York finally modified the lease to five years, the owner to make needed repairs. It was subsequently purchased and enlarged and is one of the most complete educational establishments in the land. It has set the pace for schools of other sects and kept the lead in the education of girls in Northern Syria.

I shall never forget our return voyage on the Messageries French steamer. Mr. Calhoun and I walked the long deck with a calm sea all the way for four hours to Beirut. It was a delight to hold converse with such a man, who, for thirty-three years, had been studying the Bible and teaching it to the youth of

Syria. He was dignified and grave in appearance but had the heart of a child and enjoyed humour with great zest. In the higher realm of theological thought he had few peers. As Professor Park of Andover remarked, "He knows more about theology than any of us."

In February, 1873, Mr. Chas. Crocker of Sacramento, builder of the Pacific Railroad, visited Beirut and dined at President Daniel Bliss's. I was present. Mr. Crocker gave $100 for the new college building, and on hearing of a Nubian slave girl who had taken refuge in Dr. Eddy's house in Sidon and whose late owner demanded $25 for her, took out his purse and gave six Napoleons. He had been a strong anti-slavery man and this case appealed to him. The girl was set free.

On the 11th Franco Pasha died and was buried in great state at the Hazimîyeh on the Damascus Road four miles from Beirut. His chief monument is the row of "Pride of India" trees on both sides of the Damascus Road and on some of the mountain roads. He was a plain man and well meaning, but too easily influenced by political hacks and a fanatical priesthood.

At this time I was putting through the press Mosheim's Church History, a Sunday-school Question Book, and an illustrated book for children, with nine religious services every week and an extended correspondence in Arabic and English.

In January, 1874, Mr. P——, once connected with the United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt, came to Syria to propagate close Brethrenism. He was a man of morbid disposition, at times seeming to be mentally disordered but had a gift of prayer and pious language which fascinated not a few. Several discharged mission and college employees and some who were restless under the demand of the native churches for liberal gifts towards self-support joined him. He denounced a paid ministry and all church organization and taught perfectionism in its baldest phase. "No Christian can sin. It is the old man who sins. We are the new man. If the old man inside gets rampant and lies and steals I am not responsible." His illustration was that the entering of the new man into the old one was like thrusting a single cartridge

into a double-barrelled gun. The new man cannot sin. If the other barrel goes off and somebody is hurt, it is the old man's work. He travelled about and made a few converts here and there. In Hums one of his disciples robbed the shop of another. When called to account he replied triumphantly, "It was the 'insan el ateuk' (the old man) who did it."

In Germany one of this type of believers committed a crime and was brought before the judge. He put in the plea, "The old man did it; I did not." "Very well then," said the judge, "send that old man to jail for six months."

This peculiar sect has had many godly adherents in England but its tendency in this land has been Ishmaelitic and disintegrating. Each brother is bound to sit in judgment on every other and to commune with no one who is not perfect. The logical result soon followed.

At first they all met and each in turn administered the communion. None but brethren were admitted. Soon they split into sections neither of which would commune with the other and finally each formed an exclusive sect by himself. The result has been demoralizing, and has blasted the spiritual life of many, stopped all charitable and religious contributions among them, and stifled all evangelistic work. Mr. P—— said he was called to preach to the elect and to pull them out of the other sects. He seemed to have lost all hope and never laboured for the unconverted. The great aim seemed to be to break up the little evangelical church in Syria. Thirty-six years have passed and only the scarred and tattered remnants of his work remain. When he died, his widow, a strict follower of the "Brethren" views, sent for me to conduct his funeral, and I have conducted the funeral of all the members who have died in Beirut. One of the last was this same widow Sada, in her early days a gifted, sprightly and beautiful Christian teacher, but in her widowhood lapsed into melancholy. The son asked me to conduct her funeral service, which I did, assured that with all the strange vagaries of her later life, she was at heart a true child of Christ, who trusted in Him alone for salvation.

The Tripoli Girls' School which commenced with three pupils has now over forty. The New Year's festival of the school was noticed commendably by the Arabic journal of Beirut.

The Jesuits have lately been proved guilty of abducting two Greek girls from Beirut, one of whom they sent to Zahleh and the other to Sidon to their convents. Both of the girls were rescued and restored to their parents, after the French monks and nuns had tried to conceal their whereabouts by an amount of hedging that would shame a Nusairi.

The American Press in Beirut, established in Malta in 1822 and removed to Beirut in 1834, has always confirmed strictly to the laws of the empire. The code of laws of public instruction was issued in the Turkish language in 1869, but not translated for years afterwards. The pashas themselves were ignorant of its provisions. All knew that it was unlawful to print anything attacking the Sultan or his government or prejudicial to good morals.

In March, 1874, Dr. Van Dyck printed a little tract for Louis Sabanjy a papal Syriac priest, replying to attacks upon another priest, Yusef Daûd, printed without objection from the government and written by the Maronite bishop of Beirut. Priest Y. Daûd had established the well-known fact in church history that the Maronites were a heretical Monothelite sect holding that Christ had only one will, a divine will. Sabanjy's tract defended Daûd's position and contained nothing against the government or good morals. The Maronites complained and Ibrahim Pasha sent and ordered Dr. Van Dyck to shut the press for a month and pay a fine of ten Turkish pounds. Dr. Van Dyck referred him to Mr. Consul Hay and protested against the pasha's adjudging the case without a trial. The protest was forwarded to Constantinople and not heard of again. A few days later the deputy chief of police sent a piece of job work to our press and it was printed for the government. A Maronite banker more zealous than discreet offered our mechanical manager two hundred pounds as a bribe if he would shut up the press for a month, to save the dignity of the Maronite bishop.

Since that day the government has given the press a regular official permit, and as the new laws are perfectly understood we have comparatively little trouble. The chief difficulty is with the censors of the press. No one objects to a censorship, in a land where men of all sects are ready to fly at each other's throats and to vituperate others in language surpassing an Arkansas backwoods editor. But the trouble is with the censor himself. Every foreign book coming into the empire through the custom-house is detained by the censor for examination. If the book contains anything about Mohammed or the Sultan or Turkey or Syria or Arabia or Mecca it will be either mutilated or confiscated. Encyclopedias as such are prohibited as they are supposed to contain articles on these subjects. As a result all encyclopedias coming to Turkey have these articles cut out before shipment from America.

Even Murray's and Baedeker's guide-books are often seized and confiscated by overzealous inspectors. Of every Arabic book prepared in manuscript for publication we must send two manuscript copies to Constantinople for examination. There it may be detained six months or a year, and then it comes back so mutilated in many cases as to be unfit for publication. And the printed copy must be sent to Constantinople for comparison again before it is offered for sale. Sometimes the censors are grossly ignorant and make endless trouble. Alas for the daily papers which must send a proof of every day's edition to the censor who may at the eleventh hour strike out several columns and oblige the editor to substitute other matter and refer it again to the censor. On this account the editors keep in type quantities of padding, such as poems and European gossip, etc., which they substitute for the victimized and proscribed matter.

Prof. John Orne of Harvard published an account of the American Press in 1894 in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. His estimate of its importance is of great value, and ought to be read by all interested in missions.

On February 12, 1874, I wrote Rev. F. F. Ellinwood, D. D., in part;

"The past month has been one of unprecedented storms throughout Syria. Rain, hail, snow, accompanied by violent gales of wind, have swept over sea and land. The destruction of property by landsides and floods is wide-spread and disheartening to the poor fellahin. In the north the sheep have died by hundreds. Many poor wayfaring men have been swept away by the swollen streams, and the heights of Lebanon are covered with such a mass of snow that the Damascus diligence has not been able to run for a fortnight so that thousands of men are now at work digging through the drifts. The houses of the mountaineers are saturated with water and many roofs have fallen in. One caravan from Hums to Tripoli had to slaughter three camels which had broken their legs in the deep mud sloughs on the way Last year the whole land was perishing from drought and now it is suffering from floods of water. Would that we had such tokens of the spirit's presence as we long for! The news of financial pressure at home is painful to us here, and we must apply the knife of retrenchment without shrinking. We are beginning to shut up some of our schools already. The printing work is to be reduced at once, and we are proposing to stop the issue of the weekly, *Neshra*, the Arabic religious paper which is identified with the name of the mission throughout Syria. You may depend on our willingness to make all possible sacrifices to help the Board of Missions to weather the storm. The Austrian Lloyd steamer is just in, having thrown overboard a part of its cargo to save the ship during a storm. We must do the same. At all events we will not give up the ship."

During this year Mr. Dale was greatly troubled in Zahleh by the arbitrary arrest of the keeper of the book-shop and his banishment without a trial. Miss Wilson had gone to England. Some months later the priest who had preferred charges against him was himself banished for striking and insulting the same native helper, and subsequently His Excellency, the pasha, became the warm friend of Mr. Dale, the mission, and the college. Mr. Wood was transferred to Sidon, as the work done in the Abeih school had been transferred to the college. In Beirut land was

purchased in the eastern quarter for a chapel and a school-house.

Consul-General Hay was removed and Col. George Fisher came in his place.

Miss Fisher's health having failed, she returned to America and Mrs. Shrimpton resigned her position in the Tripoli School.

Dr. Thomson spent six months in England on business connected with "The Land and the Book."

Dr. and Mrs. Eddy and children and Misses Anna H. Jessup and Lilian Jessup left for America in June.

At this time the Turkish authorities allowed it to be published in Constantinople that all Protestant schools were to be closed. The word reached Europe and we received letters asking if it were true.

1. Rev. Mr. Zeller of Nazareth tried to open a girls' school in Acre and was forbidden.

2. In Safita where American schools had been in operation for nine years the local mudir got orders to close them but told the people he thought it too small a business to make trouble about.

3. In the Nusairiyeh Mountains east and southeast of Latakia, twenty-five schools of the American Reformed Presbyterian Mission which had been in operation for twenty years were forcibly closed by the Turkish officials and that poor pagan population, thirsting for education, are forbidden to allow their children to be taught. The persecution near Latakia was brutal and violent. Turkish soldiers broke down the doors of the American school building, insulted the teacher's wife and tore off her clothing and jewelry, arrested all the Christian young men, bound them and took them prisoners.

The case was referred to the Protestant ambassadors at the Porte and full statements sent to the Evangelical Alliance in London, that pillar of religious liberty and shield of the persecuted throughout the world, and an investigation was ordered. But the Turks have closed the door to all Christian light for the pagan Nusairiyeh, resolved on making them Moslems. But they still hate and curse Islam and pray for the day when their children can be taught in the Christian schools again.

Notwithstanding the outburst of hostility to our schools not one of them has been closed. In December, 1874, we had sixty-one common schools with 1,753 boys and 510 girls; three female seminaries in Beirut, Tripoli and Sidon with seventy-six pupils; one boys' seminary with thirty boys; one college with sixty-eight students, making 2,474 pupils in all.

In 1860 Dr. Thomson declared that the Arabic Press would one day be sent over 120 degrees of longitude, from Mogadore on the Atlantic to Pekin in Eastern China. In 1874 this had become a fact, and in December, 1874, an order came from the governor-general of Allahabad in North India for a considerable number of Arabic books published at the Beirut Mission Press. Books had already been sent to Liberia and Pekin and thus the influence of the Syria Mission Press was extending more and more widely.

September 19, 1874, I wrote a friend: "The Syrian summer is drawing towards its close and I write to tell you of a few facts bearing on its recent history. As the last winter was one of intense cold, deep snows, famine and suffering, so the summer has been one of unprecedented sickness. I suppose it would be safe to say that tens of thousands of the people are now lying sick of various fevers from Gaza on the south to Aleppo on the north. In some villages work is almost suspended. Yesterday I was in Ain Zehalteh, one of the highest and healthiest of the mountain villages, and 150 of the people were prostrated with fever out of a population of less than 600. Two young students of the Beirut Medical College had their hands full in tending upon the sick. All through Palestine and the region east of the Jordan fevers are an epidemic.

"The Turkish military expedition to Northern Moab for the subjection of the rebellious Arab tribes was broken up by the illness of the officers and men. One of the tribes of the Bedawin had sent seven young sheikhs to a certain village as hostages and one of them fell sick. The tribe demanded their release or removal to a healthier place. The Turks declined. Soon after the Bedawin mustered a force of 400 horsemen and attacked the

town by night, overpowered the forty Turkish troops, released the hostages, and plundered the treasury of 30,000 piastres. The Arab tribes on the borders have been unusually turbulent and destructive in their raids this summer, and the villagers north, east, and south of Damascus have suffered irreparable loss in cattle, sheep, camels, and grain. The 'Sabeans' and 'Chaldeans' of the time of Job maintain worthy successors in the land of Uz in these modern times. The Bedawin question is as great a problem for the Turks as is the Indian question for the Americans.

"After all that is said of the decay of the Ottoman power, it is certain that they have shown marvellous energy in keeping up their military and civil service throughout the empire. They do somehow collect enormous taxes and gather immense sums of money from the people; even when famine and want are crushing them to the dust. They maintain a well-equipped army and have recently imported into Syria 180 rifled steel breech-loading pieces of field artillery, and cargo of American breech-loading rifles, with fixed ammunition. They are about taking a census of the whole empire and seem to be laying their plans to live, whatever else the Russian government may be planning for them. They have a postal telegraph service, defective enough, and yet enabling the central power in Constantinople to move the whole empire like a machine.

"Hostility to foreigners, and jealousy of their presence and operations of every description, commercial, educational, and religious, are on the evident increase. Let us be thankful to God that the opportunities of the past have been improved, and that the Bible has a foothold in every important part of the Turkish Empire to-day, from which nothing short of a second St. Bartholomew's day can expel it. The translation and printing of the Arabic Bible alone, as accomplished already, will more than justify the expenditure of men and means during half a century in Syria. And were the Syria Mission to-day to be expelled by fire and sword, that Bible would remain and with it the evangelical churches and evangelical sentiments of thousands of the people of the various sects in the land.

"On the 11th of November, 1874, two beloved elders of the Beirut church, Mr. Elias Fuaz and Mr. John Abcarius, called on me and presented me on behalf of the Beirut church a beautiful octagonal walnut casket, containing a filigree silver tray, with twelve silver coffee cup holders, and a gold lined silver sugar bowl, with an Arabic letter from the Beirut church full of expressions of loving gratitude for my services to them for the fourteen years past. I had been acting as their pastor for the past fourteen years and although constantly urging them to call a native pastor, I had been obliged to continue in this service for want of a suitable candidate. I had been acting pastor of the church—not of my own choice, but by the vote of my brethren. I always regarded the relation as a mere temporary one, made necessary by the failure to find a native pastor. I preached to them and visited them when sick and well, married them, baptized their children, administered the Lord's Supper, and buried their dead. I loved them, tried to bear their infirmities and at times found the position a trying one, but I loved them and they evidently loved me in return. But the situation was perilous and I was relieved more than words can express when in July, 1890, my old pupil Rev. Yusef Bedr was settled over the church as its first legitimate pastor. I keep this gift as a precious souvenir of the good men and women, now almost all gone to glory, with whom I lived and laboured for many years.

"The transit of Venus on the morning of the 9th of December was an event of profound interest. Dr. Van Dyck the astronomer of the Beirut College had published in the *Neshra* a calculation of the exact time of the beginning and end of the transit and though the preceding day was one of clouds and rain, the morning of Wednesday was clear and beautiful. When the mighty disk of the sun came rolling up above the summits of Mount Lebanon, the planet Venus, that bright morning star, lay like a minute black speck on its face. It continued to move upward and northward, until at 8:29 it touched the inner edge of the sun's circumference and at 8:53 its outer edge. It was plainly visible through a plain smoked glass, and multitudes were watch-

ing its progress. Dr. Van Dyck obtained successful observations of the transit which have been transmitted to the Imperial Observatory at Constantinople and to London. It was a most impressive spectacle and affected my mind as no eclipse or other phenomenon ever did before. And it was perhaps because my thoughts took a religious direction at the very moment of the observation. It became a striking illustration of what the brightest earthly objects may become when thrust between us and Christ. This fair planet whose soft liquid light is so brilliant in September that it is reflected in the sea and casts a distinct shadow, which knows no peer among the stars when filling its legitimate sphere and shedding the reflected rays of the sun's original light, is suddenly transformed in December into a positive deformity, an unsightly blot on the sun's face, and instead of shining upon the earth, actually intercepts a portion of the sunlight and prevents its reaching the earth. Thus anything earthly, however shining and attractive, however useful and noble, when in its proper sphere, subordinate to Christ and borrowing its lustre and glory from Him, becomes a blemish, a blot, an injury, when obtruding itself between us and our Saviour. Here in the East the whole machinery of Oriental Ritualism in the Eastern Churches has been thrust between the people and Christ and becomes a dark blot, a cloud interrupting the light of the Sun of Righteousness. The Church, so lovely in itself when shining in the light of Christ, loses its lustre and becomes a mere dark and insignificant body, when thrust into the place of Christ or magnified above Him.

"Venus never appeared to my eye so small, as when brought into such overwhelming contrast with the stupendous proportions of the King of Day. On a summer's evening when seen from Lebanon, just dropping into the sea, whose waves are silvered with its light for miles, Venus seems almost a sun in itself. It is shining as God intended it to shine, reflecting the bright rays of the sun. But when in a transit across the sun's face, it seemed so small, so black, that it was easy to believe what the astronomers tell us, that one hundred and ten such spots would hardly form a line long enough to cross the diameter of the sun."



A VIEW IN LEBANON
Near Ain Anûb, on the road between Abeih and Beirut.

1875—On February 17th, we were favoured with a visit from Dr. and Mrs. Ellinwood. As secretary of the Board he had been in China, Japan, Siam, and India, and his stay in Syria was a blessing to us all. We held a meeting of the mission and listened to his counsels. There was no air of official dignity nor assumption of the right to dictate, but a simple, clear, level-headed handling of even the most complicated questions. He gave us the benefit of his observations in the missions in Central and Eastern Asia, and we enjoyed the intercourse with a man so scholarly, consecrated and refined.

The long expected celebration of the introduction of the Dog River water into Beirut took place yesterday, May 14, 1875, in an immense canopy erected on the top of the upper reservoir. The Waly of Syria, the Governor of Lebanon, the Pasha of Beirut, and the Algerian Prince, Abd el Kadir of Damascus, as well as all the dignitaries foreign and native of Beirut and Lebanon, together with the missionaries, bishops, priests, merchants, physicians, etc., etc., assisted at the exercises.

This living volume of "streams from Lebanon" is a glorious boon to this ancient city. The name Beeroth (Beirut) "City of Wells" will remain, but the wells from which water has been drawn for thousands of years will soon go into disuse. Public hydrants are opened in the different quarters of the city, fountains are beginning to play in private gardens. Dwellings, schools, churches, khans, mosques, shops, and coffee-houses are being supplied rapidly with the delicious water, and Beirut is receiving fresh vitality.

Editors and poets are vying with each other in singing the praises of the Dog River water and Damascus is no longer suffered to boast over its rival Beirut.

What a type water is of the blessings of the Gospel. May the life-giving streams of gospel truth soon flow in every house and every heart, not only in Beirut but in all Syria!

On June 29th, Dr. Van Dyck was summoned by telegraph to the bedside of Dr. Galen B. Danforth, in Tripoli. Dr. Danforth was dangerously ill with gastric malarial fever and succumbed to

it July 9th, leaving a widow and two little daughters, just one month after Mr. S. H. Calhoun and family sailed for America. He had been in Syria three and one-half years and had begun a career of great usefulness. His reputation was growing and the sorrow at his death was great through the whole region of Tripoli, Safita, and Hums.

When stricken down he was planning to summer with Rev. Samuel Jessup in the picturesque village of Seir, six hours east of Tripoli. On June 5th I rode up there with him, my brother Samuel and Mr. Hardin. It is the most beautiful site in Lebanon, crystal streams and fountains of ice-cold water, splendid ancient oak trees, and bracing air, and above on the south and east towering cliffs thousands of feet high. While there, Mustafa Agha, whose guests we were, stole my field-glasses from my saddle-bags outside the door while pretending to be getting coffee for us.[1] The village is owned by two rival feudal families of Moslem robbers and sheep thieves, with half a dozen Maronite peasants as their retainers. Could that nest of cutthroats be cleared out and a decent peasantry be placed there, it would be the most attractive summer resort in Syria. As it is, no one ventures in to that earthly paradise. The death of Dr. Danforth who married Emily Calhoun, followed the next year in December by the death in Buffalo, N. Y., of Rev. Simeon H. Calhoun, "the Saint of Lebanon," broke up that family in Abeih which for twenty-seven years had been the model family of Mount Lebanon, where the noble, godly, scholarly life of the father, the sweet, gladsome, cheerful piety of the mother, and the loveliness of the children, made it the most attractive of earthly homes.

Mrs. Calhoun returned to Syria in 1877 and laboured in Deir el Komr, Beirut, and Shwifat. Her daughter Susan was stationed in the Tripoli Girls' School in 1879 and at Shwifat in 1880.

The only son, Charles William Calhoun, M. D., a graduate of

[1] When we came out to mount I missed the glass, and he swore by the beard of Mohammed that he would punish the man who stole it. Ten years later Dr. Ira Harris of Tripoli was called to the beg's house and saw my glass there minus one lens !

Williams, his father's alma mater, and a skillful surgeon, came to the mission from America in July, 1879, and took up the work of his late brother-in-law in Tripoli. He was a hearty, whole-souled devoted missionary; boyish, and so full of life and humour that he kept his patients laughing even when tortured with pain. He was welcomed in the villages where his clinics were crowded with hundreds of the diseased and suffering, and his skill and patience gave him a great reputation.

Cholera raged in Syria in 1865, and returned in 1875. The latter visitation began in Hamath among the Mecca pilgrims. It appeared in June, and spread to Hums, Damascus and Beirut.

Jewish refugees from Damascus carried the pest to the village of Saghbîn on the east slope of the Lebanon range facing Mount Hermon. Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., who was living in Zahleh with his colleague, Mr. F. W. March, had a little Protestant flock in Saghbîn and hearing that there were some twenty cases in the village resolved to go to their help, and, if possible, stay the plague.

We in Beirut, profiting by the experience of 1865, had prepared a large supply of the noted "Hamlin Cholera Remedy" (equal parts of laudanum, camphor and rhubarb) and sent it to all the stations, with printed instructions in English and Arabic, taken from Dr. Hamlin's pamphlet and annotated by Dr. Van Dyck. Mr. Dale had received a supply and gave out in Zahleh that he was going to stricken Saghbîn. Now as usual at such times the whole country was covered with a network of cordons, village against village, and no one from Saghbîn could enter Zahleh. The people flocked to Mr. Dale's house and begged him not to go. "It will be certain death to you." "No matter, I am not afraid. I must go and help those poor people." The "Zahlehites" begged him not to go and finally when he had succeeded in finding one man willing to go as his muleteer, they warned him that he would not be allowed to return to Zahleh.

On reaching the village he found the teacher at his post, who reported some thirty cases of cholera, and the victims in despair, as it was supposed there was no remedy for it. The mass of the

people and all of the priests had fled to the vineyards far up the mountainside, leaving the sick without food or care. Mr. Dale took the teacher and the medicines and went to every patient, giving them the medicine and the directions and assuring them that they would recover. His remedies and his cheery and encouraging words did wonders. Only one patient died after his arrival. He kept going the rounds and trained the teacher to use the medicines. At sunset he rang the chapel bell for service. The timid people in the vineyards hearing the bell took courage and began to come back. Confidence was restored and the plague was stayed. The Protestants all returned to their houses, took lessons in the use of the medicines, and in a week the morale of the people was restored.

Mr. Dale, then, finding that he could not return to Zahleh, crossed the Lebanon range and came to my house in Shemlan, where he was a great favourite with the children. This visit of Mr. Dale to Saghbîn and his care of the sick, when priests and people had abandoned their sick, gave him great influence in all that region. On his return to Zahleh in August he had an ovation, and his example won him and his cause many friends. In April, 1876, seventy families there had become Protestants.

Cholera had now, August 6th, reached Beirut, and the Lebanon government placed a quarantine of six days on all persons coming out of Beirut. As we were all in Lebanon, this put a stop to our visiting Beirut. Some 20,000 of the Beirut population had fled to the Lebanon towns and villages. The muleteers, who reaped a harvest by transporting the panic-stricken people to the mountains, had circulated the most alarming false reports for some twenty days of sudden deaths in Beirut, long before a case of cholera had occurred.

The Arabic journals discussed what ought to be done and the city government exerted itself with unprecedented energy in cleansing the streets, lanes, and vaults. The Moslems, contrary to their usual custom, were leaving the city in large numbers for the mountains, and the new Mohammedan journal, *Tumrat el Funoon*, had an elaborate article on the Divine Decrees and Fate

which is so characteristic that I will translate a part of it. The object of the writer, Sheikh Ibrahim Effendi Ahdab, is to persuade his fellow Moslems to remain in Beirut without fear of cholera.

"Man's allotted term of life is an impregnable fortress. God has appointed man's sorrows and joys by an eternal decree and wherever man turns, he must walk in the path fixed by irreversible fate.

"Be calm then; our affairs are fixed by decree. Banish from your thoughts all deceit. Remain where you are and save yourselves the trouble of removing. Nothing you can do will shield you from fate. Everything is by decree and fate. No human precautions are of any avail. The divine allotment is the castle of our life. He decides in His wisdom as He finds necessary. When a man's day of doom is far off, no plague or accident can hasten it, no arrow or evil eye can smite him. He is safe in his way and kept by the care of his Lord. Let him rush into deadly battle, let him leave a life of quiet for the crashing of spear-heads, let him hurl himself into the jaws of lions, let his only light in darkness be the flashing of the shining spear, yet he is safe.

"But if his day of death be at hand, there is no hope of prolonging life. No care or cunning can ward off the blow of death. No precaution of ours can lengthen life the winking of an eye. How can care or caution affect what fate has appointed?

"Can he escape from fate though he fly away on the wings of eagles? Can the walls of castles keep off the approach of death? or shield from his arrows when once his bow is bent?

"One of the ancient kings fled from the plague, defying the divine decree, and when a short distance away from the city, fell a victim to the plague. The lines of his fate met when fate decreed. This proves our position and leads one to believe what we asserted that there is no use in running away from pestilence. It is better for each man to remain in his place and resign himself to the decree and fate; especially if he be among the leaders of the people, whom great and small look up to and imitate and no harm shall befall him.

"When Khalid Ibn el Walîd, the great Sword of Islam, drew near to death, as he lay on his bed in peace, after he had plunged in to the very abysses of war and carnage, and there was not a spot on his body unscarred by battle wounds and the point of the spear and arrow, he exclaimed (may God be propitious to him), 'Behold, I who have lived amid such perils and raised the standard in so many battles, now die a natural death upon my bed!' And this also proves our position.

"If it be replied that God has bidden us avoid the leprous and to escape from lions, and to this there is no exception, I reply that this refers to him whose faith is strong, that if he escapes he will avoid these dangers. And the command was given to prevent men falling into doubt when their faith is not strong enough to enable them to face the danger. The traditions of the Prophet prove this. He once (peace be upon him) sat down to eat with a leper, and thrust his hand into the dish with him saying, 'Eat trusting in God and fear no evil.'

"Of a like character is the Prophet's injunction to neither enter nor leave a place where there is pestilence. This command was given for the confirmation of faith that believers might not fall into doubt.

"Similar is what is said of the Khalif Omr (may God favour him) when he refused to enter a plague-stricken city, in obedience to the command 'enter not,' and he was asked, 'Do you refuse to enter in order to escape from the decree of God?' He said, 'Yes, we escape from God's decree to God's decree,' and he said this to prevent the weak minded from holding views contrary to the Prophet's command.

"In truth, life is limited by fate. When our time comes it will not delay. The Great Agent is God the Exalted. There is none beside Him. No creature can die without His decree and ordinance. Trust in God. Leave all things to His decree and you will be at rest from all anxious thoughts. Fate has limited our lives. Whatever befalls you was decided from eternity by the One Creator."

This is in brief the substance of the sheikh's poetical utterance,

and the editor Abd el Kadir Kobbany clinches the argument by what he styles "A Practical Sermon Confirming the Above."

"One of the Christian citizens of Damascus fled to one of the villages of Jebel Kolmûn to escape from the cholera which has driven so many to flee from their homes at great sacrifice and inconvenience. He took with him his wife and son and on arriving at what he supposed to be a place of safe refuge, and settling his house, his servant girl opened a tin of kerosene oil by melting the red wax stopper with a lighted candle when by a concurrence (!) it took fire and burned up the house and the entire family. Consider then and wonder how the divine decree and fate led them out to the place appointed for their destruction by a cause other than what they had feared and tried to escape from!"

From this you can derive some idea of the modern Moslem journalistic treatment of the great theological doctrine of fate. Just how they act upon it and just what they mean by it is better seen by their deeds than by their words.

In 1865 they induced the Mufti of Beirut to decide *ex cathedra* that Mohammed forbade flying from the plague, but inasmuch as cholera did not exist in those days, he had no reference to cholera and men can act now as they please.

This year they are going off to the mountains in large numbers having permission to leave, on Omr's ground that "they flee from God's decree to God's decree," and that if they go to Lebanon they are decreed to go to Lebanon, etc.

But the modern Moslem is not disposed to imitate Mohammed by putting his hands into the dish and eating with a leper. He would insist that the leper be clean first. Immediately following the article on fate is one on cleanliness and diet.

The editor was in grandiloquent style mixing his remarks with wit and satire.

He warns the people against gluttony and intemperance; says that in some of the streets and alleys he cannot pass without holding both his nose and his mouth with his hands and that it is enough to give one the plague to look at some of the outhouses of the Beirut mansions. He begs the gluttons to restrain them-

selves, to put their minds into their heads and not to eat three meals in one. He earnestly recommends that they do not begin the day by eating, as he had himself observed, on an empty stomach, five unpeeled cucumbers, followed by half a dozen hard boiled eggs, and crowned with three pounds of apricots, as such a course might damage their fellow men.

He says that unless the town is thoroughly cleaned, few can escape the apprehended pestilence. He says that some may object that filth and gutters and garbage are not clean subjects for a respectable editor to talk about, but he replies that "if you will clean the city I will have a clean subject to write upon and the cleaner the city the cleaner the paper!"

His fatalism fails him on this subject.

The semi-annual meeting of the mission was held in Abeih in September attended by eight missionaries. It was decided that the Abeih Boys' Seminary should hereafter, 1st, train teachers, 2d, prepare boys for the college, 3d, teach English to theological candidates. Negotiations were set on foot to purchase the Jebran Abela house in Sidon for the girls' boarding-school. Miss Kipp, broken down in health, sailed December 15th, on the American bark *Robinson Crusoe* for Boston.

Captain Robinson, on his return to Beirut, said to me, "Miss Kipp is the most truly sincere Christian woman I ever met. She is pure gold." She afterwards laboured in Auburn in the Old Ladies' Home with great acceptance and continued there until her death.

Mrs. Hanford (now Mrs. Professor Moore of Andover) took her place in Tripoli school. Dr. W. W. Eddy and family and Dr. Dennis and family returned from America. Cholera having ceased in Beirut, the mission schools and the college opened as usual in October.

The year of 1876 was one of great unrest and excitement throughout the Turkish Empire. Insurrection broke out in Bosnia and Herzegovina, in Servia, Montenegro, and Bulgaria. May 6th the French and German consuls were murdered in Salonica and massacres occurred in Bulgaria. May 12th a revo-

lution occurred in Constantinople resulting in the fall of the Grand Vizier Mahmoud Pasha. May 30th the Sultan Abdul Azîz was deposed and Murad V elevated in his place. June 4th Abdul Azîz was assassinated. August 31st Murad V was deposed, being succeeded by Abdul Hamid II. December 19th Midhat Pasha, a man of liberal and enlightened views, was appointed grand vizier and on December 23d a constitution was proclaimed for the Turkish Empire.

The Mohammedans were distressed at the drain on their men for the wars in the north and the Christians were in constant fear. When the constitution was proclaimed, the Pasha of Beirut, a liberal and enlightened man, summoned representatives of all the sects to the seraia to hear the firman of Abdul Hamid giving equal civil rights to all the Sultan's subjects and granting to the Christians the right of military service and office. After the reading of the official firman in both the Turkish and Arabic languages, the pasha asked an old Mohammedan sheikh of the Orthodox School to close the ceremony with prayer. All the company arose, when the sheikh, a venerable white-bearded dignitary, stepped forward and prayed the following stereotyped prayer which is used in prayers for the Sultan: "O Allah, grant the victory to His Imperial Majesty the Sultan Abdul Hamid Khan. Destroy all his enemies; destroy the Russians; O Allah, destroy the infidels. Tear them in tatters, grind them in powder, rend them in fragments, because they are the enemies of the Mohammedans, O Allah!" He was about to proceed when the mufti, or chief interpreter of the Koranic law, stepped rapidly up to him, pulled him by the coat collar, stopped him and whispered in his ear, when he proceeded, "O Allah, destroy the infidels because they are the enemies of the Moslems, the Christians, and the Jews." This was an Orthodox Mohammedan prayer,[1] but the mufti was shrewd enough to see that it needed modification, since the new firman guaranteed equal rights to all, and it was hardly the proper thing to offer it in the presence of the clergy of the Greeks, Catholics, Maronites, Armenians and

[1] See Lane's "Modern Egyptians," Vol. II.

Protestants, and the rabbis of the Jews. When the ceremony was ended the bishops left in high dudgeon and sent a protest to the pasha against that prayer. He replied courteously that it was a mistake and would never be repeated.

War did not actually break out with Russia until April, 1877, but the entire year 1876 was full of anxiety and fear among the Christian population.

The mission suffered great loss this year in the resignation and return to America, August 4th, of Dr. Wm. M. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book," and the death of Rev. S. H. Calhoun in Buffalo December 14th. We have already given a sketch of the lives of these two eminent men, the like of whom we shall not see again. Dr. Thomson lived some years in New York and then in Denver, Col., with his daughter Mrs. Maria Walker, in whose house he died April 8, 1894, aged eighty-nine years. His daughter Miss Emilia removed to Tripoli in May, as colleague of Miss H. La Grange, who arrived in January with Miss Everett from New York. Since that time for thirty-three years Miss La Grange has continued as the faithful, beloved and successful head of the Tripoli Girls' Boarding-School. Miss Thomson later on came to Beirut where she is an invaluable member of the faculty of the girls' school.

The Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil has just been in Beirut and visited all our literary institutions and went carefully through the press. We gave him a set of all our Arabic scientific and educational publications and a fine copy of the vowelled Arabic Bible for the library of Brazil. He was a plain, modest man, who came to Syria incognito and showed a deep interest in all educational and literary work. We little thought that in thirteen years he would be obliged to abdicate, and that within thirty years not less than 25,000 Syrian emigrants would have entered Brazil and that several Arabic newspapers would be published in Rio Janeiro and San Paulo!

In April, 1877, Russia declared war against Turkey and the whole empire was in distress. Sixty thousand men were taken from Syria, leaving their families in thousands of cases unpro-

vided for and in great suffering. New money taxes were levied and the Christians, who at such times are envied on account of not having to furnish soldiers, were in great fear of massacre.

Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff visited Syria in April and we were greatly refreshed by his visit. He was in vigorous health and overflowing with wit and wisdom. Mrs. Schaff preceded him to Beirut in company with Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Starr of New York.

It gave me great pleasure to show Dr. Schaff our press, the schools, the college, the theological class, and the German Deaconesses' Institute. We asked him to address the theological students and I offered to translate for him, as the students did not know English. He began, and, to my dismay, I found he was speaking in Latin. I had been out of Yale College twenty-six years and my last essay in Latin was the presbytery trial piece in 1855, so that I had to use "that thing which I call my mind" with some rapidity, but Dr. Schaff spoke deliberately and I succeeded in giving them at least the "substance of doctrine" which the doctor was presenting with such mediæval fluency. Dr. Dennis and I made no comment on his fluency in Latin and I never spoke of it until the fall of 1879, when on the eve of my sailing for Syria he asked me to address the students of the Union Theological Seminary in New York. Here was a strong temptation to address them in Arabic. But I desisted and instead told the students of the doctor's addressing our Beirut students in Latin! At the close of the service the doctor said to me, "Did I actually speak at that time in Latin?" "Certainly," said I. "Well," said he, "I was not conscious of it at the time." He was so familiar with Latin that he spoke it as freely as English or German.

It was a fête day at the Prussian deaconesses, and as I walked down the street with him to visit them, the doctor asked me if I had ever read Hans Breitman. I said yes. He was much pleased and began to repeat the whole of "Hans Breitman gave a barty," and "Where is that barty now? Gone to the ewigkeit," and he shook with laughter as he recited it. Leland's Anglo-German language he appreciated most keenly.

On entering my study he looked around on the books and his eye caught a row of "Lange's Commentary edited by P. Schaff," and he exclaimed, "Mountains of mud with here and there a vein of gold."

"Yes," said I, "and the gold is chiefly the work of the American editor."

He was deeply interested in securing a Biblical museum in Union Theological Seminary and left $350 with a committee consisting of Dr. George Post, Dr. E. R. Lewis, and myself to purchase "such implements and articles original or imitated as are of real interest and useful to theological students for the understanding of Bible history and Bible lands and the domestic, social, and religious life of the Jews. Also a judicious selection of Bible plants and Bible animals. If you need $300 or $500 more, I will raise the money. The museum must be completed no matter what it costs."

Just now all is anxiety and alarm about the great war between Russia and Turkey. A forced contribution of money about one dollar on every male Moslem over fifteen years of age is now being levied.

On February 9th I rode to Zahleh, through great drifts of snow from ten to twenty feet deep to help Mr. Dale in dedicating the new church at Jedeetha. It was built by funds sent by the mission school of the Brick Church in New York.

On my return I learned that General Grant was hourly expected on the *Vandalia* from Jaffa. He intends to go to Baalbec and Damascus, but it has been snowing for forty-eight hours on the heights of Lebanon, and I doubt whether even General Grant can "fight it out on that line."

Fifteen hundred Circassians have arrived in Beirut from Constantinople. They fled from the Caucasus to Bulgaria, and were engaged in the murderous assaults on the poor Bulgarian Christians. They are here en route for Hauran and other places in the interior. They are like walking arsenals, armed with knives, swords, pistols, and guns. One of them drew a knife on a young Greek merchant here on Thursday, and now the military are dis-

arming them. They are lodged in mosques and khans waiting for the Damascus Road to be opened. Yesterday I saw downtown a half-bushel of silver church ornaments, bracelets and so forth, which these miscreants had stolen from the Bulgarians, and are selling to the Beirut silversmiths to raise ready money. They have been offering their girls for sale in one of the mosques —a new business for Beirut. We only hope that they will leave as soon as possible, lest something arouse their fierce nature, and serious results ensue.

On January 31st the Russo-Turkish War ended, and on July 13th the treaty of Berlin was signed which separated from Turkey, Roumani Servia, and Montenegro, ceded the most of Turkish Armenia to Russia as well as Batûm, and made Bulgaria a Christian principality. Civil rights were guaranteed to non-Mohammedans in Turkey. Austria also occupied Bosnia and Herzegovina and England June 4th occupied Cyprus, engaging to maintain the integrity of the Turkish dominions in Asia.

Thousands of Circassians driven out of Bulgaria were brought to Syria and established flourishing colonies in Northern Syria and in Jaulan east of the Jordan.

In our mission field, owing to the death of Mr. Calhoun, the Abeih Academy has been discontinued, as the college preparatory department was expected to do the same work in the future. Dr. W. W. Eddy was transferred to Beirut for the theological class, and Rev. Frank Wood was transferred from Abeih to Sidon, but before he removed he was smitten down with mortal disease.

In April I left for America with my family and in July heard of the death of Mr. F. A. Wood of the Syria Mission. Mr. Wood had been for more than seven years in Syria. He had a fine knowledge of the Arabic language, was a man of superior culture, an enthusiastic teacher, of fervent piety, and great zeal.

Having been for three years the principal of Abeih Academy, he was about to remove to Sidon, as the training work done in Abeih is hereafter to be done in the college in Beirut. His

death leaves the Sidon field in the sole charge of young Mr. Eddy who is to sail for Syria August 31st. Mr. Wood was greatly and deservedly beloved. The missionaries are deeply afflicted in his death. The native church will lament his death as will his pupils and friends throughout Syria. Physically athletic, he seemed likely to outlive us all. His widow and the little daughter Lucy are entitled to the sympathies and prayers of God's people.

In August Mrs. Calhoun, who had returned from America, was stationed in Deir el Komr to labour among the women and girls. Miss Jackson and Mrs. Wood returned to America.

I sailed with my family April 11th for America. The morning of that day at half-past six I called to bid good-bye to Mr. N. Tubbajy, that dear man of God whom I loved as a brother. He had been confined to his bed for weeks, and after I offered prayer he drew me down and kissed me and wept. I was much overcome. He was one of the purest, truest men I ever knew and loved, and before I returned from America he was released from his sufferings. He was the prime mover in the erection of the "Eastern Chapel" and left a legacy for the support of a school in connection with it.

At ten o'clock I went with my brother Samuel and other friends to the house of Mrs. A. Mentor Mott, where 1,500 school children were assembled and I made them a parting address. They, through their teachers, presented to me a beautiful Arabic farewell address. That sight of such a multitude of children being taught in evangelical mission schools was stamped upon my memory and was a comfort to me during the long months of my absence.

After a prosperous trip by land and sea we reached New York, May 15th, and after spending one night at my mother's in Montrose, I went to the General Assembly in Pittsburg, where I met many old friends and was entertained by Mr. Robert Hays in Allegheny.

At Yale commencement I was the guest of President Woolsey and met Professor Salisbury, Hon. Peter Parker, and S. Wells

Williams, both of China. In June we also attended the golden wedding of Hon. Wm. E. Dodge at Tarrytown.

In July I attended with my sons William and Henry the hundredth anniversary of the city of Wilkesbarre, and at a reception given by an old friend, Mrs. Charles Parrish, met President R. B. Hayes, Secretary of State John Sherman, and Governor Hartranft. Seventy-five thousand people listened or tried to listen to the speech of the President. My brother Samuel, Dr. Eddy, and Dr. Dennis kept me informed about Syrian affairs; and I learned with sorrow of the death of Elias Fuaz, the oldest survivor of the First Protestant Church in Syria. He was always called Abu Nasif (father of Nasif) although he had no children. It was a title of respect. So when at about the age of sixty-five he married and had a son, he was obliged to call him Nasif. Little Nasif was a lovely boy, and as his door was directly across a narrow lane from my door, he was a favourite with my children. When about six years of age he was taken with severe convulsion and after a few days of struggle died. I never saw a more pathetic sight than the agony of that aged father over the death struggles of his only child, the child of his old age. He hardly left the bedside day or night for days and when the little grave was filled, he walked daily a mile to the cemetery carrying flowers. But life had lost its charm for him and he gradually declined and passed away.

During the summer of 1878 Rev. W. K. Eddy visited us in Montrose, and some weeks later, while on a visit to Scranton the First and Second Churches jointly agreed to support him, a son of Dr. Eddy, as their missionary to Syria. He was appointed and assigned to Sidon station, where his knowledge of Arabic and the Arab race enabled him at once to enter full upon work as a missionary, a work which he maintained with growing usefulness for twenty-nine years.

One day in June, 1878, when calling at the old mission house, 33 Centre Street, New York, Dr. Ellinwood took me down to the dimly lighted cellar where the luggage of incoming and outgoing missionaries was stored, and where young missionaries and

their wives did their packing, and showed me two massive slabs of wood of the Cedars of Lebanon, sent to him by Rev. O. J. Hardin of Tripoli, Syria, but which he found to be an elephant on his hands. No one would buy them and they were in the way. Would I take them and dispose of them? At that time in Montrose, Mr. Chas. Crandall, inventor of the famous "Building Blocks," had a toy factory filled with the most beautiful modern machinery, run by steam, planes, saws, dovetailing machines, lathes, and polishing sandpaper wheels, which filled me with delight. When a child I used to spend hours watching the village carpenters and wagon makers, but this elegant machinery made my "eyes water." We were kindly allowed free access to the mysterious shop from which emanated those curious creations of Mr. Crandall's genius which delighted hundreds of thousands of children all over the world. It struck me that here would be the place to turn those cedar logs to account for the benefit of the Tripoli Girls' Boarding-School. Mr. Crandall entered heartily into the scheme of cutting up that precious wood into table tops, paper folders, rulers, cubes, barrels, balls, paper weights, and so forth. So the large slabs six feet by two feet by ten inches were brought to Montrose. A contract was made with Mr. Crandall with minute specifications as to the style and finish of the blocks, and the work began. The cedar wood was so hard that the sparks flew from the circular saws, and some of the saws were broken.

The wood came into Mr. Hardin's possession in a peculiar way. No one is allowed to cut wood from that ancient cedar grove. It is a sacred place of the Maronites and is under the protection of the Patriarch of Lebanon. At times when "the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars, yea the Lord breaketh the Cedars of Lebanon" (Psalm 29:5) and the lightning rends off huge branches from the trees, specimens of the wood can be obtained. The Grand Duke Maximilian visited Syria in the '60s, went to the Cedars and obtained permission from the patriarch to take several large slabs of wood. A Syrian merchant in the Meena of Tripoli took the job, and at great expense took native



A VIEW IN THE LEBANON

"Now therefore command Thou that they hew me cedar trees out of Lebanon." — 1 Kings 5: 1-10.
The road to Damascus from Beirut crosses the mountains of Lebanon. The melting snow keeps the hillsides green. A railway crosses Lebanon at a height of 4,880 feet.

sawyers up to the grove, cut out these huge pieces, and transported them on camels to the Meena to await the frigate of the Austrian duke. But he took another route and the merchant was left with the lumber on his hands. The Austrian consul did not pay the expense he had incurred and he left them stored in a warehouse near the port. At length, after years of waiting, he offered them to his neighbour, Mr. Hardin, who bought them at a moderate figure and shipped them to Dr. Ellinwood.

They were from the old traditional cedar grove of B'sherreh, southeast of Tripoli and about 6,000 feet above the sea. The trees are about 425 in number and until the year 1862 it was supposed to be the only grove in Lebanon, but I have visited no less than eleven in Northern and Southern Lebanon, those at Hadeth el Jibbeh and Barûk containing thousands of trees, and were the all-devouring goats who eat up every green thing banished from Lebanon, there is no reason why Lebanon's heights could not again be crowned with magnificent forests of these splendid evergreen trees.

The grand ducal slabs were cut from a branch of one of the oldest trees reckoned by Mr. Calhoun and Dr. Thomson to be not less than three thousand years old. Ordinary tools made no impression on the wood, and but for the kind consent of Mr. Crandall to use his splendid machinery to cut it up and polish it, it must have remained as an heirloom for the Board of Foreign Missions. My children took great interest in the scheme of selling the finished blocks and fancy articles. Harry, then fourteen years old, was made secretary and treasurer of the cedar fund for the Tripoli school buildings. Advertisements with the descriptive price lists were sent to some twenty religious journals, a specimen of the wood being sent to each editor. Soon applications with postal money orders or cash began to pour into the Montrose post-office, and the outgoing mails and the express offices took hundreds of carefully wrapped and labelled packages. At the final summing up, after paying all expenses, the sum of about six hundred dollars was sent to Dr. Ellinwood for the Tripoli school. It seemed fitting that the money should go to aid in

educating girls from the region of the ancient Cedars, for the river of Tripoli, the sacred Kadisha, springs from a gushing fountain a little way from the old cedar grove.

After spending July and August in visiting various churches, I set out September 9th, under the auspices of the Women's Boards of Missions, on a Western campaign. I entered upon it with great enthusiasm. It was a rare chance to see the West, to cross the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers, to see Chicago, and to meet with thousands of good Christian people. I was absent forty-six days; made forty-eight addresses, travelled four thousand four hundred and fifty miles and addressed about thirteen thousand people. After spending Sunday, September 29th, at Dubuque with Dr. D. J. Burrell, I was booked for the University of Madison, Wisconsin, Monday evening. All Sunday afternoon and evening the rain fell in torrents and on Monday morning, on going to the railroad station I was told that owing to a "wash-out" no train could reach Madison that day. As I was expecting to go from Madison to the meeting of the American Board in Milwaukee, Dr. Burrell studied out a route up the Mississippi by train to McGregor, then by ferry across the beautiful emerald islands to Prairie du Chien, where I remained till 6 P. M. While in Dubuque Dr. Burrell took me to a galena or lead mine and I obtained a ponderous mass, which I shipped to Syria for the cabinet of the Syrian Protestant College. In Prairie du Chien I was greatly interested in the artesian well which spouts up warm sulphur water twenty-five feet in the air and flows through the streets. Taking a sleeping car at 6 P. M., I reached Milwaukee in the morning and was the guest of Mr. William Allen whose kindness has never been forgotten. Meeting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Dodge at the Plankinton House in the afternoon, we drove together in a downpour of rain to the Immanuel Church, pastor Dr. G. P. Nichols, where the Board was holding its opening sessions. I sat in the rear of the church, and Mr. Dodge, vice-president of the Board, went to the platform. After a little, there was a bustle among the officers on the platform, and soon Dr. Clark came down

to my seat and said, "Brother Jessup, we are in a sad plight. The annual sermon is to be delivered to-night and this church will be crowded but we have no preacher. Rev. Dr. Manning of Boston who was appointed telegraphed from Buffalo that he has been taken ill there en route and cannot come. What shall we do? Will you fill the breach?" I thought for a moment and said, "I cannot fill it, but I can stand in it and do my best, but it will not be a sermon." "All right," said Dr. Clark, and I made haste to my room at Dr. Allen's, looked over my notes, got my thoughts in order, and in the evening spoke ninety minutes to a most attentive audience, some of whom wanted me to "go on." But I thought it wiser to go off, for it is better that the people wish you were longer rather than wish you were shorter. Dr. Clark was effusive in his thanks and Mr. and Mrs. Dodge said, "The Lord sent that 'washout' on the railroad in order to bring you here."

Dr. Nichols, the beloved pastor of that church, afterwards removed to the First Church in Binghamton where I have since been brought into the most loving and intimate relations with him. His has been a model pastorate.

In October my old friend and pupil, Rev. Isaac Riley, died in Buffalo. He was a man of rare intellectual, spiritual, and social gifts, admired and beloved by all. On the 17th of November a memorial service was held in his old 34th Street Church, New York, and I had the privilege of adding my testimony to that of Drs. Martyn, Chambers, Hutton and Schaff to his worth and the loss to the Church and the world in his death. He did me a great favour in acting as co-editor in 1873 with Dr. Chas. S. Robinson of my little books, the "Women of the Arabs," and "Syrian Home Life."

I was a guest at the house of my wife's uncle, Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, just before the Christmas holidays. One morning Mr. Dodge asked me to go with him to the store of Johnston and Co., carpet dealers, and aid him in selecting an Oriental rug as a Christmas gift to Mrs. Dodge. One of the salesmen was very polite and soon brought a rug which he told Mr. Dodge was very

rare, being six hundred years old; and that the date was woven into it in the Oriental language! I examined it and found the date in Arabic characters, 1281 of the Hegira, corresponding to the year 1865 A. D.! I informed Mr. Dodge and then told the salesman the facts in the case and that the rug was just fourteen years old. He looked at me with undisguised disgust and did not sell that rug to Mr. Dodge for one hundred and fifty dollars. It was worth about fifteen. The salesman had evidently been taken in by his purchasing agent in the East.

In December I preached one Sunday morning in a Brooklyn church in the absence of the pastor. After the service the pastor's wife asked me to dinner. On reaching the house she remarked, "I am so glad that my son ——— was not here this morning. You certainly would have made a missionary of him!" I said, "My dear friend, who then can be a missionary? Somebody's son must go. Are only orphan children bidden to go and preach the Gospel?" She said, "I know some mother's sons must go, but I could never bear it." I did not press the question, and never met that young man until after he had been moderator of the General Assembly, and then it was quite too late to ask him to go. He was entangled in too many lines, lines he had cast and lines he had written, to admit the possibility of his becoming a student volunteer.

1879—In the year 1879 the Syria Mission was reinforced by the arrival of five labourers, and my own return. The new labourers were Rev. Chas. Wm. Calhoun, M. D., and his sister, Miss Susan S. Calhoun, both for Tripoli, and Miss Cundall for the Tripoli Girls' School; also Rev. W. F. Johnston and his wife who were stationed with Mr. Eddy in Sidon. Mr. Johnston found the climate unfavourable and was only able to remain about six months.

Miss Jackson and Miss Emily Bird returned to Syria with me November 25th.[1]

[1] Miss Bird has never found it convenient to take a furlough, and now (1909) has been thirty years continuously on the field.

Early in the year, April 16th, Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., was married to Miss Mary Bliss in Beirut, and for seven and a half years their home and personal influence were a power for good in Zahleh and the Bookaa.

In the month of May, 1879, before my return I was elected moderator of the General Assembly in Saratoga.

In October and November, 1879, I visited England, Scotland, and Ireland with Rev. Gavin Carlyle, in the interest of the Turkish Mission's Aid Society, made various addresses and met many great and good men with whose names I had long been familiar; Lord Shaftesbury, Sir William Muir, with whom I kept up correspondence to the time of his death in 1905, the Bishop of Meath, Lord Plunkett, Drs. Johnstone, Fleming Stevenson, Rainey, the Bonars, Dr. Andrew Thomson, Dr. N. McCleod, T. Matheson Rev. Dr. McFadyen, Dr. Robson (formerly of Damascus), Dr. Knox, Lord Polworth, Mr. Geo. D. Cullen, Drs. Cairns, Davidson, McCrie, J. Robertson, Dr. Blackie, Lord Balfour, Dr. Kalley, Thos. Nelson, Dr. Lindsay Alexander, and many others. In going to Dundee in November with Rev. Gavin Carlyle, we passed over that slender, lofty, dizzy, iron bridge two miles long over the Tay. On January 8th we received word in Beirut that the Tay bridge had toppled over and fallen with a railroad train which disappeared beneath the deep waters.

In 1879 certain Arabic inscriptions[1] were sent to me by Prof. S. Wells Williams, the well-known Chinese scholar and missionary, now Professor of Chinese in Yale College.

The letter of Dr. Williams enclosing them is as follows:

"I have obtained a 'rubbing' of an inscription on an incense pot of fine bronze, which I enclose to you in the hope that you can send to me a translation of it. The piece was obtained from a mosque in Peking, but I suppose the work was done in North-western China. This one has no date upon it, but I have one much like it that was made in 1506, and I think this piece is as

[1] The plates of these inscriptions were in the *Foreign Missionary Magazine*, April, 1879, and can be obtained at 156 Fifth Avenue in the library.

old as that. The Moslems in China are accustomed to burn incense on the tables in their mosques much the same as the Buddhists do in their temples. The inscription I send you is ten times as long as any of the others I have ever seen, and I rather think the top and bottom may be a quotation from the Koran. You will be able to tell me. The use of Arabic in China is very limited, few besides the Mullahs or Hajjis ever learning to read, and they do not try to speak it to any extent. The monosyllabic words in Chinese contract the organs of speech as a person grows old so that he is unable to pronounce words with many consonants coming together, or end a word in a dental. Words like thought, strength, contempt, are unpronounceable by a full-grown person and the gutturals in Arabic are as much beyond the vocal organs of most Chinese as the carols of a canary. Perhaps this inability and difficulty have had something to do with the little progress made by Islamism in China."

I found, as Dr. Williams supposed, that all of the extracts were from the Koran, and in the Arabic language.

The great interest of these inscriptions arises from their being in the Arabic language, the sacred language of the Koran, and thus an illustration of the manner in which the Mohammedan religion has carried the Koran throughout Asia and Northern Africa, and the Koran has carried the Arabic language.

The Koran is claimed by the Moslems to have been written in heaven by the finger of God Himself, and given to Mohammed by the Angel Gabriel. The inspiration is literal and verbal, and consists in the Arabic words, letters, and vowel points. The orthodox regard it as a sin to translate the Koran. Where it has been translated or paraphrased, as in the Persian, Urdu, and Malayan, it must be accompanied by an interlineation of the original Arabic.

The Emir Abd-er Rahman of Atcheen, in the island of Sumatra, lately exiled by the Dutch government to Mecca on a pension of $1,000 a month, is an Arab Mohammedan of Hadramout, and the Moslems of Sumatra use the Arabic language.

The Mohammedans of India, numbering some 35,000,000, read

their Koran in Arabic and the Urdu language is largely made up of Arabic words. The Afgans, Beloochs, Persians, Tartars, Turks, Kurds, Circassians, Bosnians, Albanians, Rumelians, Yezbeks, Arabs, Egyptians, Tunisians, Algerines, Zanzibarians, Moors, Berbers, Mandingoes, and other Asiatic and African tribes read their Koran, if at all, in the Arabic language.

If we connect this fact with another, viz., the profound regard of the Moslems for the Old and New Testaments, we see the present and prospective importance of the Arabic translation of the Scriptures.

A Mohammedan tradition says, "That in the latter day faith will decay, a cold odoriferous wind will blow from Syria, which shall sweep away the souls of the faithful and the Koran itself."

It may be that the wind is already blowing from the steam printing-presses in Beirut, which are sending the Arabic Scriptures all over the Mohammedan world.

After the hurried visit to Scotland we left England for Syria via Marseilles and reached home November 25th, a glad occasion for me, and I entered upon my preaching and theological teaching at once. The unsettled feeling of eighteen months' travelling soon vanished in the quiet and order of *home*. During all this absence and travelling thousands of miles I had not met with an accident and hardly a detention. Our missionary brethren and sisters and our Syrian brethren and sisters gave us a hearty and loving welcome.

With Drs. Dennis and Eddy, and occasional lessons from Dr. Van Dyck, our theological faculty was fully organized. All the boarding and day-schools were prospering as never before and the country had not as yet begun to be depleted by the passion for emigration.

One of the missionaries, Rev. O. J. Hardin, remarked that "in 1876, the time of the Centennial Exposition, the Syrian discovered America." He did, and he has since discovered and done his best to populate Brazil and Mexico, every one of the United

States and territories, the Pacific Islands, Singapore, Australia, New Zealand, and the Transvaal.

This passion for emigration is the modern awakening of the old Phœnician migrative spirit, after a Rip Van Winkle sleep of more than 2,500 years. In the olden time the mariners of Phœnicia, of Sidon and Tyre, Gebail and Arvad, braved the perils of unknown seas, penetrated the Black Sea, the Atlantic, and the coasts of Spain, and even circumnavigated Africa and in all probability founded the ancient civilization of Central America.

Christianity was borne westward on this Phœnician wave. Then came a pause, and the centuries of stagnation and impotence, until the West came to the East, bringing new life and kindled again the old restless spirit of adventure and fortune-hunting, until now about one-twentieth of the entire population of Syria has emigrated to foreign lands.

This has depleted the towns and villages of the brain and brawn of the land, weakened the little churches, carried off the graduates of the college and the boarding-schools, raised the price of labour and made it difficult in many places to find a labourer to do a day's work. Formerly a day-labourer earned twenty cents a day. Now he demands forty to fifty cents and gets it. Hundreds of emigrants have returned bringing large sums of money and have built fine modern houses, paved with marble and roofed with French tiles. And they want to have their children educated in American schools. Their old bigotry is gone. They refuse to be dictated to by priests and monks. Many are truly benefited by the change. One-third of the emigrants die, one-third remain abroad, and one-third return. But many of those who return are demoralized by European vices and go to their old homes to die.

Time only can solve the question as to whether emigration will prove a blessing or a curse to Syria. The best men, those who achieve success in America and Australia, generally remain abroad and never intend to return to Syria, thus entailing on their native land a severe material and moral loss.

One of our severest trials is to see educated young Syrians,



HASROUN, A LEBANON VILLAGE

The village is 5,000 feet above sea level, the mountains 8,000.

after a full theological course, dropping their work and going to foreign lands to make money easily. This seems inevitable and some day the unfolding of the divine providential plan with regard to this land may show us the reason why so many of Syria's choicest sons and daughters have been driven away to the ends of the earth.

About one month after our return from America (December 28th) the whole city of Beirut was in mourning for Mr. James Black, the English Christian merchant who for forty-four years had held aloft the standard of commercial integrity and a godly life. He founded the Commercial Court of Beirut and was its president for years. His word was regarded as being as good as his bond. He was a churchgoing, temperate, consistent Christian man, and being connected by marriage with the family of Dr. Thomson, was in warmest sympathy with the missionary work.

More potent than the sermons or the tracts of missionaries has been the silent influence of men like Mr. Black, who in the temptations of trade, the crookedness, duplicity, and corruptness of Oriental merchants and officials, have maintained their integrity untarnished until the highest and most sacred oath a Moslem can swear, even above the oath by the beard of the Prophet, is by the word of an Englishman. The Beirut merchants to this day (1909) speak with wonder of Mr. Black's having "sworn to his own hurt and changed not."

All honour to such pure-minded and upright foreigners who have thus taught corrupt and immoral men that there are men who will stand by their word even to their own loss and whose word becomes the synonym of truth, integrity and purity!

I once stood before a Moslem shop in the ancient city of Hamath and overheard a Mohammedan near by, emphasizing his word by the most solemn oath he could command, and he finally clinched his assertions by swearing "on the word of Mr. Black, the Englishman in Beirut."

The winter was severe and in Kesrawan, February 12, 1880, a priest was overtaken in a storm by wolves and devoured.

Handbills were posted on all the churches, mosques, and synagogues stating that an election was to take place for members of the municipality.

The votes posted were:

Christians of all sects	820
Moslems " " "	440
	1,260

Property owners eligible to office:

Christians	461
Moslems	263
	724

This indicates that the Oriental Christian sects, Greeks, Catholics, Maronites, and Protestants are about double the Moslem population in number. This would appear to give the Christians the control, but the Turkish Waly of the province is ex-officio president of the municipality and has absolute control of its funds. It often happens that by orders from Constantinople, the entire fund, amounting to thousands of dollars collected by taxation for street repairs and salaries, will be taken from the treasury and sent off to Constantinople.

XXI

Helps and Hindrances

Mile-stones of progress—Gerald F. Dale, Jr., Memorial Sunday-School Hall—Missionaries' sons—Bereavement—Another furlough.

THE history of the Dale Memorial Sunday-School Hall in Beirut is a beautiful illustration of the working of the divine Providence to secure a blessing to the children of Syria.

Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., had been for seven years an honoured and beloved missionary in Zahleh, Syria, when I went to America in 1878. Gerald was a family name in the Dale family of Philadelphia. His brother Henry in New York, and his wife, Dora Stokes, named their first-born and only son for the brother in Syria and the father in Philadelphia, Gerald F. Dale, Jr.

In July, 1878, I spent a Sunday in Orange, N. J., and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dale on Orange Mountain. On Sabbath P. M., July 20th, their little son Gerald came running to me and sat on my knee, and I told him about his uncle in Syria. He looked up in my face and asked, "Are you a minister?" "Yes," said I. "That's right," said he. "My Uncle Gerald is a minister. My father ought to be a minister. Every man ought to be a minister. I am going to be Rev. Dr. Dale and be a minister." Scarcely four years old, he was devoted to the Sunday-school and went Sunday afternoon with his nurse to the little chapel on the mountain in the rear of the premises near the present residence of Mrs. John Crosby Brown, to attend the Sunday-school. He was a beautiful boy and completely won my heart.

Seven months after, in February, 1879, I saw in a New York

morning paper, "Died of scarlet fever Gerald F. Dale, Jr., aged four years." The anguish of those doting parents can only be known by those who have drunk the same bitter cup.

A fortnight later they invited me to call, and told me they had heard of our need of a Sunday-school hall in Beirut and they would like to give the $2,500, which had been set apart for Gerald, to build such a hall as his memorial. We began at once to make plans and I visited Philadelphia with him to see the Bethany Sunday-school and other buildings.

On reaching Beirut in November, 1879, we began the work of construction. I was greatly aided by Mr. Charles Smith, a British merchant and a fine architect, and also by Mr. Jules Loytved then connected with the British Syrian Schools. The corner-stone was laid February, 1880. The roof is supported by six stone arches and slender graceful columns and the class rooms on the two sides are separated by sliding glass doors. Within, it is bright and cheerful. Dr. Thain Davidson of London pronounced it the most beautiful Sunday-school hall he had ever seen. On December 19, 1880, the Memorial Hall was dedicated. More than 1,200 children and adults were present at the dedication and many were unable to obtain admission. Eight different Sunday-schools were represented and addresses were made by Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., uncle of the little boy, Rev. Dr. W. W. Eddy and myself. Tears fell from many eyes when I told them the story of little Gerald's faith and his desire to be a minister. The singing and responsive reading of the Scriptures were not the least interesting part of the services. One of the German Lutheran deaconesses brought twenty of her orphan pupils who sang a German hymn very sweetly. The Anglo-American Sunday-school of English and American children came in force and sang "Whiter than snow." Miss Jessie Taylor's Moslem girls were present with their snow-white veils and the Syrian Sunday-school children numbered nearly 900. The Sunday-schools appointed a committee to prepare a letter of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dale. A marble tablet over the door bears the inscription

"Suffer little children to come unto Me."
Memorial Sunday-School Hall.
A memorial of
Gerald F. Dale, Jr.
Born August 1, 1875.
Died February 20, 1879, aged three and a half years.
Erected by his parents Henry Dale and Dora Stokes Dale his wife. 1880.

In January, 1881, another missionary's son, Rev. George A. Ford, joined the Sidon station of the mission, after an absence of sixteen years in America, studying and acting as pastor of the church at Ramapo. Up to the present time (1906) six sons of Syria missionaries have entered on the work of the Presbyterian Mission work in Syria. These are: Rev. Wm. Bird, Rev. W. K. Eddy, Rev. C. Wm. Calhoun, M. D., Rev. Geo. A. Ford, D. D., Rev. Wm. Jessup, D. D., and Prof. Stuart D. Jessup; while Rev. Howard S. Bliss, D. D., is president of the Syrian Protestant College. Their knowledge of Arabic and acquaintance with the Syrian people have made their labours most acceptable and effective for good.[1]

Thirteen daughters of the mission have returned to work in Syria after completing their studies in America: Emily Calhoun Danforth, Emilia Thomson, Harriette M. Eddy (Hoskins), Mary Lyons, Mary Bliss (Dale), Emily Bird, Susan H. Calhoun (Ransom), Sarah Ford, Alice Bird (Greenlee), Mary P. Eddy, M. D., Fanny M. Jessup (Swain), Amy C. Jessup (Erdman), Elsie Harris, M. D. Six of these continue now in the work, three have died, and four have left Syria. Other missionary daughters living in Syria, not under official appointment, have rendered services as teachers in the mission schools: Misses Lizzie Van Dyck, Anna H. Jessup, Carrie Hardin (Post), and especially Miss Effie S. Hardin, who for years has given her efficient help in the boys' school in Suk el Gharb.

[1] Other sons of Syria missionaries are missionaries in other countries; Mr. Edward Ford in West Africa, Rev. Frederick N. Jessup in Tabriz, Persia, Bertram Post, M. D., in Robert College, Constantinople, Wilfred Post, M. D., in Turkey, Arthur March in China.

The year 1881 was marked by the visit of scores of eminent men in the Church in America and England, many of whom occupied the pulpit of the Anglo-American Congregation on Sunday. Among them were Dr. A. Erdman, Dr. Theodore Cuyler, and Canon H. B. Tristram. Dr. Dennis returned in December from a six months' health trip to America. The theological class was continued through the academic year.

In January, 1882, Mrs. Ford, mother of Rev. Geo. A. Ford, having returned from America, was stationed, as was Miss Bessie M. Nelson (daughter of Dr. Henry A. Nelson) in Sidon, and the Sidon Girls' Seminary was carried on by Misses Eddy and Nelson.

In April a theological seminary building was begun on the college campus through the generous aid of Mr. A. L. Dennis of Newark, N. J., the ground having been given to the Board of Missions by the college trustees. The building was dedicated December 18, 1883, and continued to be occupied by the mission theological seminary for ten years, when it was sold to the college, and named Morris K. Jesup Hall. The theological class was transferred as a summer school to Suk el Gharb, Mount Lebanon, where it continued until 1905, when it was reopened in Beirut on the new mission premises adjoining Dale Memorial Hall.

In December the mission voted to organize three presbyteries, in Sidon, Tripoli, and Lebanon with Beirut. These three presbyteries have proved a success, but they have no organic connection with the General Assembly in America. When the time comes, there may be a General Assembly in Syria and Egypt. After twenty-four years of experience the Syrian pastors and elders have proved themselves competent to transact business and to stimulate each other in the matter of self-support.

In the spring of this year the Lord's hand was heavy upon our household. The season was cold and stormy. Three of the children had been ill for some weeks with influenza and fever and their mother was ceaseless in her watch over them and was soon attacked with the same malady. On the evening of March 19th,

Mr. George Müller, of Bristol, who had made several addresses to old and young in our Beirut church, held a meeting at the house of Mrs. A. Mentor Mott. I attended it and came home at 9 P. M., to find the dear one suffering from inflammation of the throat. She soon got relief but it developed into pleurisy and after apparent recovery, she suddenly suffered collapse on the evening of April 5th, and passed away so quickly that her sister, Mrs. Hardin, our guest, could hardly reach her bedside before she was gone.

The shock was like paralysis to me. Friends were never more loving, sympathetic, and kind. The five younger children, the oldest only twelve, were like little angels around me. Dear Dr. Eddy, my colleague, took the little ones to his house and was like a brother. My little son Stuart spoke such words of comfort to me that I seemed uplifted and sustained. One day he said, "Perhaps we loved mamma too much and idolized her." Brother Samuel and Mr. Hardin came down from Tripoli.

On the 25th a missionary conference of eighty missionaries and native helpers was held in the Memorial Hall, and being asked to preside my thoughts were fully occupied for a week. Meantime four of the children had measles, requiring careful nursing, but all made a speedy recovery.

The members of the mission advised my going at once to America, and after much prayer and consultation, I reluctantly decided to go; and after many sad parting scenes and strenuous labours in handing over my work of editing, proof-reading, and teaching, and preaching to Drs. Eddy and Van Dyck, we sailed June 15th for Marseilles.

Before our departure, a missionary meeting was held in Beirut at which Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., was present. Mr. Dale had at his disposal a fund of $10,000 which he offered to the Syrian Protestant College as a scholarship fund on condition that $20,000 additional be raised. I was requested by the college to raise that sum and I did it while in America.

Rumours had reached Syria of the Arabi Pasha Rebellion in Egypt, and on our arrival in Port Said on the 17th we had start-

ling evidence of its reality. An Austrian steamer was in port en route from Alexandria to Beirut with 2,200 refugees going to Syria for safety. The decks were so thickly packed that men could scarcely lie down. Three infants had been born in the night. The captain said to a man who called to him from a shore boat, "The Lord deliver us from fire." I heard afterwards that they reached Beirut in safety, where both Moslems and Christians united in providing food and lodging for them.

We reached Alexandria Sunday A. M., June 18th. The ships and steamers in the harbour were literally black with crowds of refugees; and lines of boats filled the port, carrying men, women, and children, pale with fright, to the sailing craft of every description. Six overloaded steamers left for Greece, Naples, Malta, and Marseilles. Three thousand Maltese had already gone to Malta. The panic was universal. Last Sunday, July 11th, was Black Sunday. Forty Europeans and 150 native Christians were killed by the Moslem mob in Alexandria. Admiral Seymour of the British fleet came on board our steamer to see our travelling companion, Mr. Berkeley, M. P., and told us of his narrow escape on Sunday. He was on shore with the French admiral paying calls. Suddenly the driver of their carriage stopped, jumped down, and ran back. A furious mob was rushing down the street with guns and clubs, killing every Christian. The consular janizary who was with them told them to get out and run for their lives, and down they went, the two admirals, double quick, and were just able to enter the iron gate of the port office and close the door, when the howling mob arrived. The port officer called a boat and off they went, glad to reach their floating castles alive. The riot was a general conspiracy and broke out in several places at once. All the American missionaries from Cairo, Assioot, and other places were on board the American frigate *Galena*, Captain Bachelor, where I went with my son Stuart to see them. They were awaiting passage to Malta and America. Seven trains a day were bringing down refugees from Cairo and Upper Egypt. Egypt was in a reign of terror.

Arabi Pasha was in command in Cairo, and his troops held the forts south of Alexandria harbour. The khedive with a loyal officer, Derwish Pasha, was in the Ras-el-Tîn Palace on the north side of the harbour. Arabi, who professed to be advocating a patriotic work of "Egypt for the Egyptians" as against the Albanian dynasty of Mohammed Ali and his successors, raised the cry of "Ya Islam" and it was reported that in his excitement on entering a mosque he said that he would not rest till the streets of Cairo ran with Christian blood. At all events his followers tried it in Alexandria and provoked the intervention of England. England proposed to France a joint occupation and that Turkey denounce Arabi as a rebel and then send a detachment of troops to coöperate with the English army and navy. The Sultan declined to denounce Arabi and the French declined to send troops, so Admiral Seymour and Lord Wolsley were left to cope single handed with the rebellion. Arabi's troops went on entrenching in the forts south of the harbour, until at length the British fleet bombarded them. July 11th and 12th Arabi's troops withdrew from the city and there was another massacre of Europeans and the European quarter of the city burned. In September the English army entered the Suez Canal and occupied Port Said and Ismailîyeh. M. de Lesseps protested against the passage of the army but in vain. Arabi hastened towards Ismailîyeh and camped at Tel el Kebir. Here his sleeping army was surprised after midnight by Lord Wolsley's army, who, without warning, opened fire on the camp with shot and shell. Arabi's troops were panic stricken. A few fought bravely but all were soon in complete rout. Arabi and officers escaped to Cairo on a special train. An English cavalry officer with a small detachment galloped along the edge of the desert to Cairo, surprised the sentinel at the citadel and summoned the commander to surrender. The garrison laid down their arms and were bidden to disperse to their homes. On the arrival of Wolsley's army, September 14th, Arabi surrendered, was tried and sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted to banishment to Ceylon. Lord Dufferin came to Egypt. The whole civil and police sys-

tems were readjusted and reformed. Law, order and justice soon put an end to the bastinado, extortion, cruel oppression and bribery, and Egypt entered upon a career of unexampled progress and prosperity.

June 21st we sailed from Alexandria, reached Naples June 24th and Marseilles the 26th. North of Corsica we saw twelve whales. Whales have often been seen in the Eastern Mediterranean and the carcases of two large ones were thrown up on the shore near Tyre. The skull of one of them is in the museum of the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut. We passed through Paris and spent July 4th in London. The day was made memorable by a drawing-room meeting at Mr. Stanley's, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, where my old friend, Canon H. B. Tristram of Durham, presented to me, on behalf of the teachers and pupils of the British Syrian Schools in Syria, a beautiful silver inkstand with a suitable inscription. Many friends of the schools were present, and the occasion was very affecting to me and very comforting.

From the year 1860 until now (1909), it has always been my delight to visit the British Syrian Schools, counsel and pray with the teachers, and address the pupils. From 1861 to 1892 I was superintendent of the Beirut Sunday-school which was always attended by about one hundred girls of these schools.

I have always been a man of peace and have striven to keep all the missionary forces in Syria in full coöperation with each other, and was a warm friend of Mrs. J. Bowen Thompson and her three sisters, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Mentor Mott, and Miss Lloyd, and their successors in the direction of the schools, especially Miss Caroline Thompson, the present (1907) capable and consecrated head of the schools in Syria. Sectarian discord has no right to enter missionary ground. We should seek out our common points of agreement and relegate our paltry denominational differences to oblivion. Foreign missionaries should work together. Mohammedans and heathen care nothing and understand little of our peculiar differences and are alienated and repelled by them. Protestant missionaries and the Syrian evangelical churches are known throughout the land as "enjeeliyeen" or gospel evangel-

icals. The exclusiveness and narrow sectarianism of certain ultra ritualists on the one hand and non-ritualists on the other, have confused the Oriental mind and given occasion to the enemies of the Gospel to rejoice. I have opposed introducing the word Presbyterian into the Arabic language and the Arabic Evangelical Church. We call our presbytery "El Mejmāa el Meshkhy," the Elders' Assembly. We do not need the Greek word for elder when we have the Arabic term sheikh used in the Acts and the Epistles. The Presbyterian order of government seems well adapted to the Syrians and they are proving themselves capable of managing their own church assemblies, but we desire that it be kept free from sectarian names and tendencies, as the simple Gospel is by far the best weapon and the best name in commending evangelical religion to the priest-ridden people of the Oriental Churches and the intensely ritualistic followers of Islam.

We rejoice in the coöperation of the managers and teachers of the British Syrian Mission, the Moslem and Druse Girls' School of Miss Jessie Taylor, the Church of Scotland Mission of Dr. Mackie and the German pastor and the deaconesses, the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society in Palestine, and the British and American Friends' Society in Brummana and Ramullah. Bishop Blyth, the Anglican bishop in Jerusalem, is trying to build up a wall between his constituency and all non-Episcopal Christians in Palestine and Syria, and to fraternize with the ecclesiastics of the Orthodox Greek "Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre" who annually and openly deceive thousands of pilgrims with the Satanic farce of the so-called "Holy Fire." Bishop Blyth is a genial and lovable man, and I cannot understand how he can fraternize with such a set of shameless impostors as the monks and bishops of the Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre. I have spoken of this elsewhere in the chapter on the organization of the Syrian Evangelical Church.

Rev. Dr. Craig of the Religious Tract Society came to our lodgings and took my children to the British and South Kensington Museums and to the Zoo. We were all deeply touched by his kindness and his tender attentions to my flock of little ones.

Mrs. Tristram also took charge of shopping for them and fitted them out for the Atlantic voyage.

July 6th we sailed on the *City of Berlin* for New York. We had a rough passage but I was able to preach on Sunday evening, July 9th, and to lecture on Egypt July 14th. We reached New York Sunday P. M., July 16th. On the 18th we went through by the D. L. & W. R. R. to Montrose and were met at the station by the three older children, Anna, William and Henry, and soon reached the old homestead where mother was still living. She was then eighty-four years of age. How delightful to look on her face once more, and to see her sitting with her knitting work in her favourite armchair by the window, happy in being surrounded by so many of her children and grandchildren. I took the children to the lawn under the ancient apple trees, and to the old garret filled with so many quaint relics of the past, to the apple orchard and the garden, and from time to time to the blackberry patches, the "High Rocks," to Jones Lake and Silver Lake, to Fall Brook and the Salt Springs. We roamed over the farm and at times brought milk, butter, and cream to the homestead. I lived over my childhood and had ample time to review my life of fifty years.

Relatives and friends were kind and sympathizing to the last degree, and the summer passed rapidly away. Calls for addresses poured in upon me and as the events passing in the Nile Valley engrossed public attention I was obliged to prepare an address on that subject which was finally published in the *Foreign Missionary*. On the 9th of August at the request of Dr. Ellinwood I attended the missionary convention of the Synod of New Jersey at Asbury Park, where I stayed at Dr. Ford's sanitarium and met Dr. Nevius of China, Dr. H. A. Nelson, Dr. A. A. Hodge, and others. Dr. Nevius gave great umbrage to the ladies by saying that in foreign missions he knew no difference between work for men and work for women. Had he lived in lands where the women are secluded in hareems and zenanas, he would have probably appreciated better the need of women's work for women. I met one singular character, Mangasarian, a protégé of Dr. A. A.

Hodge, who in a flaming address professed great desire to go to Turkey to preach to the Mohammedan Turks, yet when after the session Dr. Hodge assured him there were many Armenian Protestant Churches in Asia Minor which would be glad to welcome him as their pastor, he declared that he could not and would not go, as the Turks would surely kill him. He afterwards became a freethinker, derided Orthodox Christianity and the Bible, and forsook the Christian faith. Dr. Hodge told me in November that this Mangasarian wrote and begged him to obtain for him pulpits to supply as he was in great need. "So," said Dr. Hodge, "I commended him to Mr. Alexander in a New Jersey town. He went there, and on Monday I received a letter from Mr. Alexander as follows: 'Dear Dr. Hodge: If you have no better men than this Mangasarian please send us no more preachers. He abused the Board of Missions and Princeton Seminary, and declared that all the professors were stupid dolts.' So I wrote to Mangasarian and insisted that he come to me at once. He came and I read him Mr. Alexander's letter and rebuked him severely and said, 'How dare you abuse your own professors?' He blandly replied, 'Why, doctor, I didn't say much. I only said what *all* the students say!'" On this Dr. Hodge laughed heartily and said to me, "You can do nothing with such a man. Hereafter I shall let him alone to shift for himself."

His career should be a lesson to theological faculties in America not to admit foreign adventurers as students without proper testimonials as to their character and religious history.

During the summer Messrs. W. A. Booth and D. Stuart Dodge, trustees of the Syrian Protestant College, invited me to remove to New York and undertake the raising of the twenty thousand dollar scholarship fund in order to secure the fund of $10,000 conditionally offered by Rev. G. F. Dale, Jr., of Zahleh.

Before visiting the Synods of Indiana, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, I removed the younger children under the care of my eldest daughter, October 4th, to New York. On December 10th my son Stuart and my daughter Mary united with the Church of the Covenant, pastor Dr. Marvin R. Vincent.

That winter was a strenuous one to me. Lectures, addresses, sleeping-car travelling, meeting theological students in Union, Auburn, Princeton and Allegheny, preparing matter for the *Foreign Missionary Magazine* and interviewing individuals with reference to the scholarship fund, kept me under a constant strain.

November 7th I attended the reception given by the Board of Foreign Missions in Centre Street to Sir Richard Temple, formerly a provincial governor in India. As our Board, with its intensely conservative traditional policy, had neither stenographer nor typewriter, I took pencil notes of Sir Richard's address which were afterwards published. After the interview I accompanied him to call on ex-Secretary of State Evarts, then to the Cooper Institute and the Windsor Hotel. As he was to sail immediately, I sent to his hotel the report of his address. He took it with him on the steamer, corrected the manuscript and returned it by mail for publication.

The reluctance of those wise brethren at 23 Centre Street to allow typewriters, stenographers, etc., nearly sacrificed the life of Dr. Ellinwood and gave a wrench to my nervous system such as I have never known. On December 2d Dr. Ellinwood, by his physician's order, sailed on the *Britannic* for England, and I was appointed to take his place during his absence. I consented, and from nine to four worked daily at the office and generally took great packages of unanswered letters home with me, to work over them into the small hours of the night. I had no conception until that time of the labours of a foreign missionary secretary. You enter your office at 8 : 30 or 9 A. M., and find twenty or more letters and documents from home and foreign correspondents. There are mission votes requiring immediate attention of the Board; long missionary journals, from which portions are to be selected for publication; letters from pastors, 100 or 200 miles away, asking for a rousing sermon next Sunday, as it is foreign missions annual collection, and also a talk to a children's meeting; confidential letters from young men and women in seminaries, asking numerous questions about enlistment in the work; suggestions from pastors as to needed im-

provements in the *Monthly Missionary Magazine;* requests for leaflets and missionary literature, etc., etc. You arrange these letters and are preparing to consult the venerable secretaries about the foreign documents when in comes a theological student anxious to have full and free talk about going abroad, selection of fields, special preparation, etc.; then comes a pastor full of zeal and suggestions; then a book agent gets by Treasurer Rankin's door and up-stairs and literally bombards you with his torrent of eloquence and you curtly refer him to the business agent in the basement; then a telegram proposing a missionary convention in a Western state four weeks hence and asking the address of returned missionaries; then another telegram that good Brother A. of the B. mission is on board the steamer coming up the harbour with a sick wife and his children, and asking that he may be met and advised where to go on his arrival; then a young lady from a well-known college comes to have a good talk about the propriety of taking a medical course before going abroad, etc., etc., until twelve o'clock comes. The other officers are starting out for lunch. You go with them and after a too hasty meal return to find another mail has come in. You bend to your work, write a dozen letters and telegrams, copy your letters in the screw copying-press, fold them, direct them, stamp them, and as it is growing dark, gather up your documents and papers, hurry to the ferry, take the Princeton train, address the students in the evening, and return on the earliest morning train to go through the treadmill again. I asked the older officials why they did not have stenographers and typewriters. They thought it a needless expense. "Such things never have been used and why use the Lord's money for them now?" I went to see Mr. Booth and other members of the Board. I felt that this grinding system had nearly killed Dr. Ellinwood and Mr. Booth agreed with me. I wrote to Dr. Ellinwood not to consent to go on with his arduous work on his return unless he was supplied with a stenographer and type-writer. The point was carried after his return.

During November and December I visited Wilkesbarre where

Mr. J. W. Hollenback gave me $1,200 for a college scholarship; Orange, where Mr. L. P. Stone and Egbert Starr each gave two scholarships; Pittsburg, where I addressed the Allegheny students and dined with that blessed steward of the Lord, William Thaw. He gave me $2,400 for two scholarships, with that beautiful smile that lighted up his face when doing a kind act. He thanked me for coming and said that he felt it to be a privilege to have part in the Lord's work in Syria.

I went thence to Cincinnati and Lane Seminary, attended a missionary convention, and spent Sunday with Dr. Nelson at Geneva, N. Y.; visited Auburn, met several missionary candidates and called on Dr. Willard, another of God's stewards, who, like Mr. Dodge and Mr. Thaw, abounded in good works.

On the morning of December 20, 1882, as I entered the mission house Mr. W. Rankin said to me, "When do you leave for Persia?" I replied, "Never, that I know of. If I live to cross the sea again it will be for my Syrian home and work." He then asked me, "Have you read the morning papers?" I replied, that for a wonder I had not. Handing me the New York *Tribune* he said, "Read that!" I read, "President Arthur has appointed Rev. Henry H. Jessup, D. D., of Syria, to be first United States Minister to Persia, and sent the nomination to the Senate." I said to Mr. Rankin, "Whose work was that? Who sent my name to President Arthur?" He said he could think of no more likely person than Dr. Irenæus Prime of the New York *Observer*, who was a warm personal friend of President Arthur. I went up to my office and shut the door and prayed for wisdom that I might get out of this complication before it went any further.

I thought it over. Yes, I had met Dr. Prime at Chi Alpha recently, and he very incidentally asked me if I spoke Persian, to which I replied in the negative. I made haste, by the City Hall, down to the *Observer* office. Dr. Prime was out. Dr. Stoddard explained that Dr. Prime had written to President Arthur about the Persian Legation and used my name. I went back to the mission house, wrote to Dr. Prime, stated that I could not ac-



GEORGE E. POST SCIENCE HALL
Syrian Protestant College.

cept it, that I was not qualified for a diplomatic post and that I would not give up preaching the Gospel. I also telegraphed to Secretary of State F. T. Frelinghuysen, as follows: "Please tender to President Arthur my cordial thanks for the high honour conferred upon me by the nomination to the Persian court, but it is impossible for me to accept." Dr. Prime wrote to the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, explaining why I declined. He received at once an answer, "Please send Dr. Jessup on to Washington. The committee would like to see a man who does not regard himself as qualified for an office. We have never seen one." I did not go, either to Washington or Teheran, but in 1903 was glad to send my youngest son Frederick to Tabriz, in Persia, as Christ's ambassador to that dark empire.

I have not ceased to be thankful that I declined that post. A missionary's son, Mr. Benjamin, the well-known writer, received the appointment and after serving his country efficiently, published a valuable book on Persia.

In January, 1883, in addition to the office work in Centre Street, I visited Chicago, Wilmington, Hartford, and Brooklyn. On the 7th of February Dr. Ellinwood returned much refreshed by his journey by sea and land. On Thursday evening, the 8th, I lectured in the chapel of Dr. Cuthbert Hall's First Church in Brooklyn on the Egyptian crisis. Before going to Brooklyn I called on Mr. Wm. E. Dodge, who was somewhat indisposed. Immediately on my return to 35th Street at 9 A. M., I hastened to Mr. Dodge's house only two blocks away and to my surprise was met at the door by Edward, the faithful family servant, with the words, "Dr. Jessup, Mr. Dodge is dead!" He had died suddenly of heart disease. I found his sons Stuart, Charles, and Arthur, and several relatives. To me the shock was stunning. I went to my room and by 2 P. M. had a sinking sensation which alarmed the children. The doctor came and pronounced it nervous prostration. I was ordered to bed and to absolute quiet for a long period. I had numerous appointments to speak in Baltimore and other cities but the doctor ordered them all cancelled.

Mr. Dodge's funeral was February 12th, within a block of my lodgings, and Dr. Vincent had asked me to assist at the exercises, but I could not leave my bed. The throng was very great and at its close Dr. Ellinwood, Dr. H. M. Field, and Drs. Clark and A. C. Thompson of the American Board called to see me.

The death of Mr. Dodge was a public calamity. He was so eminent as a Christian merchant, patriot, and philanthropist, that no New Yorker was more widely known. He was a lifelong friend of missions, home and foreign, a champion of temperance, of commanding presence, an eloquent speaker, and the simple piety of his family life, his family altar, his strict Sabbath observance, and his lovely winning manner made him such a father and husband and friend as few homes can boast.

Several of his sons and grandsons caught his spirit and are, like him, a blessing to the world. Mrs. Dodge was no less eminent in all purely evangelical and philanthropic work and survived him long, beloved and honoured.

Syrian letters from Drs. Dennis, S. Jessup, and W. W. Eddy gave full particulars of the death of our promising missionary physician, Charles William Calhoun. Dr. Dennis said, "He was born in Syria, son of Rev. Simeon Howard Calhoun and was thirty-three years of age at the time of his death. He had the advantages of the early training of his honoured father, and was educated at Williams College, the Union Theological Seminary, and the University Medical School of New York. He came to Syria in the fullness of his strength and with a hearty consecration to the service of Christ in the land of his birth. He was connected with the Tripoli station for four years; and *such* years of enthusiastic work and abounding services, both to the souls and bodies of the people of that wide Northern field!

"His death occurred at Shwifat near Beirut, June 22, 1883. He had recently returned from a long tour in Northern Syria and the Zahleh field with Mr. Dale and seemed to have contracted a malarial fever of a malignant type which proved fatal. His mother entered the sick-room early in the morning soon after the watcher for the night had left, and thinking him to be asleep, sat for some

time in the presence of death, without knowing the true cause of the patient's strange stillness. She finally approached him and was stunned by the painful discovery that his spirit had taken its flight homeward. He was 'the only son of his mother and she a widow.' The only sign that his spirit left to give a hint of the final scene was a placid and heavenly expression on his face as if he had met death with a smile, as he passed into rest. The funeral services were held in Shwifat and the next day in Beirut."

Dr. Samuel Jessup said, "When his medical practice had greatly increased and his surgical skill had attracted attention, he was in 1882 obliged by the government through the intrigues of a rival physician to leave Tripoli. He spent the time in touring, and visited Constantinople where he obtained an imperial Turkish diploma that gave him the right to practice anywhere in the empire. He returned to Tripoli and seemed entering on a career of great usefulness when he was prostrated by fever."

He was genial, courteous, full of good humour, a most skillful surgeon, familiar with the Arabic colloquial from his childhood. These traits made him very popular. He could sleep anywhere, on a mat or on the ground, and eat the coarsest and most unpalatable Arab food with a relish.

His consistent Christian walk and self-denying labours exemplified the religion he professed and preached.

Death of Muallim Butrus el Bistany

The Syrian Evangelical Church and the Syrian people of all classes suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. Butrus el Bistany, May 1, 1883. He was the most learned, industrious, and successful as well as the most influential man of modern Syria.

He was born in Dibbiyeh, Mount Lebanon, nine miles northeast of Sidon, of Maronite parentage, and studied the Arabic and Syriac under a Maronite priest, Michaiel Bistany, during the rule of the famous Emir Bushir. He afterwards entered the patriarchal clerical school at the monastery of Ain Wurka where he studied Arabic grammar, rhetoric, logic, history, with Latin, Syriac, and Italian.

About the year 1840 he found, in reading the Syriac Testament, the doctrine of justification by faith, and leaving his monastic retreat, fled to Beirut, where he entered the house of Dr. Eli Smith for protection. For two years he was a prisoner, not venturing outside the gates, lest he be shot by spies of the Maronite patriarch. From that time he became an invaluable helper to the American missionaries, and in 1846 began to help Dr. Van Dyck in the newly founded Abeih Seminary. During this period he prepared a school arithmetic which is still a standard work in Arabic. He then removed to Beirut and became dragoman (interpreter and clerk) to the American consulate and assistant to Dr. Eli Smith in the translation of the Bible, continuing on this work until the death of Dr. Smith in 1857. He then published two Arabic dictionaries, the "Muhit el Muhit," a comprehensive work in two octavo volumes of 1,200 pages each, and the "Kotr el Muhit" an abridgment of the former, which were finished in 1869.

In 1860 after the massacres, when thousands of refugees were crowded into Beirut, he published a weekly sheet of advice (the *Nefeer*) to the Syrian people, calling them to union and coöperation in reconstructing their distracted and almost ruined country.

In 1862 he founded the "Madriset el Wataniyet" or National School on his own premises, receiving aid from English and American friends. The school continued for about fifteen years and trained a large number of youth of all sects and from all parts of the land.

The Sultan Abdul Hamid II, on receiving copies of his dictionary, sent him a present of two hundred and fifty pounds sterling and a decoration of the third class of the Medjidîyeh and another decoration in view of his founding the "National School." He also founded the *Jenan*, a fortnightly literary magazine which his son Selim Effendi edited and also the *Jenneh*, a semi-weekly journal and the *Jeneineh*, a daily which continued three years.

In 1875 he began his great literary work, the "Daierat el Maarif," an Arabic encyclopedia, in twelve volumes, of which six were finished at the time of his death, May 1st, 1883, and four

more were finished by his sons, but unfortunately it has never been completed. It is a compilation and translation of the best French, English, and American encyclopedias, and the geographical and historical parts are enriched from the best works of the most eminent Arabic authors. The illustrations were furnished by Messrs. Appleton & Co. of New York and the book as far as printed is a monument of industry and literary ability. The Viceroy of Egypt subscribed for 500 sets of this encyclopedia and his list of Syrian subscribers embraced pashas, patriarchs, bishops, priests, mudirs, muftis, kadis, sheikhs, merchants, farmers, teachers, students, monks, and the foreign missionaries throughout Syria and India, as well as learned scholars in Germany, France, England, and America.

He also published works on bookkeeping, Arabic grammar, and translated into Arabic the "Pilgrim's Progress," "D'Aubigné's Reformation," "Edward's History of Redemption," and "Robinson Crusoe."

He was one of the original members of the Beirut church, and an elder for thirty-five years. He was also for twenty years president of the Native Evangelical Society. For years he aided in the preaching and in the Sunday-school, and was looked to for addresses on all important occasions. In 1882 he preached twice, on "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord," and "Fear not, little flock."

His wife Raheel Ata, a pupil of Mrs. Sarah Huntington Smith, was the first girl taught to read in Syria, and her home until her death was known as a model Christian home.

He died suddenly May 1, 1883, of heart disease, pen in hand, surrounded by his books and manuscripts.

The funeral was conducted in the American Mission Church by the missionaries and the crowd was almost unprecedented.

Remarkable tributes were paid to his memory. When he first came to Beirut the Maronite patriarch set a price on his head. When he died Gregorius, Papal Greek Patriarch of Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem, wrote to his son a most affectionate letter stating that "the whole nation mourns your father's death.

Literature, education, learning, and every good cause laments his departure. He was a dear friend and a brother to us all, and but for the hope that you his son will fill his place and complete his work, we would be inconsolable."

Truly the world moves and bigotry loses its power.

His son Selim Effendi only survived him a few months, having died suddenly in September, 1884.

The publication of the encyclopedia was then continued by his son Najib Effendi until ten volumes had been printed. Since then the want of funds, and the rigorous press laws which require two copies in manuscript of every book to be printed to be sent to Constantinople for sanction have prevented the completion of the book. To make two copies of a book of 1,000 pages and then wait months and perhaps years for their return, is enough to discourage authors and publishers. The book may yet be completed in Egypt.

In September I had interviews with Ira Harris, M. D., on the train to New York, and he decided to go to Syria to take up the work of the lamented Dr. Chas. W. Calhoun who died in June; and with Miss M. C. Holmes who was preparing to go to the school in Tripoli. I also met during the summer Mr. Hoskins, Mr. R. H. West, and Dr. Kay, all preparing to go to the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut.

October 2d I set out on a four weeks' tour to the Synods of Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, and Ohio. At Topeka I found Mr. Howard S. Bliss, son of our college president and my old comrade for thirty years, little thinking that at this time (1906), he would have succeeded his revered father in the Syrian Protestant College. I visited Emporia, Topeka, Park College, St. Joseph, Atchison, Kansas City, St. Louis, Alton, Springfield, Mo., Clinton, Ia., Bloomington and Joliet, Oxford, O., Wooster and Ann Arbor Universities, and was so refreshed by meeting so many consecrated and noble Christian men and women that I forgot the fatigues of the journey.

At the Synod of Missouri at Springfield, I laid before the

people the loud call just received for missionaries to begin a mission to Korea, which the Board had asked me to present to the churches. I saw in the congregation the apostle of home missions, Rev. Dr. Timothy Hill, who had founded more churches in the West and South than any living man. At the close of my remarks he stepped up to the pulpit and handing me a twenty dollar gold piece, said, "Here is from home missions to foreign missions! Let that go to the mission in Korea!" I took it on to New York and it was the first gift, or among the first, for that mission which is a crown of rejoicing in the missionary world to-day.

Truly the missionary spirit is one at home and abroad! I had travelled 5,333 miles without a detention or accident and on my return to the old homestead found the children well.

In November I visited South Hadley College and Wellesley College, called on my sons, William and Henry, at Princeton College, and returned to Montrose to fix up the old homestead for winter quarters, as it sometimes happens that in that high beech woods region they have ninety continuous days of snow.

In December I attended a missionary convention in Chicago of 800 medical students, young men and women, which lasted two days. We had the help of Mr. Wishard, Dr. Henry M. Scudder, Mr. Farwell, Mr. Blatchford, and Dr. Dowkontt.

Thence I went to a missionary convention at Parsons College, Fairfield, Iowa, and returned via Buffalo and Binghamton to Montrose. In Syria various changes had taken place. Dr. Ira Harris and Miss Holmes reached Tripoli to take the places of Dr. Calhoun who died June 22d in Shwifat, and Miss Cundall. Mr. March was transferred from Zahleh to Tripoli and Dr. Samuel Jessup from Tripoli to Beirut. When Dr. Samuel Jessup of Tripoli announced to his friends there that he was about to remove to Beirut where he would have charge of the press and be relieved from the long horseback rides of the wide Tripoli field, the leading Moslems, Greeks, and Maronites proposed to unite in a petition to the missionary authorities to have him retained among them. When told that he could not longer bear the

work of itineracy they replied, "Then let him stay here and just sit, and let us come and look at him. That will be enough." Dr. Arthur Mitchell, in alluding to this incident, said, "His faithful service of twenty years had proved a living evangel known and read of all men." Messrs. West and Hoskins joined the teaching staff of the Syrian Protestant College, Miss Sarah A. Ford was stationed in Sidon and Mr. Greenlee in Zahleh with Mr. Dale. On December 6th Mr. Michaiel Araman died in Beirut. He was for thirty years a teacher and a preacher—a translator and an officer of the church. For years he taught in Abeih and then in the girls' boarding-school in Beirut. He was a faithful teacher, a kind father, and an exemplary Christian.

December 16, 1883, W. Carslaw, M. D., of Shweir, of the Free Church of Scotland, was ordained by the presbytery as an evangelist. The new theological hall on the college campus was dedicated and occupied December 18th. In April, 1884, Rev. Gerald F. Dale and family left for America and he and his wife were called to suffer the trial of burying their infant daughter Lizzie, May 3d, in Alexandria.

January 31, 1884, a missionary convention was held in Binghamton. Dr. Ellinwood and Dr. Arthur Mitchell, who had just accepted the position of secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, were present. In spite of a severe rain and snow-storm the attendance was good. Mrs. Laiya Barakat spoke at the women's meeting. I attended the meeting and sat in the rear of the church, partly behind a pillar, and as I listened to her earnest words, recalled the time twelve years before, when as a sewing girl she used to come to me in Abeih, her native village, and repeat from memory Arab nursery rhymes by the score. The emigration and scattering of the youth of Syria fills me with astonishment, and the query often arises, What does it all mean? Time will reveal the mystery.

February 3d I preached in the "coloured" Zion church in Montrose. The negroes have a strong church, and their pastor, George Washington, asked me to preach and remain for the prayer-meeting afterwards. I knew most of the congregation

and a book might be written about their eccentric ways. They once had a meeting "to decide what colour they should whitewash the meetin' house." In front of the pulpit was the most extraordinary character of all, Old Booey. He was short and heavy, with large eyes and a mouth of vast size, seeming to extend almost from ear to ear. He was a man of great power and voice in prayer, and his original sayings became proverbial in the town. He drove a "one hoss" rickety wagon around the county collecting bones, which he "toted" to the railroad station and when he had enough, shipped them by the carload to Philadelphia. One day he drove up to a lone farmhouse, hobbled up to the door and knocked. The farmer's wife came to the door and looked on his glaring eyes and he exclaimed, "I've come for your bones!" She thought her time had surely come, and slammed the door in his face. She locked it and watched him from the window as he went around the back yard gathering up old bones which he threw into his wagon and drove away.

I had known Booey for many years. He listened to my sermon on the Gadarene demoniac and the description of the Sea of Galilee, and as a fellow preacher, nodded patronizingly. After the sermon, the pastor called on the brethren to pray. Booey stepped forward into the aisle, kneeled down, and began in a weird sepulchral voice that seemed to send the cold chills through me, and at length said, "Oh, Lord, keep us all dis night, but if it should please Thee that Thy humble servant should never see another day, but this night should be his last and I should enter into Thy great glory, oh, Lord, won't Satan be disappointed of his great expectations!" "Amen! Amen!" shouted the brethren and I joined with them, "Amen!"

That prayer was solemn and pathetic, and some years after, the good man entered into glory and Satan lost his victim.

In March I visited Baltimore, spoke in Brown Memorial Church and lectured before the students of Johns Hopkins by invitation of my friend, Dr. Daniel Gilman.

I then went to Washington and on March 22d called, by appointment, with Dr. Stuart Dodge, Hon. W. Walter Phelps, and

Judge William Strong, on President Arthur and Secretary of State F. T. Frelinghuysen with reference to certain outrages upon American citizens in Asia Minor.

On Sunday I preached twice in the New York Avenue Church and met many old friends.

Owing to the death of Rev. Dr. Hatfield, retiring moderator of the General Assembly, the stated clerk requested me to preach the opening sermon of the General Assembly at Saratoga in May.

As I went back to Syria in 1879 without preaching the sermon the following year, it was only fair that I fill the breach this year. The sermon was preached May 15, 1884, on the texts:

"Fear not, for I am with thee; I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west; I will say to the north, give up, and to the south, keep not back; bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth" (Isa. 43: 5, 6).

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. 28: 19, 20).

The following extracts are true now as they were then.

The Messianic Prophet and the Christ of all the prophets here unite their voices in calling the whole Church to the rescue of the whole world. The four quarters of the globe are summoned. The Lord's sons and daughters are to be gathered from the ends of the earth. This is the high, the supreme mission of the Church of Christ. This will remain its supreme mission until "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

The whole Church as a church needs a higher consecration, a consecration all along the line, of person and property, of life and service, of ourselves and our children, to Him who has bought us with His own blood. Water will not rise higher that its fountain-head. A church will not rise higher than the consecration of its individual members.

We need to go out of ourselves, to look upon our church machinery as only a means to an end, and that end the glory of Christ in saving men everywhere.

A living orthodoxy is a chain binding the Church to the living



ASSEMBLY HALL
Syrian Protestant College.

Christ, and insuring growth and progress. A dead orthodoxy is a splendid seal set upon a sepulchre.

The modes of preaching the Gospel are various, but the Gospel to be preached is one. If missionaries open schools and teach, the Bible and the Christian faith must be the foundation of all their teaching. Dana, Dawson, and Guyot are illustrations of teaching the profoundest and purest science in the reverent spirit of Christian faith. Teaching medicine and science, for the sake of medicine and science, is not the work of the missionary; but he may teach both in a Christian spirit, and with thorough instruction in the Bible, and thus train Christian physicians and scholars who will be pillars of the Church in their native land.

Type casting and book making are mechanical arts, but when done to give the Bible to a nation, as was done by Eli Smith, Van Dyck, Graham, Carey, Marshman, Morrison, and Dyer, in giving the Bible to the Arabs, the Hindus, and the Chinese, they become a noble form and mode of preaching the Gospel. Livingstone was teaching when traversing Africa with his Makololo companions, Eli Smith was teaching when he spent weary months in the type foundries of Germany with Hallock, making the metallic punches and matrices for the new so-called American font of Arabic type in which the Bible was to be printed for sixty millions of Arabic-speaking people; Hamlin was teaching when training the persecuted Armenians to bake bread for the British Crimean army; Dr. Peter Parker when surrounded by thousands of patients in Canton; Dr. Pratt when travelling in the Taurus Mountains; Dr. Azariah Smith when organizing the Christians of Aintab into a self-supporting community; the Constantinople missionaries, Hamlin and Trowbridge, when caring for hundreds of cholera patients; Dr. Grant, when journeying from village to village among the robber Kurds; Whiting, in sacrificing his life to save the famine-stricken Chinese; Calhoun, confided in and trusted by both Druses and Maronites in the midst of their fierce civil war, when both parties alternately brought their gold and jewels to his unprotected house for safe-keeping; the Syria missionaries during the massacres of 1860, when for months they fed

and clothed the twenty thousand refugees from Damascus and Lebanon; Dr. Van Dyck, in translating the Bible and treating thousands of sufferers from the virulent eastern ophthalmia; Dr. Post, in performing marvellous surgical operations, and in the intervals of leisure making a concordance of the Arabic Bible which cost him and his assistants 15,000 hours of labour; Dr. West, who disarmed the bitter hostility of Armenian ecclesiastics and Turkish pashas, and won them to friendship by the patient and skillful use of his high medical knowledge; Dr. Osgood, in delivering hundreds of despairing victims from the opium curse in China; Miss Dr. Howard, in successfully treating the wife of Li Hung Chang; Bishop Patteson and his colleagues, in teaching the South Sea Islanders the simplest arts of decency in clothing and of comfort in building their houses; these and multitudes of others in Asia, Africa, Europe, America, and the far-off isles, have truly obeyed the Saviour's last command, in teaching the Gospel, by living the Gospel and exhibiting its precious fruits amid famine and pestilence, want and nakedness, cannibalism and savage ferocity, wars and massacres, relieving suffering, healing disease, instructing ignorance and guiding lost men to a Saviour.

The world needs the Gospel and the Gospel needs labourers of every kind; and the Gospel needed is the Gospel in its purity and entirety; the pure word of God with its converting and sanctifying power; not a Gospel diluted and attenuated to suit an enfeebled sentiment, nor a mutilated Gospel, but the Gospel of salvation by faith in an atoning Saviour.

The world is groaning under the burden of sin. It is full of colossal systems of creature worship, of propitiatory sacrifices, of self-torture, of pilgrimages, of bloody rites, of burnt offerings of human victims, which men, in the dark groping of their unrest, have invented, or amid the wreck of ancient traditions have clutched at with the grip of despair, to satisfy the sense of deserved retribution for sin. It is an insult to the moral yearnings of man's nature to offer him such a stone, when he is dying of hunger for bread. Of what use is it to tell the pagan or the Mohammedan, the "Barbarian and the Scythian," that we have

crossed seas and continents burning with zeal to teach them the glorious Gospel of uncertainty; to enlist recruits in the army of mighty doubters; to assure them that there is nothing sure; to tell them to cultivate their consciousness, if perchance they may evolve from it a system of faith which will stand the test of the microscope and the crucible.

When human hearts are aching and bleeding over sorrow and sickness, over the bereavements, the broken hopes and racking anxieties of life, and struggling with sin and evil, not knowing whence they came nor whither they are going, what mockery to raise their hopes of relief and comfort, and then drive them to a deeper misery by offering such a diet of despair!

On Wednesday evening, May 21, 1884, I presided by request of Dr. Ellinwood at the annual foreign mission rally. Four missionaries were to speak. A programme was given to me with the directions, "no speaker to exceed ten minutes." When Dr. Imbrie of Japan arose he said it was rather hard to have an ex-moderator who had preached an hour limit us, his brethren, to ten minutes. It was hard, but the rule was inexorable and the speakers succeeded admirably in crowding so much into the brief allotted time.

On the 23d of July, 1884, I was married by Rev. Dr. G. F. Nichols of Binghamton to Miss Theodosia Davenport Lockwood, daughter of the late Rev. Peter Lockwood. We visited Southampton, L. I., our ancestral home, met many relatives, and saw the houses where my father and grandfather were born. The old graveyard is one of the historic spots of ancient Long Island. It was a privilege to speak in the old Southampton church and meet the Fosters, Posts, and Harrises. We drove to North Sea and picked up shells on the beach; just such shells as mother used to show to our admiring eyes in childhood's days. Aunt Harriet Harris gave me my Grandfather Henry Harris's family Bible, a portly volume of the olden time, and we visited his grave in that quaint, quiet old country village. How it carried me back to the early days, when father and mother used to tell us stories of the "Island," the Shinnecock Indians, the return of the

whale-ships, and the capture of whales off the Southampton beach!

The summer was spent in visiting churches in New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, and preparing for the journey to Syria, after this protracted furlough.

In August, Gabriel, the negro man-of-all-work of my brother, Judge William H. Jessup, told us that he had met an old man named Safford, a carpenter, who told him that when a young man he worked on building father's law office, and father came in, stood by him at the work-bench, and prayed for his salvation, and he was thus led to begin a Christian life.

On Sunday, October 5th, my youngest son Frederick Nevins aged eight years and ten months united with the old church in Montrose, thus completing the number of my eight children who are members of the Church of Christ. It was a joyous day to us all.

October 9th we all, Mrs. Jessup, my six children and my brother William's daughter May who accompanied us to Syria, left for New York and at the St. Stephen's Hotel met throngs of old friends. One New York pastor, a dear friend of mine, who six months before had sent me his check for $1,000, said to me, "Call on me if you need anything." The kindness and affection of relatives and friends quite overcame me. I went once more to speak to the students of Union Seminary, in company with my brother William and Dr. Arthur Mitchell. My two older sons William and Henry came on from Princeton to bid us good-bye.

Saturday, October 11th, we sailed on the *Britannic* for Liverpool, arriving on the 19th. Mr. A. Balfour of Liverpool met us and invited us to his house in Rosset. Four of the party accepted his invitation and went out for the night. We visited Chester Cathedral and met Dean Howson, who once preached for us in Beirut. Mr. and Mrs. Balfour were most abounding in their kind hospitality. Being engaged in trade with Valparaiso, he was a warm friend of Dr. Trumbull, the American missionary, and was a liberal supporter of the missionary work of our church. Mr. Balfour died in June, 1886, greatly lamented and honoured.

On reaching London, we found that, owing to cholera in Southern France, we could not take steamer from Marseilles, so we were obliged to take the Orient Express from Paris to Varna on the Black Sea. We were quarantined in the Austrian steamer *Flora*, five days at Kavak in the Bosphorus in a cold rain-storm. We were met and welcomed to the houses of the missionaries in Scutari, Drs. Wood, Isaac G. Bliss, and Elias Riggs. Our stay in Constantinople was only forty-eight hours and it rained constantly. Yet I was able to visit the Bible House, Robert College, and the Girls' College in Scutari. On leaving our anchorage, November 13th, at 5:30 P. M., the rudder chain broke, east of Seraglio Point and the steamer was driven by the swift current directly towards the rocks. There was great excitement on board but by a merciful Providence the chain was mended and the ship got under control when, apparently, not 200 feet from the rocks.

In Smyrna we called on the missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, Miss Page, Miss Lord, and Mr. and Mrs. Constantine.

November 21st we reached Beirut at sunrise and were met by brother Samuel, his son and daughter, and Drs. Bliss, Eddy, Post, Dennis, and a crowd of Syrian friends. It was indeed "home again from a foreign shore." The harness was soon buckled on and my ordinary work in preaching and theological teaching resumed. November 30th I preached in Arabic and Bishop Hannington of Uganda in English, and at the Sunday-school in the afternoon I translated his address to the Sunday-school children.

The annual meeting in December was attended by Rev. Dr. H. A. Nelson and his son William. His daughter Bessie was at that time connected with the Syria Mission and his son William joined it in August, 1888. It may be helpful to take a glance at the personnel of the mission at this time; the beginning of what might be called the new era in the mission and college.

In Beirut were Dr. C. V. A. Van Dyck, Dr. W. W. Eddy, Dr. H. H. Jessup, Dr. S. Jessup, Dr. J. S. Dennis and their wives; Rev. S. Jessup had charge of the mission press, accounts, and

custom-house work. The others had their portion of teaching the theological class, editing, literary and evangelistic work. The female seminary was in charge of Miss Everett, Miss Jackson's resignation having taken effect in July previous.

The instruction in the theological class was given as follows: Natural Theology and Old Testament Exegesis, Dr. C. V. A. Van Dyck; Systematic Theology, Dr. J. S. Dennis; New Testament Exegesis, Dr. W. W. Eddy; Church History, Homiletics, and Pastoral Theology, Dr. H. H. Jessup; Scripture Interpretation, Mr. Rizzuk Berbari.

The instruction was in Arabic. It had been hoped that enough college graduates and others familiar with the English language would be found to warrant using only English text-books. This was tried with one class of five, but three of them left for America, and were lost to the work in Syria for which they were trained. Since that time the instruction has been almost entirely in Arabic.

In Abeih station were Rev. Messrs. Bird (Abeih), Pond (Shemlan) and their wives, with Miss Bird; and Mrs. and Miss Calhoun in Shwifat, working among the women and conducting a girls' day-school.

In Sidon station were Rev. W. K. Eddy, Rev. George A. Ford and his mother. In the Sidon Seminary were Misses Harriette Eddy, Bessie Nelson and Sarah Ford.

In Zahleh station, Mr. Greenlee; Rev. and Mrs. Gerald F. Dale being in America on furlough.

In Tripoli station were Rev. Messrs. March and Hardin and their wives, and Dr. Harris. Miss La Grange and Miss Holmes had charge of the Tripoli Girls' School.

In the Syrian Protestant College were Drs. Daniel Bliss, Post, Porter, Kay, Dight, Fisher, Messrs. West, Martin, and Giroux; Mr. Hoskins, who afterwards entered the mission, was principal of the preparatory department.

In February, 1885, Dr. and Mrs. Harris and daughter Elsie returned from America. April 20th Dr. H. A. Nelson married his daughter Bessie to Rev. Wm. K. Eddy and immediately sailed for America with Mrs. Calhoun, her daughter Susan, her grand-

daughters Agnes and Helen Danforth and Mrs. Ford and her daughter Sarah.

Four young men graduated from the theological class at the commencement in June.

April 16th Col. Elliott F. Shepard of New York came to Beirut and asked that Dr. Van Dyck accompany him to Damascus and Jerusalem. As Dr. Van Dyck was unable to travel he referred him to me. I did not see how I could be absent so long, but after he reached Damascus he telegraphed me that he had hired animals, a dragoman, tents, and a palanquin, for Mrs. Jessup and myself to accompany him April 23d on a tour via Sidon, Tyre, and Nazareth to Jerusalem! The brethren advised us to go and we went, and had a most prosperous and instructive journey. Colonel Shepard was a delightful companion and it was a pleasure to tell him of the sacred sites we visited. At every town where there was an international telegraph office he telegraphed to his family in Switzerland.

The moonlight ride down the mountain to the Sea of Galilee and the sail on the sea on April 30th, were events not to be forgotten. We were seven hours on the Lake of Tiberias and the heat was intense. Near Capernaum we saw a Bedawy wading among the great stones near the shore and catching fish with his hands. Colonel Shepard at once bought the fish. Daûd the dragoman kindled a fire and we broiled them on the coals and ate them for our lunch. The Colonel was much affected by the thought that near this very spot our Lord provided a similar repast for His disciples. Colonel Shepard was a thoroughly religious man, a careful Bible student, and a strict observer of the Sabbath. We spent a Sunday at Tyre. Dr. Ford, an old fellow worker with the Colonel in New York City mission work, after preaching in the village of Alma in the morning, rode down to Tyre, about four hours in the saddle, to aid in the evening service. Colonel Shepard quite took him to task for Sunday travel, and he was hardly satisfied with our explanation of the need of Dr. Ford's help in the union meeting in Tyre. He was a genial companion, of generous impulses and large liberality. Seeing the

utterly meagre furniture of Dr. Ford's room in Tyre, he ordered Daûd the dragoman to go to the furniture shop and buy chairs, tables, bureau, and bookcase, etc. We all told the Colonel that in this abject town of Tyre there were no furniture shops and not a chair for sale. But he insisted, and Daûd went to the private house of a Tyrian merchant and bought out his stock of furniture without regard to expense, at which the Colonel was greatly gratified.

Nazareth, Samaria, Bethel, Jerusalem, and Bethlehem were full of interest. Dr. Merrill, our consul in Jerusalem, was most attentive and gave us valuable instruction on the sacred sites. We parted with the Colonel with sincere regrets and returned to Beirut May 13th.

On his way to Beirut he had visited Tarsus and resolved to found an institute there as a memorial to St. Paul. While in Paris, on his way home, he learned that the sum of $6,000 had been cut off from the usual appropriation to the Syria Mission, whereupon he at once sent his check for that amount, filling the hearts of the missionaries and Syrian helpers with joy and gratitude and a suitable letter of thanks was sent him by the mission. At a later day, we informed him that the Misk property adjoining the American Mission Church in Beirut was for sale and he promptly sent on, September 8, 1887, his check for $7,000, by which aid, after waiting seventeen years, we have been able to buy that land and thus complete the mission property in Beirut in the most satisfactory manner and furnish a convenient manse for the native Syrian pastor.

In 1886 he consummated his scheme for a St. Paul's Institute in Tarsus and in his will endowed it with $100,000. It is doing a truly Pauline work in Cilicia. His name will never be forgotten in Syria. The bronze tablet sent out by Mrs. Shepard now shows the passer-by "The Elliott F. Shepard Manse" as one of the permanent Protestant buildings in Beirut.

October 7, 1885, Rev. and Mrs. G. F. Dale, Misses Alice S. Barber, and Rebecca and Charlotte Brown reached Beirut harbour and spent six days in quarantine before landing. Miss Barber

entered the Beirut Girls' School and the Misses Brown the school in Sidon.

November 27th there was a brilliant meteoric shower of Leonids lasting from 6 to 12 P. M.; almost equal to the marvellous display of November 14, 1866. The ignorant part of the native population, especially the Moslems, were filled with terror.

The year 1886 brought a threefold sorrow to the mission in Syria, in the death of Mr. Rizzuk Berbari and Mr. John Effendi Abcarius in Beirut and Rev. Gerald F. Dale in Zahleh.

Mr. Berbari, known as Muallim Rizzuk, was fifty years old and had been a teacher thirty-three years in Abeih with Mr. Calhoun, and in Beirut with Dr. Dennis. He was a thoughtful, scholarly, industrious, and faithful man. His home was a model Christian home and his children prove the value of the godly training of their father and mother. His great modesty only prevented his becoming the pastor of the Beirut church. He was the translator and editor of various useful Arabic books. He died February 16th, greatly lamented.

Mr. John Abcarius was the finest specimen of a refined Christian gentleman I have known in Syria. He was the son of an Armenian Protestant, was trained in the mission schools, engaged in business in Egypt, and served as dragoman of H. B. M. consul-general in Beirut for years. Having acquired wealth, he was the most liberal giver in the Protestant community. His word was never questioned. His sterling integrity was an example and a proverb among the people. He was sound in judgment and in the trying times in the Beirut church he never flinched in his devotion to the cause of order and discipline. Had he lived a few years longer it is probable that the sad schism in the Beirut church would never have taken place. He translated various works into Arabic and prepared an English-Arabic dictionary which is the standard work of that character for both Syria and Egypt. His memory is very precious to me.

But to us the most bitter affliction of 1886 was the death in Zahleh, October 6th, of Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., after fourteen years of labour in Syria.

He was a rare and beautiful character. Dr. Hodge of Princeton described him as "the model gentleman, the model Christian and the model scholar of Princeton." And he became the model missionary, courteous, kind, patient, prayerful, studious, progressive, a church organizer, and a church builder, and beloved by the people. During the cholera epidemic in Sughbin in July, 1875, he went to the village, took medicines to the sick, and administered them, cheered the despondent, taught the native preacher how to use the "Hamlin Mixture" and the plague was stayed. His name is revered throughout the Zahleh and Baalbec field to this day and his death in October, 1886, was one of those sudden and paralyzing blows of the Father's afflictive rod which baffles our feeble understanding.

April 16, 1879, he was married in Beirut to Miss Mary Bliss, only daughter of Rev. Dr. Bliss, president of the Syrian Protestant College. For seven years he kept bachelor's hall in Zahleh, and for seven years had a happy married life in a home brightened with domestic love and abounding in loving hospitality. In preaching, teaching, organizing churches, counselling the people, and settling their quarrels he was an acknowledged leader in Zahleh and the whole region of the Bookaa from Mount Hermon to Ras Baalbec.

He was a remarkable man. He at the same time enforced your respect by his lofty motives and high character, won your love by his gentle and winning ways, and awakened your astonishment at his extraordinary zeal and capacity for work. The first text which flashed on my mind when the sad telegram reached us was "the zeal of thy house hath eaten me up." He was literally on fire with burning zeal. His name was a watchword on every side. Corrupt government officials feared his stern integrity, the poor and oppressed loved him, and scores of young men and women whom he selected and put in the way of acquiring an education looked upon him as a benefactor. He could go into a Turkish court and defend the rights of the persecuted and oppressed and the wily officials would quail before him. And he would take a little child by the hand, pat her on

the head, ask her name, and win her little heart. He was a fine preacher in Arabic, a true and trusty friend, a loving and beloved brother, and won the confidence and esteem of the natives all over Syria where he was known.

Dr. Eddy wrote: "He was a beloved and honoured Christian brother, a most untiring Christian worker, an enthusiastic missionary having faith in man and large hopes in the results of labour; fertile in resources, genial in intercourse with all men, conciliatory in manner, making friends and keeping them."

Dr. Dennis wrote: "He was a strong and earnest missionary, and he loved his field with a perfect passion. Through summer heat and winter cold, in rain and mud, in snow and sleet, in withering siroccos as well as in the bright and glorious sunshine of that fair garden of Cœle-Syria, he was in the saddle visiting his parish and watching over his spiritual charge."

Dr. George Ford wrote: "I am touched by the sorrowful exclamations of our Syrian brethren. Even those who knew him but slightly declare, 'He was wonderful. Never have we seen such untiring devotion and holy zeal as his.' In our devotional meetings his words were always aflame with holy fire, and his prayers those of one eminently a man of God, or to use his own favourite expression, 'waiting upon God.'

"He was most sincere, yet most sanguine. He was no less remarkable for gentleness than for energy, for superb push than for conspicuous modesty. His severity was always kind, and his friendliness always dignified."

The cause of his death was a malignant pustule whose nature was not understood until too late. On the day before his death Dr. Bliss left Zahleh for Beirut and stopped at the house of Dr. Dennis in Aleih to rest. He reported Mr. Dale about the same, and Mrs. Dale confined to her room with an infant daughter, Geraldine, three days old. That very evening came a telegram from Zahleh of Mr. Dale's critical condition. A similar telegram was sent to Dr. Post in Beirut but owing to the inefficiency of the telegraph employees it was twelve hours in going twenty-seven miles. Dr. Post and Dr. Bliss set out at

midnight and rode over Lebanon as fast as their horses could go, but reached Zahleh just too late. He had fallen asleep at 4: 30 A. M. They wired us and we joined them at the Aleih junction, and as the last rays of the setting sun gilded the tops of the cypresses we laid him to rest in the old mission cemetery in Beirut, where his little daughter Carrie Lyon was laid beside him only six days after.

At the first meeting of the Syrian Mission held after his death, February 10, 1887, the Mission Memorial Minute expressed "their profound sorrow at the death of a fellow missionary so greatly beloved and so eminently useful. Mr. Dale had been identified with the Zahleh station during his whole missionary life of fourteen years. He was a man of prayer, of great zeal and earnestness, fully consecrated to the work. He had impressed his spirit on many of those brought under his influence, and his memory throughout the mission is blessed. He had strong faith, was buoyant and sanguine, cheerful and hopeful even amid the hours of great difficulty and trial. His death is a loss to us as a mission and as individuals."

I often recall my visits to him in his bachelor days in Zahleh. Once it was midwinter. The narrow streets were piled high with snow shovelled from the roofs and it was bitterly cold. He did not feel the cold and had only a small stove in one room of his house. His dining-room was open on one side and I sat at the table in my overcoat and shawl with the mercury at freezing point, and while I shivered with the cold he did not seem to notice it.

His death left such a burden of responsibility upon Mr. Greenlee, who had been but three years on the field and who was nervously worn out by excessive night study, that Mr. J. R. Jewett, a student of the Semitic languages in Beirut, was invited to assist him, and on Mr. Greenlee's leaving for America in 1887, Dr. Dennis and Mr. March took charge of the station assisted by Mr. Ford. During Mr. Dale's term of service church edifices had been erected in Zahleh, Moallaka, Kefr Zebed, Baalbec, Sughbin, Aitaneet, and Meshghara. He had also planned a

boys' boarding-school, and was preparing to open it when he was stung by that poisonous fly which cost him his life.

In 1888 Rev. F. E. Hoskins was stationed in Zahleh, having married Miss H. M. Eddy of the Sidon Girls' School, and in November, 1890, they were joined by Rev. William Jessup and Mrs. Jessup. On the transfer of Mr. Hoskins, October, 1900, to Beirut, Rev. George C. Doolittle was called to Zahleh from Deir el Komr.

Misses R. Brown and Emily Bird gave instruction in the Tripoli Girls' School in the absence on furlough of Miss La Grange. Mrs. H. H. Jessup was absent five months in America having attended the dying bed of her mother. D. Stuart Dodge Jessup went with her to America to pursue his studies.

At this time the repressive measures of the imperial authorities against Protestant schools, hospitals, and churches, became so pronounced and open that seventy-one missionaries and teachers petitioned the ambassadors to obtain a suspension of this official persecution of Protestantism.

The facts were recited in a pamphlet of twenty-one pages, and the different forms of aggression were classified under, 1st, Interference with the personal work of the missionaries themselves; 2d, Interference with the building of the churches; 3d, With the rights of religious worship; 4th, With schools; 5th, With hospital work; 6th, A virtual prohibition of the right of petition.

After long conference between the ambassadors and H. E. Munif Pasha, Minister of Public Instruction, His Excellency issued orders recognizing all existing schools and forbidding interference with them. But the animus of the authorities towards all foreign institutions is that of suspicion and obstruction. Formerly this suspicion was confined to those of the European Powers, as America was known to have no political designs on Turkey, but latterly it has assumed an anti-Christian phase which is far more dangerous not only to religious liberty but also to the peace of society.

In December, 1886, the Suk el Gharb church edifice was dedicated to the worship of God. The devotional services were

conducted by Messrs. Bird and Pond, and the sermon was preached by H. H. Jessup. Since the growth of the Suk Boys' Boarding-School, this church has been crowded for nine months of the year, and as Rev. Beshara Barûdi is its ordained pastor, it occupies a centre of great influence in Lebanon.

In November we were horrified by the news that a Moslem woman of the family of Aitany in our quarter of Beirut had killed herself because she gave birth to a girl after having had five sons. A few years before a man of the same sect committed suicide because of the birth of his seventh daughter. This feeling is common among the Moslems and among Asiatics generally. The birth of a girl is a calamity and even among the Maronites they say "the threshold weeps forty days when a girl is born."

In December there was a new outburst of official interference with the Arabic Scriptures. Seven boxes of vowelled Arabic Scriptures were sent to the custom-house to be shipped to the British and Foreign Bible Society in London. We usually had no difficulty in shipping books. All books entering the empire were examined by the censor, and if objected to were either confiscated or sent back to Europe or America. But the shipping of books *out* of the empire, especially as all our publications had the stamp of the imperial approval, met with no opposition. But these seven boxes were seized and the mudir declared that their export was forbidden. For ten days we were kept running to the pasha and the American consul, until finally by telegraphing to Constantinople we secured orders for the shipment of the boxes. This act was one of thousands of similar cases in which petty officials try to extort bribes and blackmail from all who fall into their hands.

The prohibition of certain books, as *e. g.*, those on Turkey, Syria, Mohammed, Islam, the Sultan, etc., amounts to nothing, as any book on any subject can be imported by the British, French, German, or Austrian mails. Several times the Turkish censor, after ordering a certain book to be reshipped to England or America, has asked me to order that same book to be imported

for him through the British post. But for these foreign post-offices, all Europeans would be virtually cut off from news of the outside world, as letters and papers would be opened and read and in many cases destroyed. As it is, Europeans or Americans in the interior can get few, if any, foreign newspapers. Some of the Turkish officials, who desire universal reform, are trying to improve the system, but as long as suspicion and espionage continue, the European governments will not surrender their post-offices.

In February, in compliance with orders from the Waly of Damascus, we sent samples of all our Arabic publications to Damascus for examination and approval by the Mudir el Maarif, or director of public instruction. Some months after, the mudir came to our press and asked to see all our publications. They were all laid out on tables and he examined them and placed on every one the seal of approbation. Since that time we have had to send to Constantinople two manuscript copies of every book to be printed. After correction and sometimes mutilation by the imperial Mejlis, one copy is returned to us for printing. After printing and before publication a printed copy must be mailed to Constantinople for comparison and woe to the press that varies in printing from the corrected copy! This same precautionary process must be gone through with by every daily, weekly, and monthly journal, a proof being sent to the local censor for examination.

In February when on a visit to Sidon, Mr. W. K. Eddy told me of the brisk business carried on in Sidon in the manufacture of fraudulent Phœnician inscriptions, statuettes, vases, lamps, etc., made in the city and sent to the villages to be buried in the earth and then dug up and brought in for sale by cameleers hired for the purpose and fully in the secret. Innocent travellers are accosted by these impostors on the highways and pay high prices for the wonderful antiques. They are so well made as to deceive the very elect.

I went with Mr. Eddy to Mejdeluna and Jûn for Sunday services and communion. We had good congregations. In the first

village the house of the elder was built in the old-fashioned style. At one end of the room we could see the heads of the horned cattle eating from the manger, which was a trough extending along the sides of the room. The floor of the cattle-room was lower than the floor of the sitting-room, so that the heads of the cattle were in plain sight and they looked at us, eating their barley and straw with great calmness. One could see plainly how easy it was for Mary to lay the infant Jesus in such a manger, and Joseph no doubt kept the "horned oxen" back while Mary watched over her child.

In Jûn we visited the ruined house and grave of Lady Hester Stanhope, whose eccentric career is described by Dr. Thomson in "The Land and the Book." The grave has been plowed over again and again until it is hardly discernible.

In Sidon I addressed the girls of the boarding-school, returning the next day to Beirut.

On the 14th of March a letter came from Mr. Eddy of a wonderful discovery in Sidon of ancient tombs, containing some white polished marble sarcophagi of exquisite beauty and marvellous sculpture. Mr. Eddy had been into the tombs hewn in the solid rock thirty feet below the surface and had measured and described all the sarcophagi of white and black marble with scientific exactness. On the 21st Dr. Eddy received from his son an elaborate report on the discovery which was intended to be sent to his brother Dr. Condit Eddy in New Rochelle. I obtained permission to make a copy for transmission to Dr. William Wright of London, and sent it by mail the next day. Dr. Wright sent it to the London *Times* with a note in which he expressed the hope that the authorities of the British Museum would "take immediate measures to secure these treasures and prevent their falling into the hands of the vandal Turk."

The *Times* reached Constantinople. Now it happened that the department of antiquities at that time as now was under the charge of Hamdi Beg, a man educated in Paris, an artist, an engineer, and well up in archæology. When he saw that article of Mr. Eddy's in the *Times* and Dr. Wright's letter, he said to





SARCOPHAGUS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, SIDON
SARCOPHAGUS OF THE WEEPING WOMEN, SIDON

himself (as he afterwards told us), "I'll show what the 'Vandal Turk' can do!"

He at once telegraphed to the Governor of Sidon to place a cordon of police around the tomb and allow no one to enter it until he should arrive. On April 29th he came. He called on Mr. Eddy and Dr. Ford and set about the removal of those priceless treasures of Greek and Phœnician sculpture. Dressed like a common navvy in a blouse and heavy shoes, he superintended the cutting of a tunnel from the orange gardens to the floor of those subterranean rock-hewn rooms, built a tramway, rolled out the colossal sarcophagi to the gardens, and then built his tramway down to the seashore where he constructed a wharf on piles. He then brought a steamer from Constantinople, had a large opening made in its side, floated the huge blocks, encased in wrappings and boxed, to the side of the steamer, drew them into the hold, and carried them away triumphant to Constantinople, where they remain in the museum, the admiration of the learned and unlearned tourists from all parts of the world. One of them is supposed to be the sarcophagus of Alexander the Great. Mr. W. K. Eddy deserves the credit of having first made them known, before the antiquity hunting vandals of Sidon had broken them to pieces. As it was, one of the exquisitely carved statuettes was broken and the fragments offered for sale, but it was finally secured for Hamdi Beg.

A company of men and ladies from Beirut rode down on horseback May 18th to Sidon, and Hamdi Beg was most courteous in showing us the entire collection, those in the tombs and those already in the gardens. One day his patience was greatly tried. One sarcophagus, when the lid was opened, contained a human body floating in perfect preservation in a peculiar fluid. The flesh was soft and perfect in form and colour. But, alas, while Hamdi Beg was at lunch, the over-officious Arab workmen overturned it and spilled all the precious fluid on the sand. The beg's indignation knew no bounds, but it was too late and the body could not be preserved, and the secret of the wonderful fluid was again hidden in the Sidon sand.

XXII

Mission Schools

Girls' schools at Sidon and Tripoli—The Gerard Institute—The school at Suk el Gharb—Mount Lebanon Hospital for the Insane.

SIX other boarding-schools connected with the Presbyterian Mission have been opened since 1860.

The girls' schools in Tripoli (1872), and Sidon (1862), and the boys' boardings-schools in Sidon (1881), and Suk el Gharb (1877), have had a large share in the training of the youth of Syria.

In 1899 the boys' boarding-school at Shweir, Mount Lebanon, founded in 1869 by the Lebanon Schools Committee of the Free Church of Scotland, in Suk el Gharb, and thence removed to Shweir, was transferred to the Presbyterian Board of Missions. The principal, Rev. William Carslaw, M. D., however, continues as its head, being supported by the United Free Church. The school has a high character for religious influence and scholarship.

Another boys' boarding-school has just been opened in Tripoli, under the care of Rev. Dr. Nelson. Its prospects are good, and the people are willing to pay for education. It has seventy-five paying boarders. The native Protestants in Hums have opened at their own expense a boys' boarding-school with ninety boarders and ninety day pupils.

Tripoli Girls' School

The Tripoli station had been occupied about twenty years, when the need of a girls' boarding-school became urgent. A day-school for girls had been opened in 1856 and continued, but it could not train teachers or benefit Protestant girls in the interior.

Beirut Seminary was too far and its training not adapted to the peasant girls of Akkar and Safita, Hums, and Mahardeh.

In September, 1873, Mrs. Shrimpton, an English lady, and Miss Kipp, of Auburn, N. Y., took charge of the school. In October, 1875, Miss Mary S. Hanford (now Mrs. Professor Moore of Andover) spent a year in teaching. In January, 1876, Miss Harriet La Grange began her work as head of the school, and was joined in May by Miss Emilia Thomson, of Beirut. In October, 1879, Miss Susan H. Calhoun came to aid Miss La Grange. In December, 1879, Miss Calhoun was transferred to Shwifat, and Miss Cundall took her place, and remained until her return to America in March, 1883. In November, 1883, Miss C. M. Holmes came, and remained, with one year's absence, until July, 1894. Misses R. Brown (1886), Bird (1887), M. T. M. Ford (1888), F. M. Jessup (1895), A. H. Jessup (1896), E. M. Law, and Mrs. Shaw taught for varying periods until Miss Bernice Hunting came in October, 1896. During her furlough in 1904–1905 Miss Gillbee of England took her place.

Not less than fifteen different foreign teachers have been connected with it, but the success of the school has been owing to the faithful and continuous labours of Miss Harriet La Grange for thirty-three years. Two classes of girls have been enrolled in this school, the more aristocratic Greek girls of Tripoli, and the daughters of the fellahin of the interior. To combine these two in one school has been no easy task, but the patience, wisdom and fidelity of the teachers have surmounted all difficulties. The daughters of the city have been highly educated and fitted for the wealthier homes, and the country girls have been fitted to be teachers, and to be wives of Syrian artisans and farmers.

I was present at the graduating exercises of this school in 1885, and delivered the annual address. At the close, Nicola Beg Nofel, the most prominent citizen of the Orthodox Greek community of Tripoli, made a brief address, speaking in the most eloquent and affectionate terms of the high esteem in which Miss La Grange was held by the people of Tripoli, and of the fruit of her labours in the moral, religious, and intellectual eleva-

tion of the young women of Tripoli. It was one of the many similar testimonies given from time to time in Tripoli, Beirut and Sidon, to the high appreciation by the Syrian people of female education as conducted by the American missionaries.

The English language has been taught, and certain of the pupils have learned French, but all have been trained in the Arabic language, and in the Scriptures. In the winter of 1900–1901 a profound religious awakening moved the whole school.

The number of boarding pupils in the Tripoli school from the beginning is about 300, thirty-six of whom have become teachers in Protestant, native Greek and Russian schools. Twelve of the present pupils are daughters of former pupils.

The Sidon Girls' Boarding-School

A glance at the map of Syria, showing three American boarding-schools for girls on the Syrian coast, within a distance of seventy miles, has led some to criticize a policy of such educational concentration. But the explanation is easy. Each of these schools has been a providential growth. The Syrian people can best be reached through village schools. Schools are an entering wedge, and open the way for the Church and the organized Protestant community. But these schools must have teachers, and the girls' schools must have teachers from the villages where they are opened. To meet this need and to train educated wives for Protestant men, there must be boarding-schools. Dr. De Forest opened the first girls' boarding-school in Syria. On his departure, the Board sent Miss Temple and Miss Johnson, who transferred the school from Beirut to Suk el Gharb in 1858. The massacres of 1860 broke up the school, and the same circumstances which made it impolitic to reopen the school in Lebanon demanded its opening in Sidon. Miss Johnson having returned to America, Miss Mason came in her place, and as the Civil War in America had crippled the funds of the Board, Miss Mason was directed to open, in October, 1862, a day-school in Sidon, and girls from the outlying villages, in at-

tendance, were to board in the families of native Protestants in the city at the expense of the mission.

Miss Mason resigned in 1865, having had the aid of Mrs. W. W. Eddy, and Mrs. Ford in carrying on the school. The mission then decided to place the school wholly in charge of a Syrian principal and teachers, under the supervision of Mrs. Eddy. This was a pet object with those who originated the Beirut Female Seminary, and the Syrian Protestant College. It succeeded in Beirut Seminary for six years and then failed, as the rarely gifted Syrian preceptress, Miss Rufka Gregory, had no successor, and Miss E. D. Everett was called to take her place. It was in reality never tried in the Syrian Protestant College nor could it have been tried.

As the American Board were loath to send another American in Miss Mason's place, this plan of a Syrian principal was tried. But in the fall and winter of 1867, Mrs. E. H. Watson, an English lady of long experience as a teacher, and her Syrian adopted daughter, Miss Handumeh Shekkur Watson, took charge of the school. Afterwards it was conducted by Misses Jacombs and Stainton, English ladies, from 1871 to July, 1876. These ladies were supported by the then prosperous "Society for the Promotion of Female Education in the East." The courtesy shown by this society in supplying Sidon Seminary so long was fully appreciated.

Meantime the hope of placing it under a Syrian principal and staff was abandoned. In October, 1876, Miss Harriette M. Eddy, having completed her education in the United States and returned as an appointed missionary, took charge of the school. She continued in it for twelve years, until her marriage to Rev. F. E. Hoskins, August, 1888. During this period she had been assisted by Misses M. M. Lyons (1877–1880), E. Bird (1881), B. M. Nelson (1881–1885), S. Ford (1883), Rebecca Brown (1885–1892), Charlotte Brown (1885). On the return of Miss R. Brown to America, in 1892, Miss Ellen M. Law came to the school, and was followed in November, 1893, by her sister, Miss M. Louise Law. In 1892–1893, Miss M. T. M. Ford taught in

Sidon Seminary, Mrs. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., in 1893–1894, Miss F. M. Jessup for the year 1900–1901; and in December, 1902, Miss Horne came to Sidon and remained there nearly two years. The school is now (1908) under the charge of Misses Charlotte Brown and Louise Law.

It now has about fifty boarding pupils, and quite a number of day scholars. In its curriculum it has vibrated between a purely vernacular basis and a broader one teaching the English language. It has aimed at admitting only Protestant girls, whether paying pupils or not, and its graduates form now the best element in the Christian womanhood of the whole mission field east and south of Sidon, in scores of villages and hundreds of homes. It does not aim at as high a standard of the Beirut Seminary, and its graduates often enter the Beirut "Teacher's Class," to fit them as first-class teachers, but it gives a solid and substantial education.

It must be remembered that Syria has no public schools. The only government schools virtually receive only Moslem children, and exclude the Christian sects. The system is narrow, bigoted and short-sighted, intended to bolster up Islam, and ignore Christianity. "While nominally for all sects, yet probably not more than one per cent. of their pupils are from the Oriental Christian sects" (the London *Times*, January, 1905).[1]

Every Christian sect is, therefore, forced to educate its own children, and thus the children of the various sects in the empire grow up ignorant of each other, and the ancient racial and religious hatreds are perpetuated. Protestant schools open their doors to all. Yet the authorities, fearing the light, threaten all Moslem children attending Protestant schools. As a rule the Protestant schools are so much better than others, that they are crowded with pupils of all sects. An educated Protestant young woman in a village, teaching the children, teaches the mothers as well, and becomes the counsellor and guide of all, respected and beloved. Each village school becomes a fountain of light and blessing.

[1] The programme of the new liberal government includes common schools for all and universal education.



FRONT VIEW OF GERARD INSTITUTE, SIDON

Sidon school has thus far educated 566 boarders and seventy-eight day pupils in the upper department. Of these 190 are known to have united with the Church; and of these, about 140 of the graduates have become teachers in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt.

GERARD INSTITUTE, SIDON

This institution, now so well established, is the outgrowth of a missionary necessity. After a trial of fifteen years, it was found that, as a rule, the college graduates were not available as teachers of village schools, and as ordinary religious helpers. They were not content with the moderate salaries, nor a return to simple village life and habits. It was, therefore, voted in August, 1881, that, "in view of the want of a grade of teachers in the mission, intermediate between college graduates and the graduates of common schools, the different stations (Sidon, Abeih, Tripoli, and Zahleh) be authorized to educate a class of pupil-teachers in the high schools at the central stations of each field, and to furnish in whole or in part the cost of the board of the pupils while studying."

In accordance with this vote, Sidon station authorized Mr. W. K. Eddy to open a boarding department in the day-school for boys in Sidon, October, 1881, the boys being chiefly from the neighbouring villages. A part of them brought their own food, and slept at the school.

About 1882 a boys' boarding-school was also opened in Suk el Gharb, Mount Lebanon, by Rev. T. S. Pond, of the Abeih station, and one at a later date, 1885, in Zahleh, by Rev. G. F. Dale, Jr., but the boarding department of the school was discontinued at his death, October, 1886, after one year's trial, for lack of a missionary superintendent.

In August, 1886, Dr. G. A. Ford, by appointment, read a paper before the mission on boys' boarding-schools. He said in part: "In view of the suspension of Abeih Seminary, the opening of the theological seminary in Beirut, the change in the college from Arabic to English, after the Abeih Seminary was closed,

and the difficulty of depending on the college for plain teachers and preachers, and there being no institution preparatory to the theological seminary where a first-class Arabic or Bible education can be obtained; and in view of the gradual disappearance of the men trained in Abeih under Mr. Calhoun, a falling off in the grade of native helpers; the drain Egypt makes on the class of highly-educated men; and the drifting of the boys' boarding-schools in Sidon and Suk beyond the scope of the vote under which they were founded; it is evident that there is need of an intermediate education for Christian workers. A similar need is felt in England and America." Dr. Ford quoted the General Assembly, the Methodists, Drs. Crosby, Cuyler, Craighead, Dykes, Spurgeon's Lay College, H. G. Guinness' Missionary Institute, and Moody's Bible Training-Schools in Chicago and Northfield.

Mr. Calhoun had said, in 1859: "To the Scriptures we give increased attention. The Bible is doing more to unfold and expand the intellectual powers and to create careful and honest thinkers, than all the science we teach, and at the same time is the chief instrument in ridding mind and heart of those hateful doctrines and traditions, which are the heritage of these sons of the Church (*i. e.*, Greeks, Maronites and Catholics)."

The plea for an intermediate training-school was urged on the ground of enlargement, simplicity, rapidity and economy. Dr. Ford urged that two schools be opened, one a vernacular Bible training-school, excluding English; the other a thorough Arabic academic course, with English enough to enable pupils to enter the college.

In 1890 Mr. March read a paper on boys' boarding-schools, urging that the mission should set apart for this work the best man with the strongest mind and warmest heart that the mission can afford. He urged that the college course is too long and expensive, and its graduates cannot supply teachers for the common schools. In fact, up to 1890, seventy-two of the boys trained in the mission boarding-schools had become teachers in the common schools.

The mission had often discussed the need of an industrial de-

partment in our training-schools. The educated boys were leaving school with no means of support. All could not be teachers. Education of the head without the hand had unfitted them to work as their fathers had before them. What Syria needed was a body of educated men who could work as carpenters, tailors, shoemakers and farmers, and support themselves. Thus far much had been said, but nothing *done.* To Dr. G. A. Ford is due the credit of having made the ideal actual. In June, 1893, the mission voted approving the establishment of an industrial orphanage for boys, under evangelical management and American superintendence, and asking for an endowment of $25,000, apart from the cost of property, building and equipment. In 1894, Dr. Ford presented an elaborate paper on industrial training, and in January, 1895, it was agreed that industrial training be begun as an integral part of Sidon Academy, now Gerard Institute.

In 1894, $15,000 were raised: $6,500 by Mrs. Wood, $4,000 by Dr. Ford, and $4,550 by Dr. H. H. Jessup, and in 1895 the Miyeh-wa-miyeh farm was purchased, and the progress of the industrial school approved by the mission. Carpentry, tailoring, shoemaking and masonry were begun and successfully carried on. Eight thousand dollars was expended for land, $4,000 for additional buildings, $1,000 for implements, $1,000 for raw materials for trades, and $1,000 for running expenses the first year. Mrs. George Wood of New York, who had already munificently given towards the erection of Wood Hall for the Sidon Boys' School, and the Judaideh school and dwelling-house, now gave new proofs of her broad-minded generosity. Through her aid more land was purchased. Artesian boring apparatus was imported, with the aid of Mrs. Livingston Taylor of Cleveland, who gave $4,000 for that department of the work and engineers came from America and made successive borings for water. Much the most successful one is in the campus of Wood Hall. Pipes were driven down 900 feet, and a stream of pure water rose nearly to the surface from over 700 feet depth, and an hydraulic ram forces the water up to an elevated tank, from which it flows to the Gerard Institute and the girls' boarding-school at the other end of the

city, supplying all the needs of the American colony, with a surplus that could be sold to the city.

In May, 1900, the name of Sidon Academy was changed to Gerard Institute, in honour of the maiden name of Mrs. George Wood. This name covers the literary, industrial and orphan departments.

An orphan house and school building has been erected on the Miyeh-wa-miyeh farm, known as Beulah Home, and extensive irrigating works have been constructed in the valley, on the northeast, vastly increasing the value and productiveness of the farm. This farm with its wheat fields, mulberry, olive and orange orchards, is expected to yield an annual net income of at least $1,000, for the support of the orphanage. Ramapo Hall is now being erected on the farm on an elevation overlooking Sidon and the sea.

During the visit of Rev. Dr. Brown to Syria in 1902, Mrs. Wood added to her already generous benefactions the following splendidly munificent proposal:

"Having long cherished a desire to add to the permanence and scope of the Mission Training-School for Boys at Sidon, it gives me double pleasure to connect the offers I am prepared to make with the auspicious occasion of your first secretarial visit to Syria. Allow me, then, through you, to make to the mission and the Board, for the benefit of Gerard Institute, the following offer:

"1. Fifteen hundred dollars in cash already loaned by me to the stock account of the industrial department of the Gerard Institute.

"2. Such a sum in cash (not to exceed $10,000) as may be required to erect needful buildings at 'Dar Es Salaam.'

"3. The loan of such a further sum in cash without interest, as might be required to carry out any plans[1] the Board and mission may decide upon, said loan being fully covered in their judgment by assets of the mission for the purpose becoming available in a few years' time.

"4. The title deeds for the new building for the orphans

[1] With reference to the consolidation of the boarding-schools.





DAR ES SALAAM SIDON ORPHANAGE
(CALLED BEULAH HOUSE.)

SIDON GERARD INSTITUTE PUPILS
Having an outing by the sea. (The Sea Castle of Sidon is at the right.)

known as 'Beulah Home'—with the large tract of land on which it stands and the forest tract near by.

"5. An annual sum (not exceeding $1,000) to cover any needed outlay towards securing more efficient instruction in the manual department.

"6. An annual sum (not exceeding $1,000) to cover the cost of maintaining the orphan department with a maximum of twenty boys, including the wages of the farm overseer.

"When the plans of the mission relative to these offers shall have been matured, I shall be ready to take all requisite measures to satisfy the Board and the mission regarding the security of my offers and their permanent validity."

This offer was unanimously and cordially accepted by the Syria Mission and by the Board, so that the Gerard Institute now has a larger financial support than any other boarding-school in the world connected with our work. I cannot speak too highly of the value of Mrs. Wood's intelligent, sympathetic and self-sacrificing coöperation. She has given unstintedly of her time, her strength and her money, and without her assistance the institute never could have become what it is to-day.

The institute is situated in the city of Sidon, but while the situation is convenient, it was too small before Mrs. Wood's offer, and it is altogether impossible from the view-point of the enlarged plans which her generosity has permitted. There can be no expansion in Sidon proper, for the adjoining property on both sides is owned by parties who will not sell, while the tract across the street is a Moslem cemetery. It is, moreover, desirable that such a school should have a larger area than would be possible in a crowded Oriental city, especially as the farm is to form a prominent feature of the work of the school. Accordingly a large tract of land has been secured about two miles from the city. It lies on the summit and slope of a high hill and commands one of the noblest views in all the East. It is a superb site for an institution; near enough to the city to be easy of access, and yet far enough away to give ample room for development. The Beulah

Home Orphanage is already established at this site, and the whole institute will be transferred to it as soon as the necessary buildings can be erected, though it is probable that some work, particularly the day-schools, will continue to be done at the old site. The industrial departments are (1) farming and gardening; (2) masonry and plastering; (3) carpentry and joining; (4) tailoring; (5) blacksmithing, etc.; (6) shoemaking.

A serious difficulty has been experienced in finding suitable Christian instructors. None of the missionaries had the requisite technical knowledge, and the resources of the institute did not permit the employment of suitable superintendents from the United States. As a temporary makeshift, therefore, arrangements were made with local tailors, carpenters, masons, etc., they to give free instruction to such boys as wished to learn their respective trades and to take the profits of the shops for their compensation. This plan has worked well enough financially. It has given foremen without cost to the institute, while on the other hand, free student labour has been a sufficient incentive to the local workmen. The difficulty is that these foremen have had, usually, no thorough training themselves, their knowledge being limited to the native methods and that they are apt to lack the patience and skill required to impart what they do know to a lot of boys who may be but languidly interested. Even more serious is the fact that such foremen, while men of excellent character, are for the most part not evangelical Protestants, so that they are unable to exert that spiritual influence which we regard as so essential. In time, it is fair to expect that graduates of the institute will become available for foremen in the various departments, and special effort should be made to develop the right men for this purpose. But for so large a school, a foreign mechanical superintendent is urgently needed, and with the added resources now made available by Mrs. Wood's offer, it is hoped that Dr. Ford can carry out his long cherished desire to obtain a foreign assistant, who will unite mechanical skill and missionary character.

The boarding section of the primary department has now

been removed to the Beulah Home on the farm. The orphanage edifice has been enlarged, and now has some fifty pupils. Mr. Stuart D. Jessup has entered upon his duties as teacher in Gerard Institute in the city. Buildings are now in process of erection (1909) on the farm hill. The main building is to be known as Ramapo Hall, the funds having been given to Dr. Ford by the Ramapo Church.

In December, 1903, Mr. Stuart D. Jessup in his annual report of the institute gave some valuable facts about the training of native helpers. In this paper it was stated that of 1,019 students who have attended Gerard Institute up to 1902, 164 have taught in mission schools for from one to fourteen years, or nearly eight per year.

Of 144 native helpers now employed by the mission, forty-seven received their training in whole or in part at Gerard, twenty-eight at Suk el Gharb, twenty-three at the college, sixteen at the old Abeih Academy, six at Shweir, fourteen at other mission schools and ten had no academic training.

Of the thirty-five native preachers in the Syria Mission, ordained and licentiates, six received no academic training. Of the remaining twenty-nine, ten were trained in the old Abeih Academy, ten at Gerard, four at Suk, three at the college, and two at other mission schools.

It is clear, then, that such schools as Gerard and Suk are a necessity as long as native Syrian teachers and helpers are needed. The teaching of English in these schools is justified, 1st, by the fact that many of the boys intend to enter the college; 2d, that those who become teachers of common schools may be able to teach the rudiments of English.

The English occupation of Egypt and the emigration of tens of thousands of Syrians to America have given the English language an impetus in these old lands of Western Asia, which obliges all schools to teach English or lose their pupils. Emigrants are constantly writing to their friends left behind in Syria, "Be sure and send your children to the American and English schools!"

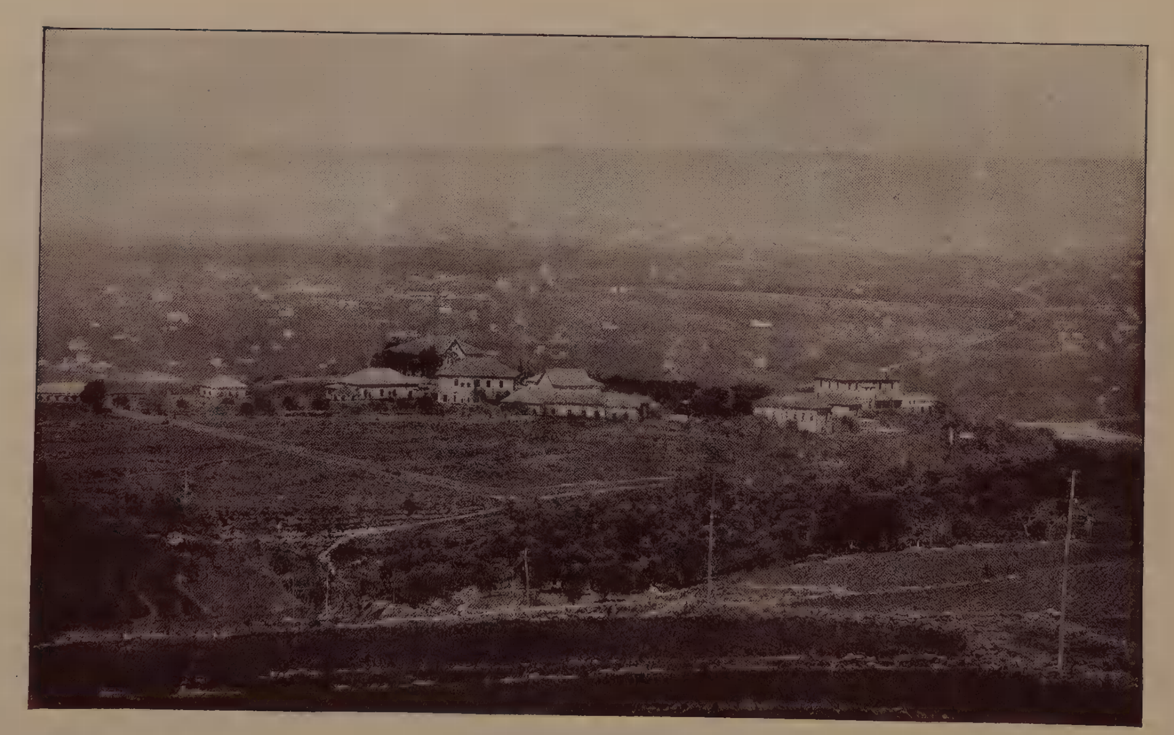
Suk el Gharb Boys' Boarding-School

In the fall of 1883, this school was opened by Rev. T. S. Pond, who conducted it until June, 1889. It began with thirty-five boarders, and when Mr. Pond left Syria it had ninety-eight. During the six years it had about 250 pupils.

Rev. O. J. Hardin took charge of it November 9, 1889, and the whole number under instruction during these sixteen years (1905) has been 852, from all the Syrian sects, Protestant, Greek, Maronite, Catholic, Druse, Moslem and Jewish. Of the graduates, eighty-nine have been teachers; twelve have been preachers; five have been in the theological classes, and 133 have entered the Syrian Protestant College. Mr. Hardin aims not only to prepare boys for college, but to fit them for usefulness whether they become teachers or not. Arabic, English and French are well taught. Miss Effie Hardin has given her services gratuitously, and has been most successful in teaching English so that her pupils are well prepared for freshman year in the college.

It was proposed at one time to suspend the Suk school, or merge it in the boarding-school at Shweir, or in the Tripoli school. But it has a distinct vocation from its situation in Druse Lebanon. The climate is healthful, summer and winter.

The buildings of cut stone are the property of the Board of Missions, and the original structure was built under the auspices of the Scotch "Lebanon Schools," and dedicated in June, 1870, by the celebrated Dr. Alexander Duff, and his co-commissioner, Principal J. Lumsden, whose names were carved in the massive limestone blocks near the entrance on the west wall of the building. Previous to that visit, the schools had been under the control of a Syrian superintendent, but in 1872, Rev. John Rae was sent out from Scotland to take charge as superintendent. As the Syrian, who had assured Dr. Duff that the property was bought with Scotch funds, refused to surrender the keys to Mr. Rae, legal proceedings were entered upon and Mr. Rae removed to Shweir in 1874, where he was succeeded by Dr. Carslaw in 1880. The Scotch Mission, having secured through the Lebanon



ASFURIYEH HOSPITAL
General View.

court the possession of the Suk el Gharb buildings after litigation for fifteen years, sold them to the American Mission in March, 1889.

Dr. Carslaw had been a lay medical missionary in Madras, and was ordained by the mission presbytery in Beirut, December, 1883, and in 1900 the Lebanon Schools Committee transferred all right and title to the Shweir property, consisting of a manse, a church and two school buildings, to the American Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. The United Free Church retain Dr. Carslaw as their missionary during his lifetime.

The Asfuriyeh Hospital for the Insane

On the 17th of April, 1896, it was my privilege to invite a number of foreign and Syrian residents of Beirut to meet in my study, to hear from Theophilus Waldmeier a statement of his plan to found a hospital for the insane in Syria. As a result ten of those present consented to act as an executive committee. Rev. John Wortabet, M. D., was elected president, H. H. Jessup secretary, Charles Smith, Esq., treasurer, and the other members were Theophilus Waldmeier, founder and business superintendent, Messrs. Shoucair and Khirullah, Syrians, Drs. Brigstocke and Graham, English, Dr. W. T. Van Dyck, American, and Pastor Otto Fritze, German.

Mr. Waldmeier was then authorized to visit Europe, Great Britain, and the United States, to interest the public and to raise funds to buy land and erect buildings. A native of Germany, yet resident in the East for thirty-eight years and of large experience in buying the site and erecting the four large edifices of the Friends' Mission in Brummana, Mount Lebanon, speaking German, English, French, and Arabic, and fully consecrated to devote the remaining years of his life to the relief of the mentally afficted as a service to Christ and humanity, he was admirably qualified for the laborious task, and succeeded well. He formed auxiliary committees in Switzerland, Holland, Germany, England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, and the United States, and raised

about ten thousand dollars. A central committee was formed in London composed of such men as Sir Richard Tangye, Dr. F. A. Elkins, Dr. R. Fortescue Fox, Dr. R. Percy Smith, Dr. David Yellowlees, Dr. A. T. Schofield, Dr. Bedford Pierce, Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, D. D., and Dr. R. Hingston Fox, and others, and a board of trustees was formed consisting of Wm. A. Albright and Joel Cadbury of Birmingham and Rev. C. A. Webster, M. D., and Rev. H. H. Jessup, D. D., of Beirut.

Mr. Waldmeier returned to Syria in 1897, and after long searching and many journeys by sub-committees, we finally selected as the best site the place known as El Asfuriyeh, a beautiful elevation on one of the lower spurs of Lebanon, forty-five minutes from Beirut, yet under the Christian government of Lebanon, 400 feet above sea-level, with an abundant supply of pure spring water, a large tract of land, three stone buildings, fine quarries of indurated cretaceous limestone for building, a fertile soil, and a most salubrious, cheerful, and attractive site.

We purchased it from Hishmet Beg, a courteous and high minded Turkish gentleman, long known as the upright treasurer of the Lebanon government, for about $9,000, and experience has proved that it was a most economical purchase. There are now thirty-four acres of land.

Nine years have passed. Twelve stone buildings have been erected; the administration building (enlarged), the men's ward, and isolating ward, the Holland kitchen, Dr. Thwaites' house, the house of Mr. Baumkamp, head nurse, the chapel, the clinic, the porter's lodge, the wash-house, and the tenant farmer's house. In addition to a perennial flowing spring of pure water, it has several rain-water cisterns.

More than 600 patients have received treatment, of whom more that thirty-three per cent. have been discharged cured. The average number treated annually is 155. This being the only organized hospital for the insane in Syria, patients come from Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Asia Minor, Cyprus, Malta, Persia, India, and foreigners from Russia, Italy, Germany and Austria. They represent ten of

the religious sects of the land: Mohammedans, Maronites, Jews, Orthodox Greeks, Druses, Papal Greeks, Metawilehs, Armenians, Roman Catholics, and Protestants.

The work is international and undenominational, and appeals to the liberal in all lands and of all forms of religious faith. Unlike insane hospitals in civilized lands, it has no state aid and depends upon voluntary contributions.

When we were planning for its organization in 1896–1897, Dr. Cornelius Van Dyck said that "we need not expect the people to pay for the cure of their insane," but the facts prove that they will and do pay.

In 1900 received from patients	- - -	£ 156
" 1901 " " "	- - -	589
" 1902 " " "	- - -	651
" 1903 " " "	- - -	729
" 1904 " " "	- - -	859
" 1905 " " "	- - -	1,113
" 1906 " " "	- - -	1,003
" 1907 " " "	- - -	1,003.13
" 1908 " " "	- - -	1,125

This is a remarkable result. Yet there are on an average thirty poor patients, unable to pay, who add largely to the deficit in the annual income.

As the expenses of the hospital amount to about $10,000 a year, about $5,000 must come from outside donations, and an endowment is needed which would net the amount per annum.

Under the business superintendence of Mr. Waldmeier, and the medical care of Dr. Thwaites, just succeeded by Dr. Watson Smith, with the aid of Mr. Baumkamp and Miss Ashley, with a corps of native male and female nurses, the institution is well equipped. Before this hospital was opened, the treatment of the insane was cruel beyond belief. They were beaten, chained, confined in damp, dark dungeons, or given over to priests who professed to exorcise the demons by cruel torture in the dark cavern

of the Convent of Kozheiya in Northern Lebanon. Some are cauterized in the head with red-hot irons. One priest in Brummana had an insane woman bound to a stone pillar head downward, read his formula for exorcism, fumigating her with incense until she began to curse him, when he beat her on the face with his large silver cross until the blood streamed down upon it.

When she was released and had recovered her strength she ran six miles down the mountain to the sea and drowned herself.

In contrast the people say, "This hospital is the crown of goodness and mercy." A native writer declares the buildings, in their neatness and cleanliness, to be more like palaces than insane hospital wards. Dr. A. T. Schofield of London who visited Asfuriyeh declared it to be "a model institution."

Dr. Mauser, director of the large Heldburghausen Asylum in Germany, in 1906 wrote, "I am astonished to find such an excellent asylum in this country: the houses are well built with free admission of light and fresh air, clean, comfortable, and substantial, and what pleases me above all is the *absence of the undesirable walls*, which even till now surround some of our asylums in Europe. The 'bed treatment' of the maniacal and excited patients is much better than the strong 'jackets.'"

"The hospital now stands," as Mr. Waldmeier says in the report, March, 1907, "as a beautiful object-lesson before us, in which a loving, Christian, humane treatment of the patients, combined with modern alienistic science, can be observed. Iron chains have to give way to freedom, atrocities and cruelties to Christian love and kindness, exorcism to sound reason, filthy and dangerous to clean and airy rooms, and ignorance to the light of the Gospel and civilization."

This work, though not under a missionary board, is a child of missions, and under the management of Christian men. I regard the time and strength I have given to it as secretary for ten years, as work done for Christ and His suffering ones, and in this respect it is Christian missionary work.

BEIRUT EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

R. W. Brigstocke, M. D., *Chairman.*
Rev. H. H. Jessup, D. D., *Secretary.*
C. Sigrist, Consul and Banker, *Treasurer.*
Theophilus Waldmeier, *Founder and Business Superintendent.*
Harris Graham, B. A., M. D.
Rev. C. A. Webster, B. A., M. D.
Rev. G. M. Mackie, D. D.
Franklin T. Moore, M. D., *Auditor.*
J. J. Effendi Shoucair.
A. Effendi Kheirallah.
Walter Booth Adams, M. A., M. D.
Watson Smith, M. R. C. S., *Medical Superintendent.*

London Treasurer, Lady Tangye, 35 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C.

Philadelphia, Pa., Treasurer, Asa S. Wing, 409 Chestnut Street.

New York Treasurer, Henry W. Jessup, Esq., 31 Nassau Street.

XXIII

Sketches (1887)

Miss Everett

APRIL 6th the Beirut Boarding-School for Girls celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, and Miss Eliza D. Everett, who had been nineteen years at the head of the school, bade her pupils good-bye in view of her departure for America. After an absence of two years, she returned in 1889 and remained six years until June, 1895, when she resigned and returned to America, and died February, 1902. She thus fulfilled twenty-five years of successful teaching in the Beirut school. She was attractive in appearance, highly intellectual, thoroughly cultivated and consecrated to the service of Christ and her Syrian sisters. She was revered and loved by her pupils, and in 1904, the alumnæ of the school in Egypt presented to the institution a valuable oil painting of Miss Everett. It is impossible to estimate the amount of good wrought by her in the Christian homes of Syria and Egypt. They rise up on every side and call her blessed.

Nofel Effendi Nofel

Nofel Effendi Nofel, one of the finest specimens of Christian manhood I have ever met, died August 9, 1887, in Tripoli. His family was the famous Nofel family of Tripoli, and his father, a government official, was tortured to death by impalement, because he would not yield to the infamous orders of that monster, Jezzar Pasha, of Acre.

When I removed to Beirut in 1860, Nofel Effendi was chief clerk in the Beirut custom-house, and a fine scholar in Arabic and Turkish. Early in 1862, he united with the Beirut church and became a vigorous champion of the evangelical faith. During the summer he passed through a somewhat remarkable re-

ligious experience, a veritable temptation by the devil. He was troubled with blasphemous thoughts which increased to such an extent that he gave himself up as lost. His language was not unlike that of Bunyan in his "grace abounding," and only after protracted struggles in prayer and study of God's Word and finally resolving to go forward and do his duty in both light and darkness, did he find any relief. The Spirit of God led him out into the light although through a painful struggle.

Nofel Effendi wrote several valuable Arabic works, a history of the religions of the East, a history of the Arabs, and a reply to the Romish priests.

After removing to Tripoli in 1868, he became an elder in the Tripoli church, and was a pillar indeed, a man of strong faith, noble bearing, great modesty, a model of courtesy and hospitality, and a wise counsellor to people of all sects who came to consult him. His success as an author was more remarkable as he knew no foreign tongue but Turkish, and his early opportunities for study were extremely meagre. Had he the thorough training of the present course (1908) of the Syrian Protestant College, he would have made his mark throughout the East. As it was he was one of the builders of the fabric of reform in modern Syria.

In the fall there was an evident work of the Spirit among a number of young men from Hasbeiya living in Beirut, and among the students in Abeih Seminary.

July 21st my two daughters, Mary and Amy, and my sister Fanny left, under the care of Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, for America. This separation from children during the formative period of their lives is one of the trials of a foreign missionary. But it is inevitable, and is no more than foreigners in business or civil or military service have to endure. A child may remain in Syria until the age of fifteen with safety to health, but the training in the home land is far superior in surroundings, in the Christian atmosphere, and the higher standard of morals and life than anything the children have seen around them in such a land as this, that we may well make the sacrifice and bear the separation for

their intellectual and spiritual welfare. The missionary parent can trust a covenant-keeping God to care for His children, and in the great majority of cases the children of missionaries have proved to be an honour to their parents and true members of the Church of Christ.

From beyond the sea came tidings of the death of Rev. D. M. Wilson, formerly of Tripoli and Hums. He came to Syria in March, 1848, and left for America in May, 1861, after about thirteen years of faithful service. The aristocratic airs of the people of Tripoli did not suit him, and he rejoiced to remove in 1856 to Hums, where among the more simple minded and ingenuous Greek weavers of that semi-pastoral city, he took delight in preaching and explaining the Word of God.

He was the founder of the church in Hums, now one of the most flourishing and liberal of all the churches in Syria. For three years I corresponded with him by camel post, a shoemaker in Tripoli and a weaver in Hums acting as our postal agents. His letters were always pithy and pointed and I regret that I have none kept on file. No Syrian missionary was more mighty in the Scriptures and more facile in handling the Arabic proof texts. He soon had crowds of the young men of Hums gathered nightly at his house to hear the Word of God.

In 1860 he narrowly escaped being shot by the Arabs, at a time when the whole country was in a state of civil war and terrorism. He had heard rumours of trouble in Lebanon, and set out with his teacher, Mr. Sulleeba Jerawan, for Tripoli to consult Mr. Lyons as to duty in the threatening state of affairs. When three miles from Hums, by the bridge of the Orontes, a body of mounted Arabs surrounded them and held a parley as to their fate. Not supposing that Mr. Wilson understood Arabic, one of them said, "Let us kill them, strip them, and throw them into the river." Another said, "No, we cannot do that without orders from the emir." So they took them several miles south to the camp. When the emir came, they told him their story and asked why his men had arrested them on the Sultan's highway.

The emir said, "Do you not know that the whole land is rising, and we hear that orders have come to kill all foreigners and native Christians? Why did you not take an armed guard from the government? I will take you back to Hums and hand you over to the governor. He can give you a guard. But do not venture out again alone on the road." It was a lesson to Mr. Wilson and has been a lesson to many missionaries since. I see no need of bearing arms. If the country is safe, you do not need them. If not, you can get a guard.

In March, my old schoolmate and townsman, my seminary chum, and missionary colleague, Rev. J. L. Lyons, died in Florida, aged sixty-four years. We were brought up in the same village, Montrose, Pa., decided on the missionary work about the same time. Our room in Union Seminary was the rallying-place for students considering the missionary question.

Rev. J. Lorenzo Lyons was born April 18, 1824, graduated at Williams College in 1851, and at Union Theological Seminary May, 1854. He sailed for Syria November 19, 1854, having married Miss Catherine N. Plumer, of South Berwick, Maine, in October. He spent a year in Beirut and Lebanon, when I joined him and we were stationed together at Tripoli, Syria, where he remained until June, 1861, when he was transferred to Sidon where he laboured for three years.

During the massacre summer of 1860, he was actively engaged in visiting the refugee Christians and desolated villages of the Baalbec district, distributing charity to the needy. A serious illness in February, 1857, affected his head and sight to such an extent that for years his writing and most of his reading were done by the aid of his devoted wife. He returned to America in June, 1863, and for five years was confined for the most part of the time to his bed. He then rallied in a most remarkable manner, and from the year 1871 to 1888 was engaged as district agent of the American Bible Society for Florida and Georgia. His foreign missionary experience, his affability, his knowledge of human nature, and his conscientious fidelity to the work of his

Master made him acceptable to the people. He had a keen sense of humour, was a fine musician, fond of travel, genial in his intercourse with the Syrian people, and wise in counsel. He longed to return to Syria but his physicians would not consent.

His uncle, Rev. Lorenzo Lyons, was one of the first missionaries to the Sandwich Islands. His widow, and son John Plumer, who graduated at Harvard in 1882, survive him.

In May we had a visit from General Haig, an English officer, explorer, and missionary. He delivered a lecture on his recent journeys in Southern Arabia, to Sunaa in Yemen, the Arabia Felix of the ancients, a country of surpassing beauty and fertility, on high table-land, 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea-level, abounding in rich productions. From Sunaa, he went south to Aden, among friendly Arab tribes. He strongly urged sending missionaries to Arabia. He went to Muscat, Bahrein, and Bussorah and thence to Bagdad. He was ten days of twenty-one hours each in crossing the plains from Bagdad to Damascus. The camels browsed as they loped lazily along. But they got through safely. General Haig was a fine specimen of the Christian British officer.

Dr. Michaiel Meshaka

On the 6th of July, 1888, died Dr. Michaiel Meshaka, the Martin Luther of Syria. He was an able physician, self-taught by studying the works of the Boulak Press in Cairo, Egypt. He was a fine astronomer and had calculated all the eclipses for a century to come.

Born a Roman Catholic in Mount Lebanon, March 2, 1799, he lapsed into skepticism, but was converted through the labour of Dr. Eli Smith and Dr. Van Dyck, and especially by studying "Alexander's Evidences of Christianity," and "Keith on Prophecy."

A master of the Arabic language, he now used his pen to expose the unscriptural errors of the papacy and wrote a series of books, at times as caustic and severe as anything Luther ever



PIETRO'S HOTEL, 1875
This famous halfway house between Damascus and Beirut was abandoned on the building of the railroad.

wrote, but full of argument, Scripture, historical reference, and irresistible logic. His books had a wide circulation and had a mighty influence in shaking the despotic sway of the priesthood over the minds and consciences of the Syrian Oriental Christians. He was a great friend of the Emir Abd el Kadir and of all the Mohammedan sheikhs and Ulema. Pashas and European consuls consulted him and he was made American vice-consul in Damascus. Some of his historical writings are still in manuscript, being too personal as to the powers that be to make it safe for his family to publish them.[1]

He was a warm friend of the American and Irish Presbyterian missionaries in Damascus, Dr. Paulding, Dr. Lansing, Dr. Barnett, Dr. J. Crawford, Dr. S. Robson, Dr. J. L. Porter, Mr. Frazier, and the lamented Graham who was killed in the massacre of 1860. We have already noted his escape from massacre.

In July, 1888, Rev. F. E. Hoskins, who had taught three years in the Syrian Protestant College and then returned to America to complete his theological studies, reached Syria and was married August 22d, to Miss Harriette M. Eddy of the Sidon Girls' School. They were stationed in Zahleh where they remained until 1900, when they were transferred to Beirut, owing to the death of Mrs. Hoskins' father, Dr. W. W. Eddy, so long a member of the Beirut station.

The same year, October 31st, Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Nelson arrived in Syria and began work in Tripoli.

Six theological students graduated in June. Three of them are in business in America, one is dead, and two are now (1908) faithfully preaching the Gospel in Syria. Thus far, no means have been found by which our theological students can be bound to remain and serve their own country. The temptation to amass wealth by emigration is the touchstone by which the tone, character, and spirit of young men are tested. Those who

[1] Under the new free Ottoman government, his history, "Meshed ul Aiyan," has now been published by the "Helal" Press in Cairo, an Arabic book of 200 pages.

stand the test and resist the temptation are of good stuff and can be relied upon. But alas, a considerable number yield to the tempter and are lost to the Church of Syria and it is difficult to say whether they are ever connected with the Church in America.

H. E. Wassa Pasha, Mutserrif of Mount Lebanon, was at one time induced by false statements of certain petty officials to enter complaint to the American consul against our schools in Lebanon, but through the efforts of our efficient consul, Mr. Bissinger, he changed his views as completely as his predecessor, Rustam Pasha, had done.

On the 28th of February, a delegation of the missionaries consisting of Drs. D. Bliss, W. W. Eddy, J. S. Dennis, and S. Jessup and Mr. Pond and H. H. Jessup, called upon him at his house in Beirut. The pasha was most affable and said, " Assure your friends and your government that I will do all in my power to protect you and your work." And it has always been found by experience that friendly, informal visits to the officials of the country will disarm suspicion. As a rule, the Turkish officials are personally friendly, and the better educated among them appreciate the benevolent work being done by the Americans in the empire.

They often say, " We like you personally and understand your political and beneficial work, but you represent a republic. We fear the spread of republican ideas among our people." We assure them that we never propagate political theories, and always teach our Syrian preachers and teachers to pray for the Sultan.

XXIV

Three Years of Progress (1888)

Oscar Straus—St. Paul's Institute—Bakir—Map making—Jedaan—Kamil.

DURING this year, we were kept busy by the Ottoman government because of a series of orders closing our schools on the ground of illegality;—that they had no permits, and then refusing to grant them permits; demanding diplomas of our teachers and lists of our text-books and courses of study, when no such demands were made upon other foreign schools. Consul Bissinger at Beirut and Minister Oscar Straus at the Porte fought the battle out and obtained finally an order from Munif Pasha, Minister of Public Instruction, that all the old established schools of the Americans in the empire be recognized by the government as though they had official firmans. This gave us rest for a time. But the new Waly of Beirut, Ali Riza Pasha, who reached Beirut March 8th, after a long interview with Mr. Bissinger, agreed to order the reopening of all our recently closed schools on condition that *only Christian* children be received. Mr. Bissinger and Minister Straus absolutely refused to accept such an odious condition, and finally the schools were reopened without conditions. Much has been published since that time and much has been done in the way of securing recognition of the American schools. The medical college in Beirut is visited every year by an imperial medical commission, who, in connection with the American faculty, examine the students and confer upon the worthy the imperial medical diploma.

Various questions with regard to the American institutions remain unsettled, but, as a rule, the established day-schools, boarding-schools, and colleges are not interfered with. Where the government refuses a permit, it is generally through fear that a

school or hospital with a permit may refuse to pay taxes. In this respect, the Americans would cheerfully pay taxes if the institutions of other nationalities did the same. But to be asked to do what no one else does, and to bear burdens which the Sultan has excused others from bearing, savours too strongly of injustice and partiality to be meekly endured by an American official.

In April, 1888, Minister Oscar Straus visited Beirut. All were impressed with his intellectual ability, suavity of manner, high-toned patriotism, legal knowledge, and consummate tact. Our government was never better represented than by this American Israelite, who was, as he said, " first an American and second a Jew." He was " suaviter in modo, fortiter in re." His removal was a blunder and an injury to American interests. I have never ceased to respect him as a man and to esteem him as a friend. No one could charge him with being prejudiced in favour of Protestant Missions, yet Protestant Missions in the East never had a more energetic, discreet, or efficient defender. His convictions in favour of religious liberty are set forth in his fine book on the life of Roger Williams. The vicious and shiftless spoils system of political appointment to our foreign diplomatic service, which prevailed in those days and has only now in the days of Secretaries Hay and Root been radically changed, sacrificed Mr. Straus just when he was on the eve of negotiating a naturalization treaty with the Sublime Porte which would have saved both governments infinite annoyance and constant friction and misunderstanding.

In May Mr. William Bird accompanied his daughter, Mrs. Alice Greenlee, to America, and I was placed in charge of Abeih station. I made frequent trips on horseback through Southern Lebanon, examining schools, visiting the churches, and administering the ordinances.

As Colonel Shepard had appointed brother Samuel Jessup and myself members of the Advisory Board of St. Paul's Institute at

Tarsus, I went to Tarsus and Adana in May with Mrs. Jessup to attend the first annual meeting. Rev. Messrs. McLachlan and Jenanyan were the faculty, and already there were indications of an incompatibility which almost invariably develops itself where any institution in the East is placed under the dual control of an Oriental and an Occidental. Both of these teachers were strong, able men, but somehow they could not work harmoniously. Eastern ideas differ from ours. Where Eastern men, with funds raised from Orientals, manage Oriental institutions and enterprises, they generally succeed. But the East cannot understand the West in the matter of managing Western funds. Years after this, when matters had twice come to a rupture, Mr. Jenanyan came to Beirut and laid the whole case before us. I saw that the trouble was not in the American nor in the Armenian, but in that mixture of Occidental alkali with Oriental acid, which always produces effervescence.

I then wrote a long document to the New York Board of Trustees, which I read to Mr. Jenanyan, and which he approved, advising that hereafter St. Paul's Institute be made either wholly Armenian with Mr. Jenanyan at its head, or wholly American with an American at its head. The latter plan was adopted and the school is a success. Mr. Jenanyan has opened another school in Iconium (Konieh) and we hear no more of friction and misunderstanding.

While in Tarsus, we visited the reputed tomb of Sardanapalus, the falls of the river Cydnus, where Alexander the Great came near drowning while bathing; then to the old Western Gate, the Protestant and Armenian Churches, and the so-called tomb of Daniel!

In the luxuriant gardens watered by streams of living water from the Cydnus, we ate for the first time the luscious fruit of the Akedunya or Medlar, which grows much larger there than in more southerly climes.

Mr. Montgomery of the American Board in Adana asked me to address the Wednesday evening meeting. It was a scene long to be remembered. About one thousand men and women were

assembled in the large church, all seated on the floor on mats. When no more could wedge their way in, the pastor asked all to rise and close up ranks, and then all sit down together. The mass was thus contracted in superficial area and more could find sitting room. As the people speak only Turkish, I could not use my Arabic, but I spoke in English and Mr. Montgomery translated. I never saw a more attentive audience.

In the Adana congregation I was introduced to a sprightly man, who claimed to be one hundred and thirteen years old. He went every year out to the great wheat field in the Adana plain to help in the harvest, but this year, owing to the weakness of his limbs, the church had bought him a donkey on which he rode out every morning to the reapers. His memory of the days of Sultan Mahmoud II, and other notables of the last seventy and eighty years, led the missionaries to believe his claim to be correct.

Dr. Metheny lived at that time in Mersina. For years he had lived in Latakia working among the pagan Nusairiyeh and removed to Mersina to labour for tribes of the same people on the plain of Tarsus and Adana. He was a skillful surgeon and a tender-hearted, sympathizing man.

In June two men interested in work among the Arab tribes of Syria and Arabia visited Beirut, Mr. Von Tassel, an American, and Bishop Thomas Valpy French, late Bishop of Lahore and now resolved to give the last of his life to Arabia. He made an address at the house of Mrs. A. Mentor Mott and interested us all greatly in the zeal of a man, who, after forty years of labour in North India, was going to Muscat on the Persian Gulf to end his days. Dr. Zwemer describes him in his "Arabia, the Cradle of Islam," and truly his zeal for the salvation of the Arabs devoured him. Mr. Von Tassel came out in youthful zeal and enthusiasm, set about learning Arabic and afterwards brought out a large camp equipment, intending to go into the desert and dwell among the Aneyzy Arabs, live their nomad life summer and winter, and identify himself with them. Under any other government he might have succeeded, or had he come twenty

years sooner, before the Ottoman government had begun to suspect every traveller among the Bedawin of being a military spy, or a European agent to distribute arms among the Arabs and raise them to revolt. But Hassan Bey's filibustering fiasco a few years before, and a growing idea that the British are in league with the Arabs, made Mr. Von Tassel's scheme an impossibility. When he landed at the port of Tripoli, fifty miles north of Beirut, his tents and equipage were stopped and only released after long delay. A description of the man and all his baggage was telegraphed to Constantinople. On reaching Hums, he set up his tents outside the walls, one of them a large triple tent of green water-proof canvas. Crowds assembled to see the sight, but least welcome of all was a guard of Turkish soldiers ordered to watch Mr. Von Tassel's every movement and prevent his having any communication with Arabs of any tribe in the region. He was thus thoroughly quarantined, and soon orders came from the Waly of Damascus forbidding him to travel to any point east of Hamath, Hums and Damascus. Othello's occupation was now gone. He had not been sent out to labour among towns and cities but only to the wandering tribes of the desert who number hundreds of thousands. After waiting until patience ceased to be a virtue, he returned to Beirut, sold out his tents, beds, and equipage, and left the country in 1892. Dr. Ford has to this day (1908) the triple tent and others have mementoes of this illustration of governmental persecution and repression.

Sitt Miriam and the Shazaliyeh

It was during this summer that Sitt Miriam, a Mohammedan lady of the Shazalîyeh sect from Koraûn in the Bookaa, north of Mount Hermon, set out on a preaching tour in Syria. She advocated reform and an upright life, denounced bribery and corruption and insisted that all, Moslems, Christians and Jews, are brothers. She preached in the mosques in Damascus, Hasbeiya, Sidon, Tyre, and other cities, rebuking the sins of the people. Telegrams were sent to Constantinople asking for orders to silence her, but orders came to let her alone.

This sect is numerous in Syria and its members advocate the reading of the Old and New Testaments and fraternization with the Christians. One of their sheikhs once called on me, and in the course of a very calm conversation, repeated from memory a large part of the Gospel of St. John, explaining the meaning of the first chapter in a peculiar, mystic sort of way in which the true spiritual intent seemed lost sight of and vapourized. But the man was in earnest and he said he was one of a company of twenty-five who meet to study the Bible.

Another eccentric character, who had been in Beirut several years, was banished in September. He was a Persian named Bakir, and professed to have discovered a new compromise religion on which Moslems, Christians, and Jews could unite. He had lived in England and came to Beirut as a Christian in 1884 and asked aid for his sick wife who was placed in St. John's hospital. March 5, 1885, Rev. Dr. H. A. Nelson, who was visiting Beirut, had hired Bakir to translate into English a Persian farewell address presented to Dr. Nelson during his recent visit to the missions in Persia, and Bakir brought the translation to my house to read it to Dr. Nelson. Bakir had with him a package of tracts in English setting forth his peculiar mystic incongruous views on religion and gave them to Dr. Nelson. The doctor took his hand to say good-bye and said in substance, "I thank you for your translation, and am soon to leave for America. We may not meet in this world, but I hope that through the merits of Jesus Christ, our atoning Saviour and Redeemer, we may meet at the last in the heavenly home on high." Bakir flew back, his eyes flashed fire, and he screamed so loud that the cook came running in from the kitchen to see what was the matter. He raved and shouted, "I scorn your Christ, your atonement, your sacrifice. You Christians are idolaters, the enemies of God, and accursed. Let me hear no more of salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ. No, we shall not meet above unless you receive Mohammed as the Prophet of God!" His language at times was too coarse and vile to bear repetition. I tried to soothe him and change the subject, but he acted like a lunatic and stamped

across the court and out of the house, shouting and storming until the whole neighbourhood was roused, and we were glad to get rid of him. He worked upon the young son of Ramiz Beg, the Kadi of Beirut, and was forming a society of religious reform (!) on the basis of a union of Islam and Christianity by all Christians becoming Moslems. The old story of the lion and lamb lying down together, the lamb inside the lion;—but Bakir was reported by telegraph to Constantinople and both he and the kadi's son, Jemal-ed-Din, were banished, Bakir in September and the other youth at a later date.

The East is still fertile soil for religious vagaries, but the West bids fair to bear off the palm. One only needs to spend a month in Jerusalem to see and hear of men and women from the West who have views, who are inspired, who out-Dowie Dowie, and who have visions and gifts of prophecy.

Some years ago, a friend of mine visiting Jerusalem met a queer-looking solitary stranger pacing back and forth in the streets of the Holy City and accosted him, and after the usual greetings, said to him, "You are an American, I infer." "Yes, I am." "And what are you doing here, if I may ask?" "Ah, yes, I'm glad you asked. You see I've come here to preach the new doctrine, that there is to be no more death. If men will only accept it, we'll abolish death and there'll be no more dying, nor graves, nor coffins, nor funerals. We shall just live right on." Our friend said to him, "But supposing you should sicken and die, what then?" "Oh," said he, "that would bust the whole thing!" And it did. The poor delirious apostle died a few months later and with him his "new doctrine."

October 26th Professor Hilprecht, who was on his way to Bagdad, asked me to go with him to the Dog River to find if possible a Latin inscription discovered by Professor Paine but not identified since. As I had not seen it for several years, I doubted my ability to find it. But by dint of examining every rock face along the old Roman road, at length, about eighteen paces east of the stone pedestal on the summit, I found the smooth surface

of the limestone rock and the traces of the inscription. Professor Hilprecht proceeded to take a "squeeze" of it and found it to be an inscription of ten lines, mostly effaced.

He also read the famous so-called Sennacherib cuneiform inscription, and found it to be of Esar Haddon and not Sennacherib. Across the river next to the mill is the inscription in cuneiform characters of the great Nebuchadnezzar, in which the principal sentence remaining unobliterated reads, "the wine of Helbon is good"—showing that the people of Helbon, north of Damascus, who to this day have fruitful vineyards, brought over wine to the King of Babylon and he immortalized again the wine already made famous by the prophet Ezekiel (27 : 18) in speaking of the widely-extended commerce of Tyre: "Damascus was thy merchant in the wine of Helbon and white wool."

During the year 1888 I rode on horseback in frequent tours nearly six hundred miles through the gorges and ridges of Mount Lebanon.

Mr. Bird returned from America in December, Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Nelson arrived with Miss Holmes for Tripoli, and the missionary corps was well reinforced.

In December, with an expert scribe, I made a new Arabic map of Syria which was lithographed at our Beirut Press.

Map making in general is difficult in this empire. You must not allow the word Armenia to appear in any map or atlas of ancient or modern Turkey. Neither will it do to make a map "of many colours," as is the rule in all maps made in civilized countries. We made a map of the Ottoman Empire, Egypt, and Arabia, and had copies neatly coloured, showing clearly the outlines of the different provinces and presented one to the Governor of Beirut and another to the "Mudir el Maarif," or Superintendent of Public Instruction. They were both brought back by the mudir, who indignantly asked, "Why is Egypt coloured one colour and Syria another and Arabia another and Asia Minor another? Do they not all belong to the Sultan?"

It would not do to insult the zealous official by laughing in his



JEDAAN THE BEDAWY

face, but we apologized and explained and humbly promised hereafter to make Egypt and Arabia the same colour as the rest of the empire. A polychrome means to the watchful officials polyglot and polynational and polypolitics. So we try to conform to the laws and avoid having our press suppressed by using anything beyond a monochrome.

From their standpoint, Turkey is a unit. All subjects are Osmanlies, and the great father in Constantinople will have nothing of Arab or Egyptian or Armenian or Macedonian. All are Ottoman subjects and divisions, names and designations are absolutely prohibited. We have no fault to find with this. We are strangers and the guests of the Sultan, and we are bound in honour to conform to the laws. This we have always done and intend to do in the future. We really enjoy greater liberty than the native subjects of the Porte. It is hard to see the people around us taxed and overtaxed, oppressed and outraged by unscrupulous petty officials with no appeal. This to me has been my greatest trial of my fifty years in Syria, to see wrongs which you cannot right and sufferings which you cannot relieve, while the American flag protects our persons and frees us from oppression.

1889—On the 16th of January, my brother-in-law, Radcliffe B. Lockwood, Esq., of Binghamton, accompanied me on a horseback trip sixty miles south to visit the out-stations and conduct a communion service in Ibl, west of Mount Hermon.

February 21st I baptized Jedaan Owad, the converted Aneyzy Bedawy, a fine, clear-headed, sensible young man who had been under instruction for two years. He came to Lebanon to sell sheep, fell in with Christians, determined to learn to read, persevered, and at length became convinced that salvation was in Christ alone. He afterwards studied in the school at Suk el-Gharb, and, while a fellow student with Kamil, made a tour with him among the Arab tribes, summering near Hums and Hamath, and then returned to his tribe. For nineteen years he has stood firm, coming to visit his Christian friends every year.

In March I visited Egypt with a party of friends as their guest, and preached in Alexandria, Cairo, Asioot, Luxor, and Assowan. The Egyptian pronunciation of the Arabic differs from the Syrian, but I had no difficulty in understanding them and they seemed to understand me.

On the 29th of May, 1888, we received the official "Permit" for the American Press, which had existed since 1834, a term of fifty-four years. In accepting this permit, Dr. Samuel Jessup agreed to abide by the press laws of the empire, which we had always done since finding out what these laws were.

June 12th my brother Samuel sailed for America on furlough, and on his arrival, was appointed assistant secretary of the Board during the absence of Dr. Arthur Mitchell on his journey around the world. Mr. Pond and family also returned to America and subsequently laboured in Colombia and Venezuela. Dr. Ira Harris and family returned from America July 15th.

In July the Waly, Raûf Pasha, removed to Bitlis and Aziz Pasha came in his place.

It was my painful duty to go to the custom-house and bid farewell to forty-six English books which had been ordered by various American citizens, but which were refused admission to this empire as being "dangerous, obnoxious, and unsafe." At first the censor resolved to burn them, but at the protest of our consul, changed the sentence from burning at the stake to exile. Even exile was no easy matter. The box was sealed and a list of the books given to the censor for transmission to the Turkish consul in New York who was to be notified by the treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions to be present at the opening at the New York custom-house, and to give a certificate (and receive his fee) that the very books which were banished from Syria had reached New York. Among them were the Koran, "The Land and the Book," Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," "Minutes of the General Assembly," "Catalogue of Union Theological Seminary," "Introduction to the New Testament," "History of Russia," "History of Persia," etc.

We bade them farewell with the confident hope of seeing them

again some day, and we did see them. The New York agent, Mr. Dulles, after receiving the books, wrapped them in packages and sent them by the French mail via Paris, and in due time they all arrived and were delivered to their respective owners, costing $2.90 postage in all. Not one of them contained a word contrary to law or good morals, or an attack on the Turkish government.

In September the Turkish authorities began a new campaign against our schools and closed the Hamath school by force. The instigator of this action, as has generally been the case in that district, was the Greek bishop, who bribed the local officials, and thus secured the closing of the school. The school was afterwards reopened after long correspondence and telegraphing to Constantinople.

In August an interesting character called, a Syrian Mohammedan, Jaafar Mohammed. He had been fourteen years in Irak and Teheran and had been twice in prison for associating with Christians. I gave him a Testament and he set forth, bound, as he said, for Algiers and Morocco. He claimed to be a Christian and was well acquainted with the Scriptures. While in Beirut he wrote a Kosîdi, or Arabic poem in praise of me, and an elegy on my father and grandfather, in the most effervescent panegyric. As he probably did it in imitation of the old Arab poets, who recited poetry before the caliphs of Bagdad to receive largesses of money, I could not do less than give him a mejeedie or Turkish dollar to help him on his way. I think he inflicted a similar poem on Dr. Van Dyck. Not a few men of his stamp are constantly floating restlessly about the East. They may be sincere. The Lord knoweth them that are His, and the intolerant spirit of Islam will not allow an "apostate" to dwell in peace among them, and this intolerance is a confession of weakness. Neither Rome nor Mecca will let alone a convert from their ranks. Protestantism is virtually the only non-persecuting system of modern times, for it has long since repudiated the use of force in religion. There will never be another Servetus tragedy.

In November Rev. O. J. Hardin returned to Syria and occupied the Suk el Gharb station, nine miles from Beirut on a spur of Lebanon, 2,500 feet above the sea, thus maintaining the work begun by Mr. Pond, and reopening the boys' boarding-school.

During the fall Beirut was visited by another epidemic of the dengue fever called by the Arabs Abu Rikab or "father of the knees," a short, painful fever, never fatal, but leaving the system greatly debilitated. Thousands of cases were reported in Beirut and both Drs. Van Dyck and Post were prostrated by it.

We were in Aleih, Mount Lebanon, and had the privilege of opening our house to our beloved missionary brother, Rev. Dr. Harvey of Cairo, who was suffering from malarial fever. His daughter was with him, and he improved steadily. Dr. Wells gave him seventy grains of quinine and the fever was broken. Not long after, Dr. Wells was taken down with Abu Rikab in Beirut.

About this time the little son of one of the missionaries made considerable amusement by trying an original prescription for fever. A missionary from Arabia was lying sick at his father's house, and one day the little fellow came to his bedside with a measuring-tape and began to measure him. "What are you doing?" said the invalid.

"I am measuring you so as to make you a coffin."

"Why do you do that?"

"Because it will cure you. My rabbit was ill and father said he was going to die. So I made him a coffin and put him in, but he jumped out and ran off and after that he was perfectly well. So I thought I would make you a coffin and you would get well!" (He did!)

In September Dr. Harris Graham, of the American Board's Mission in Aleppo, accepted a call to the medical department of the Syrian Protestant College.

News came of a great revival of religion in Aintab and 600 conversions. That city has been marvellously blessed with revivals, and its three churches are models of liberality and Chris-

tian work. No such congregation can be found anywhere else in the Turkish Empire and the pastors have been men of learning and spiritual power.

During this year I had charge of the press, reading proofs, conducting all the business correspondence, ordering materials, and paying the men. The custom-house business was large and consumed much valuable time, but it must be done, and this pressure on the time of ordained missionaries led the mission to insist on the sending out of a Christian layman with a business training, to take up this entire secular work. This was effected in 1895, when Mr. E. G. Freyer, the present able and efficient manager of the press, came to Beirut and has continued to do the work to the satisfaction of both the mission and the Board.

In October an event occurred which was striking in itself and far-reaching in its results. Miss Mary P. Eddy, daughter of Dr. W. W. Eddy, was dangerously ill with high burning fever and an alarming temperature which yielded to no remedies, until Drs. Van Dyck, father and son, pronounced the case hopeless. She asked the prayers of the native and foreign Protestant Churches, and one by one, bade farewell to all her friends. She lingered on, seemingly on the brink of dissolution, when suddenly an abscess broke, relief came, a large number of gall-stones were removed, and convalescence set in. During her illness she had resolved that if she were spared, she would study medicine and devote herself to relieving the sufferings of the women of Syria. On her recovery, she went to America, completed her studies, received her diploma, came to Constantinople, and after overcoming the seeming insurmountable difficulties and objections of the imperial medical faculty, passed the severe examinations and received the imperial diploma as physician and surgeon ; the only woman thus far who has been permitted to receive the imperial diploma. Up to the year 1908 she has visited hundreds of villages, treated thousands of cases, and wherever she goes, she is surrounded by throngs of the impotent folk begging for treatment.

Now appeared on the scene what seemed to be two tall white turbaned Moors with black burnouses, no stockings, and red pointed shoes. They called on me and stated that they were missionaries to Morocco in Mogador. One, Baldwin, was an American, and the other, Richmond, an Englishman. They always wore the native dress. They set out from Morocco to come to Syria first, to seek Syrian Christian helpers to go back with them, and to arrange to send out their young missionaries to Syria to learn Arabic, preparatory to work in Morocco. They said they left Morocco in white woollen ahbas or burnouses, but they were so blackened by coal smoke that they had them dyed black at Port Said.

But their whole appearance was impressive. They looked like dervishes or fakirs. One missionary lady, who invited them to dinner, said afterwards that when they entered her house and she saw their John-the-Baptist-in-the-wilderness appearance, she felt she ought to provide for them a repast of locusts and wild honey!

I took them to the college and the theological classes where their addresses in English (they had not learned the Arabic) were translated and deeply affected the students. Their ascetic mien and devout language impressed us all, and one young Syrian, Hassan Soleyman, volunteered to go with them to Morocco. On November 27th Mr. Baldwin sailed for Morocco and Mr. Richmond went to Suk el Gharb to study Arabic. On Sunday Mr. Baldwin preached in English on Isaiah 6, and in the afternoon addressed a mass meeting of Sunday-school children calling for twelve volunteer Syrian missionaries, who would go to Morocco in faith without any pledged support. He told of the dozens of Mohammedans whom he had baptized and the glorious results of his work.

He afterwards sent out two fine young Englishmen to study Arabic in Mount Lebanon. He then began to publish in the London *Christian* a series of articles on "the Matthew 10 theory of missions"; that foreign missionaries should go forth with neither purse nor scrip, dress like the natives and live on the natives with no salary, trusting in God. He clinched his argu-

ments by his asserted actual experience, in that, by going from town to town, sleeping in the mosques and coming close to the people, he had won over the Moslems to Christ and baptized them in large numbers. The articles attracted attention, indeed made a sensation. Various missionaries wrote, controverting his theory and insisting that the twelve disciples whom Christ sent forth were natives of the land, knew the language perfectly, and that the customs of Oriental hospitality were, as at the present day, affording a *native* shelter, food, and lodging without expense, but that there is no evidence that the apostles acted on this principle in journeys to Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy.

He also wrote to the *Missionary Review* that virtually nothing is being done for the Moslems of Syria. I wrote at the time to Rev. Henry Grattan Guinness that the whole system of missions in this empire is designed to reach eventually the Mohammedans whenever the door of religious liberty is opened, that accounts of converted Moslems cannot be published, and moreover that the Word of God, Christian books, Christian education, Christian example, and private conversation will effect vastly more than spasmodic efforts and hasty tours, especially when made by those comparatively ignorant of the language.

The discussion waxed warm. But at length the bubble burst. Good men sent out from England travelled through Morocco, looking for Mr. Baldwin's converts in order to report the glorious news of converted Moslems to the Christian world. But alas, not one could be found. Mr. Baldwin had never learned the Arabic language so as to preach. He had done all through an interpreter, and that a gay deceiver, who induced Moslems to accept baptism by Mr. Baldwin, either as a joke or for a buck-sheesh, and thus the whole claim of the great success of a "Matthew 10" policy vanished like the "baseless fabric of a vision." The revulsion of feeling in England and Scotland was painful, and the whole mission was reorganized by level-headed men who set about learning the language. Mr. Baldwin left Morocco, having abandoned his wife, and brought a number of his children to Beirut. Dr. Mackie asked him to preach, though with some

misgivings. His sermon was a painful exhibition of a mind partially disordered, full of dark, pessimistic forebodings. He declared that the dispensation of preaching the Gospel had come to an end; that the Holy Spirit was withdrawn from the earth; that all things were going to the bad, and Christians now should give up all teaching and preaching and sit down and wait the appearing of the Lord. His Morocco fiasco was either the cause or the result of his dark inky despair. Only one step remained. In spite of the protests and entreaties of his children, he went to Jerusalem, joined the Spaffordite colony, and there he has remained "sitting" until this day, resisting the earnest request of his wife, his daughter, and son-in-law to "come out from among them."

The lessons to be learned from this sad history are various. First, every missionary should master the language before attempting to preach, and avoid interpreters. Second, the Moslem citadel is not to be taken by theories but by faithful instruction, personal acquaintance, and persevering effort. Third, that missionaries should be sure of their facts before publishing them to the world.

Just as the year was closing, we were refreshed by a visit from Rev. D. Stuart Dodge and his wonderful, dear mother, who at her advanced age was full of vigour and vivacity, abounding in good works, affable and courteous to all, and enduring "functions" and journeys with as little apparent fatigue as her active and energetic son Stuart. His presence has been always felt to be a benediction by all Christian workers in Syria, and the college owes more to him than his modesty will allow to be made public.

At the same time arrived Dr. T. D. Tallmage, Mrs. Tallmage, and their daughter Mary. On Christmas day, Dr. Tallmage preached in the church a Christmas sermon to one of the greatest crowds ever assembled in Beirut. His text was, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men," and his fervent eloquence and evangelical spirit kept the audience spellbound. It was a fitting close of the year 1889.

1890—The year 1890 was marked by several notable events, the fiftieth year jubilee of Dr. Van Dyck, the conversion of that beautiful Moslem youth, Kamil, the suppression of our *Neshrah* journal, and the visit of Dr. Arthur Mitchell of the Board of Foreign Missions.

For " ways that are dark," the officials of Beirut are " peculiar." They have laws enough, and good ones, the Islamic Sheria, a system well adapted to the Arabs in Mohammed's time, and the Code Napoleon, which covers modern law, civil and commercial. But the execution of the laws is done in a manner which the Orientals seem to understand, but which we Occidental strangers fail to comprehend.

The press censor in Beirut, who was at that time the Maktoubji, or letter writer for the Waly, knew that all journals, newspapers, etc., must have an official irade or permit from Constantinople. Now, according to the strict letter, that law was enacted in 1869, but was not translated into Arabic for many years after, and then was so largely ignored that various high officials had never heard of it.

The Amerian Mission weekly *Neshrah* had been published for twenty-five years, and copies sent every week to the censor for approval before printing, and two copies to the Ministry of Education in Constantinople. It antedated the press laws by four years and no objection had ever been made to it. In equity, the fact that the government at Constantinople had kept copies on file during all these years constituted a permit. But the Beirut censor, finding that we had no official irade for the paper, decided that we must have one. The Occidental way would have been to inform us that as the law required a permit, we must apply for one and ample time would be given us to secure one from Constantinople. But men do not always think alike. On January 4th, I was summoned to the seraia, and informed that the *Neshrah* was suppressed temporarily for printing in No. 46 an obnoxious telegram. I asked, " Which telegram ? " The officer on duty did not know. Two days later came a letter from

the Maktoubji ordering the stoppage of the paper on account of printing a telegram which alluded to the British ambassador at the Porte. On examination, I found that this telegram was copied from the *Lisan*, Arabic journal in Beirut, and three other papers had printed it without objection from the censor. When I had confronted the official with this fact and showed him the other journals, he said, "That makes no difference. You are suspended." I then went with Dr. Graham, who speaks Turkish, to call on the Waly Aziz Pasha. He was most courteous, and promised to telegraph in two days to Constantinople to have the order rescinded. We were then ordered to publish in the coming issue of our paper the government "Ikhtar," or order of suppression. After this, on January 25th, the Mudir el Maarif sent word that I must draw up a legal petition, to be approved by all the requisite bureaus at the seraia, asking permission to publish a journal, and that he would forward it to Constantinople. This official was most courteous, liberal minded, and obliging, and we deeply regretted his subsequent removal to another part of the empire.

On the 29th, after various consultations and finally securing the legal form for such a petition, I signed it and had my signature authenticated in the American consulate, and then took it to the mudir. He examined it, pronounced it correct, and then said, "Take it now to the prefect of police for his signature and seal."

In my unsophisticated inexperience, I asked, "Why?"

He smiled and said, "It is the law that a journalji must give evidence that he is not a criminal, has not been arrested, and that his portrait is not in the rogues' gallery. Only the police can give this testimony."

I went to the chief's office. He was out. I went again and again and finally found him. He looked surprised and I handed him the document. He very promptly called his clerk, who wrote in Turkish the usual form and then signed and sealed it and said to me, "It is all right. Now please take it to the Bash Katib, or chief clerk of the Mejlis el Idarat or Political Council."

I had with me our ever faithful and polite press secretary, Mr. A. Kheirullah. He knew that Bash Katib, but he was out. His office boy said to come at 2 P. M. We returned home and came at two. He was then at a meeting of the Mejlis with closed doors. "Come bokra" (to-morrow). We came the next day and sat an hour and finally secured him. He looked over the document, said it was all right, took a copy of it and its number, date, and signature, and then wrote his part of the complex commentary and affixed the seal of the great Mejlis. "That is all straight," said he. "Now, please take it to ——— Effendi, Mudir en Nefoos" (director of the Bureau of Vital Statistics).

In this office are innumerable volumes of records containing the names of all Beirut subjects of the Porte and foreigners. The lists of the foreigners are supplied annually by the foreign consuls. The old effendi was a model of suavity, ordered coffee, and treated us as friends. After a thousand effusive salutations and compliments, he asked if he could serve us. We handed him the petition, which he looked at carefully. He then rang a bell and called for a "deftar," or record book, which his clerk found after turning over a big pile of similarly bound books in the corner. The effendi found the right page in his register of foreigners resident in Beirut, and then catechized me.

"Your name?"

"Henry H. Jessup."

"Your age?"

"Fifty-eight."

"Your father's name?"

"William."

"Your wife's name?"

"Theodosia."

"How many children have you?"

"Eight."

"Their names?"

"Anna, William, Henry, Stuart, Mary, Amy, Ethel, and Frederick."

"Right," said he. "You are the man. You are all right—

no arrears of taxes charged against you." He then read the petition, scanned the previous notes and seals, and then endorsed his own "no objection" on it and affixed his seal, and remarked, "This must now go to the Bash Katib of the Court of First Instance."

We could not imagine what that worthy had to do with it, but we had to go, found him at lunch, waited for him. He apologized for detaining us, looked over the paper, declared it all right and regular, and affixed his views and his seal. I began to fear the paper would not hold many more certificates of approval, and also to feel that I was getting to be a well authenticated and recommended individual. He handed me the document, now spotted with seals, and politely remarked, pointing across the corridor, "This will now have to be submitted to the prosecuting attorney—such and such an effendi." "Certainly," we responded, and away we went. What, now, would this functionary do? We found him in his office, an educated gentleman. He saw at a glance the purport of the petition, ran his eye over the seals, and at once with his own "no objection," sealed it and handed it back, saying that we had only one more stage in the matter. "Hand it to the Bash Katib of the Political Council. The council meets to-morrow, and after it is read and approved, the Waly will affix his seal and order it to be mailed to Constantinople." We did as we were bid.

In the course of the fortnight it was mailed. We got the official number of the "Mazbata," or decision of the council, and sent it to our agent in Constantinople to follow it up. In eight months the irade came, authorizing us to print a literary, religious, and scientific paper, but not to interfere with politics or religion. We had asked a permit for a *general news* paper. For some occult reason this was omitted in the permit, and we have apprehended, from that time to this, in trying to make up a religious paper without interfering with religion, that we should be suppressed for sheer imbecility.

The empire is now full of newspapers. Few of them make both ends meet. No public questions can be discussed and the

public soon weary of endless accounts of the visits of European kings, and miscellanies from *Tid Bits*.

The Mohammedan papers are allowed full swing in religious matters, but no Christian paper is suffered to reply. The government is constituted on a theocratic basis, and Islam being the religion of the state, including the public service, the army, and the navy, the Christian sects merely exist by sufferance.

This confining of all official promotion to one sect makes the empire a mere sectarian machine, and any attempt to conform to modern civilization must fail, until this wretched, narrow bigotry is set aside, and the army and navy and civil offices thrown open to the worthy of all sects.

The jubilee of Dr. Van Dyck which occurred April 2d has been fully described in the account of his life on a previous page.

In April, 1890, my old Yale College friend, President Daniel C. Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, called to see us and the mission work. He was much interested in the press, the old historic cemetery, and the girls' school building. When we were looking at the upper room in which the Bible was translated into Arabic, he asked, "Why not have a memorial tablet in this room?" I told him the only reason was the want of money to erect one. He immediately said, "Eli Smith was a Yale man, and I am a Yale man and so are you, and I will gladly pay the cost of such a tablet to be put up in Arabic and English." And it was set up.

The brightest event in the year 1890, if not in my whole missionary life, was the conversion to Christianity of a young Mohammedan effendi, Kamil el Aietany. He came of his own accord on February 10th, inquiring as to the nature of the Christian faith. He was a youth of twenty, with an unusually attractive face and a courteous, winning manner. He had met a Maronite priest and a Jesuit father but got no satisfaction from either of them, and came to Dr. Van Dyck who sent him to me.

His whole history, his profound spiritual experience, his delight in the Scriptures, his loyal and enthusiastic love for Jesus Christ as his Saviour, his zeal and fearlessness in preaching the Gospel, his blameless life and delight in prayer, his wise and winning way of dealing with both Mohammedans and Oriental Christians, his filial devotion to his father and his remarkable correspondence with him, and his fidelity to Christ even to death, make his life one of profound interest, as showing what the grace of God can effect in the mind and character of a Mohammedan youth trained for seven years in a Mohammedan school.

On April 10, 1904, Sir Wm. Muir wrote as follows:

Dean Park House, Edinburgh.

DEAR DR. JESSUP:

I have been for some time deeply engrossed in your "Life of Kamil," a book that should be known over all our possessions, especially those in Europe and the East. Would it not be well to have it reprinted and circulated again? *i. e.*, the book itself without the appendix. Please think how this can be done. I should be glad to do anything for the purpose. The wider it can be known the better. What do you say?

After the Bible, the life of this saved disciple is one of the best things we can circulate, especially among the Moslems. Will you think over this and let me know what is best to be done?

Ever yours truly,

W. MUIR.

That new edition has not yet been printed, although the publishers gave their cordial permission to Sir William to reprint if he desired. His death not long after interrupted the correspondence.

As I have already published his life, there is no need of entering into details with regard to his character and work. He studied in the boys' boarding-school of the Rev. O. J. Hardin in Suk el Gharb, where he met a young Bedawy Arab convert from the Aneyzy tribe, Jedaan, and in the summer of 1890, these two zealous young disciples spent two months of the vacation in the

Bedawin camps in the region of Hums and Hamath. Kamil said on his return that Jedaan had the advantage of him in knowing the pure Bedawi pronunciation and idioms, and Jedaan said at times he felt very timid lest the Arabs injure them for speaking of Christ, but that Kamil was bold as a lion.

In the latter part of September they returned and gave a full account of their journey. They had been in every camp for miles east, west, north, and south of Hamath, and had read the Scriptures to hundreds of Arabs, sowing good seed that may yet spring up to the glory of God. Kamil brought as a present to my family a beautiful live bird, a rail, or blue heron, which he got in the Bookaa near Baalbec. He said he brought it as a thank-offering, because he had been permitted to accomplish his journey in safety.

After completing their Bedawin labours they came into the city of Hums one Saturday to spend the Sabbath. Taking a room in a khan in the quarter of the Greek weavers, they called on the Protestant pastor. The news soon spread through the city that a young Beirut Mohammedan who had become a Christian was in the khan. Towards evening five young Syrian weavers of the Greek sect called upon them in the khan, curious to see a Moslem convert to Christianity. After the usual polite salutations they began to ply Kamil with questions as to his name, and whether it was actually true that he had become a Christian. He said, "Certainly." They asked, "How did it come about?" "By reading God's Word and by prayer," he replied. "Are you a member of the Orthodox Apostolic Greek Church?" they then asked. "I don't find the name of any such church in the Bible," said he. They then began with great zeal to try to convince him that he should be baptized by a Greek priest and should believe in prayers to the saints and to the Virgin, and in the doctrine of transubstantiation. Kamil took out his Arabic Testament and began to explain to them the doctrine of free salvation and of justification by faith, with the most tender earnestness. Then standing up he offered prayer for them all, and when he had finished, they were all in tears.

They thanked him and went away, full of wonder that a Moslem convert should have to show them the way of salvation through Christ alone. The next morning they all went to the Protestant church and proposed to be enrolled as Protestants. News of this was carried to the Greek bishop, Athanasius Ahtullah. This bishop is one of the most enlightened of the Greek clergy in Syria. When a lad, he attended the Protestant common school in Suk, and he has opened large and well-conducted schools in Hums, with 1,200 pupils; and the Bible printed at the American Press is used as a text-book in them all. He sent and invited Kamil to visit him. On Kamil's arrival in the large reception room, the bishop sent out all the priests and servants and brought Kamil to the raised divan at the upper end of the room, and seating him at his right hand, saluted him most cordially. On learning his family name, the bishop said: "I know of your family and am glad you have become a Christian." Then he began to urge him to enter the Orthodox Greek Church, and used the usual arguments of the traditional Oriental Christians. Kamil asked, "What does Your Excellency believe about Christ? Is He a perfect and sufficient Saviour?" The bishop said, "Yes." "Do you believe, as St. Paul says, that, 'being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ'?" "Yes," replied the bishop. "Then," said Kamil, "we are brethren in belief; and what more do we want?" But the bishop urged him to accept trine immersion at the hands of a true priest of the Apostolic Orthodox Greek Church, and then he would be all right. Then Kamil, turning to the bishop, said, "Your Excellency, supposing that you and I were travelling west from Hums and came to the river Orontes; and the river was deep, muddy, swift, and broad; and there was neither bridge nor boat, and neither of us could swim. Then if I should say to you, 'Bishop, I beg you to take me across,' what would you say? You would say, 'Kamil, I cannot take myself across, and how can I take you?' And there we stood, helpless and despairing. But supposing that just then we should see a huge giant, a strong, tall man, coming towards us,

and he should take you by the arms and carry you across. Would I call out, 'Bishop, come and take me across'? No; I would call to the strong man. Bishop, there is only one strong Man—the Lord Jesus Christ. Is not He enough?" Turning to Kamil, the bishop asked, "My dear friend, how long have you been a Christian?" "Seven months," was the reply. "Seven months! And you are teaching me who have been a Christian in name from infancy. Kamil, you are right. If you will stay here and teach Turkish in my school, I will pay you a higher salary than you can get in any school in Syria." "Your Excellency," replied Kamil, "I thank you for your offer; but I do not care for money or salary. God has called me to preach the Gospel to the Mohammedans, and I must complete my studies and be about my work."

I shall never forget the truly eloquent and affecting manner in which he described this interview with the Bishop of Hums. It showed how completely he was imbued with the spirit of faith and Christian love, and how his exquisite courtesy and sweetness of disposition disarmed all opposition. Kamil and Jedaan returned to the Suk school and resumed their studies. Kamil's religious influence continued undiminished and he took part heartily in all religious meetings. Mr. Hardin states that it was refreshing to see how new and striking were his views and applications of gospel truth.

In October he wrote to me of his welfare and stated that the Greek priest in Suk had offered to teach him Greek in order to help him understand the New Testament, but his studies and his teaching left him no time for taking up Greek. Some of the monks of Deir Shîr, a papal Greek monastery near Suk, made several attempts to persuade him to become a Romanist, but he finally told them they would better preach to the Moslems than attempt to pervert a Christian believer to Romish tradition and superstition.

Early in January he wrote me again asking for certain books, and closed by saying, "We have been reading Acts 8: 36–40, and I would ask, 'Who shall forbid that I be baptized?'"

Up to this time he had been on probation, and it was thought better to give him time to take the step deliberately. But now there seemed no reason for further delay. He was rooted and grounded in the faith of Jesus Christ, and he was baptized January 15th, rejoicing thus to take his stand for Christ, his Saviour.

Dr. Ellinwood, in his introduction to the "Life of Kamil," says, "The story of this young man cannot fail to be regarded as a valuable accession to the missionary literature of the day. First, it proves the utter falsity of the oracular assertion so often made by transient travellers, that no Moslem is ever converted to the Christian faith. We have never known clearer evidence of the genuineness of the work of the Spirit of God in connection with his truth. The transformation in Paul's life was scarcely clearer or more impressive.

"Second, an admirable example is afforded to missionaries in heathen and Moslem lands, and indeed to preachers and evangelists at home as well, of that alert and ever wise tact which finds 'the line of least resistance' to the heart of one's adversary. There are those who stoutly deny the necessity of learning anything whatever concerning the non-Christian religions, who deem it utter folly to study the Koran, even though one labours in Syria or Persia, and equally senseless to disturb the musty tomes of Buddhist or Hindu lore if one's field is India; all that is needed is the story of the Cross. This young Syrian did not thus believe. If he had been a student of the Koran before, there was tenfold necessity now, for it was upon the teachings of the Koran and the entire cult of Islam that he purposed to move with an untiring and fearless conquest. He would have to deal with men of intelligence and intellectual training, and if he would show the superiority of the Gospel of Christ, he must know how to make an intelligent comparison. If he would inculcate the supreme truth, he must generously recognize any particles of truth already possessed. Paul on Mars Hill before a heathen audience of Greeks, Paul before Agrippa, a ruler versed in the doctrines of the Jews, was not more wise and tactful than Kamil.

"Third, if there were no other motive for studying this little



KAMIL AIETANY

sketch by Dr. Jessup, it is thrice valuable as a personal means of grace. Such a life of clear faith and of untiring devotion is tonic, and must be to every truly Christian heart.

"Fourth, the life of Kamil affords another proof that the Gospel has a universal application to the hearts of men, that it is indeed the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation, 'to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile.'"

In the fall of 1890, after his baptism, he joined Rev. Messrs. Cantine and Zwemer at Aden, Arabia, where he preached and sold Arabic Scriptures to the Arabs, then accompanied them December, 1891, to El Busrah at the head of the Persian Gulf in Turkish territory, where, after indefatigable labours in preaching and witnessing for Christ, he died suddenly in suspicious circumstances, June 24, 1892, and the Turkish soldiers buried him so suddenly and so secretly that his grave could not be found, nor a post mortem examination be secured.

But it mattered not to him who buried him or where he was buried. He was safe beyond the reach of persecution and harm. I have rarely met a more pure and thoroughly sincere character. His life has proved that the purest and most unsullied flowers of grace in character may grow even in the atmosphere of unchristian social life. His intellectual difficulties about the Trinity vanished when he felt the need of a divine Saviour. He seemed taught by the Spirit of God from the first.

Dr. Arthur Mitchell's Visit to Syria

On the 24th of March, 1890, we were visited by one of the purest, noblest men of the modern church, Rev. Arthur Mitchell, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. He came with his wife, a sister of Dr. Post of Beirut, after a round-the-world visit to the missions in Japan, China, Siam, and India. Having had a sunstroke in the Indian seas, he reached Cairo quite prostrated, and on reaching Beirut, Dr. Post insisted on his staying in bed and seeing no one. When restored, he took a three weeks' horseback journey, and then was able to meet the missionaries assembled in Beirut and to discuss important ques-

tions. His irenic disposition, keen insight into affairs, and persuasive eloquence, succeeded in completely obliterating certain chronic misunderstandings between some of the foreign residents; and in convincing the native church that it was their duty and privilege to call at once a native pastor, and in two months Rev. Yusef Bedr was unanimously called to the pastorate, and from that day to this the church has been served by native pastors.

The visits of Secretaries Dr. Mitchell in 1890 and Dr. Brown in 1902 were a great blessing to the missionaries personally and to the work as a whole. Dr. Mitchell died in the summer of 1893, lamented by the Church at home and abroad. I had known him for fifty years, and none could know him without loving him.

It was my privilege to stand in his pulpit in Morristown, Chicago, and Cleveland. He was always a missionary in spirit. The monthly missionary meetings in his lecture-room, illustrated by beautiful maps drawn and coloured by his children, were the most attractive meetings of the month. I remember well the remark of Dr. Ellinwood in 1878 when I was about setting out on my Western campaign to the churches and synods, "You will find two Arthurs in the West, both of them in thorough sympathy with foreign missions, Arthur Mitchell of Chicago, and Arthur Pierson of Detroit," and so I found it. Arthur Mitchell died in the missionary harness and Arthur Pierson is still doing noble service for world-wide missions.

In July, 1890, I found in the Arabic journal *Beirut* the following account of a truly Oriental romance:

About twenty-three years ago, a Jew named Oslan came from Bagdad to Damascus, leaving his wife and children in Bagdad. Soon after, his wife gave birth to a son and named him Ezekiel. The husband decided to remain in Damascus, and after five years sent for his wife to bring the children to him.

So in due time she set out with the caravan of the Arab tribe of Akeil, taking the road through the Djoul wilderness. On their way they fell in with the tribe of Beni Sukhr, and encamped near them, pitching their tents for the night.

About nightfall a terrific cyclone burst upon the camp. Tents were torn from their fastenings, shrubs and trees uprooted, the sand filled the air, and the wind scattered the baggage and belongings of the travellers, and among the missing property was little Ezekiel, the son of Semha. She and the Arabs searched for three days and found no trace of him and then she resumed her journey to Damascus, sad and disconsolate, with the Akeil tribe who struck their tents and accompanied her.

On reaching Damascus, she told her husband of the sad calamity which had befallen Ezekiel, and together they mourned him as dead.

Now it happened that a few days after the sand-storm, a Bedawy woman named Hamdeh, of the tribe of Beni Sukhr, when walking outside the camp, heard a child's cry, and found little Ezekiel nearly buried in the sand. She took him home to the tent of her husband, the Emir Mohammed Kasim, cared for him, named him Nejeeb Faris, and brought him up as her son, knowing nothing of his history or parentage. When Nejeeb reached the age of sixteen, a Mohammedan Hajjam (a cupper and circumciser) visited the camp. The Bedawy boys were assembled for circumcision and he was among them. When it came his turn, the Hajjam exclaimed, "He is already circumcised after the manner of the Jews." Hamdeh then remembered that at the time when Nejeeb was found, a caravan passed them in which were Jewish women and children. She then told her husband Mohammed and Nejeeb of this fact. The news flew throughout the tribe and the Bedawin began to laugh at him and call him Bedawy Jew and ridicule him. He bore their insults, however, with patience until he had reached the age of twenty-three. In May, 1890, he left the tribe of Beni Sukhr at Khaibar near El Medina in Arabia and came northward to Mezeirîb, east of the Sea of Galilee, on a swift dromedary with a single companion, making the thirty-two days' journey in sixteen days.

At Mezeirîb he was not long in finding out the highway to Damascus, and he entered that city clad in his Bedawy attire, carrying his mizmar, shepherd's pipe, with which he had been

wont to awaken weird minor melodies in the Arabian desert. He went at once to the Jewish quarter and made himself known. The rabbi made a ceremonial examination and found that he was circumcised according to the Jewish rite. The Jewish community of Damascus was in great excitement, and diligent inquiry was made. At length a Jewess recalled that eighteen years before, Semha, the wife of Oslan, came with her children from Bagdad and lost a son in the camp of the Beni Sukhr. Then began a search for Oslan and his wife and they were traced to Beirut.

Letters were then written to the chief hakkam or rabbi of Beirut, asking him, in case he found them, to obtain from them some sign by which they could identify the son and then send them on to Damascus.

They went at once without delay to Damascus, and found their son a wild Bedawy, with all the characteristics of an Arab of the desert. The mother was then asked if she knew of any mark on his body by which she could identify Nejeeb Faris, the Arab, as her son Ezekiel. She said that when an infant she cauterized his right forearm, and that he was once burned on his left thigh. On examination, both of these marks were found to be exactly as she said. A "kaief" (physiognomist) was then summoned, who declared his features to resemble those of Semha, the mother, and his eyes to be like those of his father, Oslan.

The youth was then delivered to his parents who embraced and kissed him, greeting him with warm welcome. Poor Ezekiel was stupefied with astonishment. He could not understand their expressions, nor could they understand his Bedawy dialect, but he was at length satisfied that he was their long-lost boy.

After a stay of three days in Damascus, they brought him over to Beirut. His relatives and fellow Israelites received him with great joy and affection. His long Bedawy locks were cut off, his Arab Abaieh robe was removed, and new Israelitish garments were put on him. He looked at himself with amazement and walked about the house as one in a dream. When they called him by his name, "Hazkiyel" (Ezekiel), he would not answer, but

replied, "What do you mean by 'Hazkiyel'? I am Nejeeb Faris, the horseman of Abjar."

On Monday evening, June 30th, a great feast was made by his parents. Men singers and women singers, with players on instruments, were hired, and guests were invited, both men and women, and there was eating and drinking, and making merry. And when the music began and the instruments sounded, Ezekiel's joy knew no bounds, and seizing his mizmar, he leaped into the middle of the room, dancing and shouting and playing his shepherd's pipe in Bedawy style. In a moment all the instruments were silent, the men and women singers paused, Ezekiel was left the only performer, and he shouted, "Rise up, brethren let us dance together."

The above I have translated literally from the Arabic paper *Beirut*, of July 2d.

July 7th—To-day Ezekiel called on me with his mother at the American Press. He repeated substantially the statements narrated above. He says that his Bedawy father, the Emir Mohammed, is at the head of the Beni Sukhr, who occupy the Arabian wilderness from Mecca and El Medina to the north and northeast, carrying their raids as far as the vicinity of Bagdad, and it was on one of these raids that they discovered him almost dead in the sand.

"The Emir Mohammed," said Ezekiel, "has six sons, but none of them are noted for horsemanship and 'Feroosiyeh' with the spear, but I have always been a faris, and had command of a hundred spearmen." He said that he had often been challenged to the "jereed" contest by the best spearmen in Arabia (the jereed is a spear shaft with blunt ends used only for exercise and drill) and was never yet hit by the jereed. I asked him how he escaped. He said, "When the jereed strikes where I was thought to be, I am found under the horse's belly, riding at full speed."

I asked his mother if he knew anything about religion and she said nothing. I then asked him where good men go when they die. "To Jenneh" (Paradise). "And where do the wicked

go?" "To Jehennam" (Hell). "Do all the Bedawin Arabs believe this?" "Yes." "Do they live up to it?" "Live up to it? A man's life with them is of no more account than the life of a beast." "Do the Bedawin sheikhs and emirs pray?" He replied by extending both hands towards me, palms down, and the fingers spreading apart and saying, "Sir, are all my fingers of the same length?" *i. e.*, are all men alike? I then asked, "Do you know the Mohammedan prayers?" "No, I have never learned them." "Have you ever met any Christians?" "Yes, at Khaibar there are Christians and I taught a Christian named Habib for five months horsemanship and spear practice, and he taught me to pray, 'Abana illeze fis semawat'" (Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, etc.), and Ezekiel repeated the whole prayer in Arabic with perfect correctness. I was astonished at hearing the Lord's prayer from this son of the desert, but remembered that there are scattered through that region small tribes of Oriental Christians of the Greek Church, who, with all their superstition and ignorance, know the fundamental truths of the Christian faith. It is certainly to the credit of this man Habib, living away down at Khaibar, near the tomb of Mohammed, that he should teach the Lord's prayer to the son of the emir of the Beni Sukhr. I asked Ezekiel why he came thus secretly and alone. He said that after he learned that he was of Jewish birth he wondered whether his real parents and others of his kindred were living, and about the first of May, when in Khaibar, he decided to come on alone to Damascus, and, if he found no trace of any living relative, he would return to his tribe. So he hired a guide and they two set out on dromedaries and travelled the six hundred miles between Khaibar and Damascus in sixteen days, the ordinary time for caravans being thirty-two days. He said that had he known that his father and mother were living he would not have come empty handed as he did.

His mother said she could not tell what her son would do, that it was hard for him to remain shut up in a house, and he wants to be out in the open air all the time. He knows no trade or

business such as is needed to earn his living and is perplexed by his new environment. I asked him if he would like to enter a school and learn to read and write. He seemed to like the suggestion and said he liked the Christians and would rather be a Christian than a Jew. When I told him of Jedaan, the Aneyzy Arab, in our school at Suk, he seemed much interested and it may be that he will consent to learn at least enough to enable him to read the Bible and write. I was struck with the difference between him and his mother. She had the placid, round, open face so common among Syrian Jewesses, with large staring eyes. His brow was low, his eyes deeply sunken and small, but keen and penetrating as an eagle's. He seemed to be looking at something two miles off. His figure was lithe and thin, and he showed me the callous, almost bony, marks across the palm, thumb, and fingers of his right hand, from long rubbing of the spear shaft. Three days ago he was challenged by half a dozen horsemen of Beirut to a jereed race at the pines, and he says he left them far behind.

This is a veritable romance of real life. If Ezekiel is not upset by so much lionizing, he may yet follow Jedaan's footsteps and become an apostle to the desert tribes of the great wilderness of Arabia.

We sent him to Mr. Hardin's school at Suk but he could not endure the confinement and went away. [In January, 1905, his father stated that he was settled and at work in one of the Jewish industrial colonies near Safed.]

During this year I baptized two intelligent Moslems in Beirut, both of whom had to leave the country. I regret to say that one of them was afterwards tempted by high office and large salary to deny his Lord and Master. He continues outwardly friendly, but must have some fierce struggles with an outraged conscience.

Musical Talent Among the Syrians

Asiatic music differs so essentially from the European that foreigners on hearing Syrian airs for the first time are impressed

and oppressed with the sad minor melancholy tone of the Arabic music. In Arab music the intervals between the full notes are thirds, so that C sharp and D flat are distinct sounds. Asiatics have no harmony. All their music is simply "one part" melody. Even in Europe, harmony as a science was not known in the early Christian centuries. The introduction of melodeons, pianos, harmoniums, and organs by Americans and Europeans in the last fifty years, and the regular instruction in harmony in the schools, have developed in the second generation of educated Syrians several very remarkable cases of musical genius of the European style.

Two of our Protestant young men have distinguished themselves even in the capitals of London and Paris. The first was a blind youth Ibrahim, who in Mr. Mott's blind school showed musical talent, playing several instruments and singing equally well bass, tenor, and soprano.

In the summer of 1890, after preliminary correspondence with Dr. Campbell, principal of the Royal Normal Musical College for the blind in Upper Norwood, London, young Ibrahim set out for London. At Port Said, having been abandoned by his Syrian fellow travellers, he fell in with a godly English family en route for London, who took charge of him until he entered the college. There, by industry, fidelity, and faithful study, he rose high in his classes, received his diploma, and is now supporting himself comfortably by tuning pianos.

The other youth, Wadîa, is the son of parents both of them pupils and teachers, and both fond of sacred music. I have spoken of him elsewhere.

These two young men, with native genius for music and brought up in godly families, show what may be anticipated when Christian education becomes general in the East.

Not only in music, but also in painting, considerable genius has developed in the second generation of Protestant youth, some of whom have done excellent work in portrait painting, among them Mr. Selim Shibley Haddad of Cairo, Raieef Shidoody of Beirut, Khalil M. Saleeby of Beirut, and Manuel Sabunjy of Cairo.

Mr. Haddad painted the beautiful portrait of Miss Everett which was given to the Beirut Girls' School by the alumnæ in Egypt.

In September, 1890, I sent to Sir William Muir the manuscript of the "Bakurah," a book which has no superior as an exhibition of the Christian argument as addressed to Moslems. Sir William in his preface to the English abstract of the book published by the Religious Tract Society of London in 1893, says, "It is a work in many respects the most remarkable of its kind which has appeared in the present day. It may take the highest rank in apologetic literature, being beyond question one of the most powerful treatises on the claims of Christianity that has ever been addressed to the Mohammedan world."

It is an historical romance located in Damascus, and is full of thrilling incidents and powerful reasoning. The book was published in Arabic first in Leipsic, the proofs being sent to Dr. Van Dyck for correction, and I also aiding in comparing it with the original manuscript. It was then sent to Egypt and placed on sale and some copies reached Syria. The edition being soon exhausted, it was reprinted by the missionaries in Egypt in a cheap form and it has been translated into Persian and into some of the languages of India. A young Moslem effendi recently informed me that he was led to accept Christ as his Saviour by reading a copy in the Azhar University mosque in Cairo.

The author's name does not appear, but I am thankful to say that he is one of the most refined and scholarly Christian preachers in the East, is well versed in Mohammedan literature, and has large acquaintance with their learned men. His literary taste and ability are only surpassed by the personal loveliness of a character, amiable, gentle, and fully consecrated to the service of Jesus Christ. Another book by the same author, "Minar ul Hoc," "The Beacon of Truth," has also been edited and printed in Arabic and English through the efficient aid of Sir William Muir of blessed memory.

It is a somewhat striking coincidence that on the 13th of

February, 1865, a Damascus Mohammedan lay imprisoned in Beirut for becoming a Christian, and the very next day, February 14th, the author of the "Bakurah" took refuge in my house at midnight from the persecution of his near relatives, members of one of the Oriental churches. It was a dark stormy night and they turned him out into the storm to find shelter where he could.

The facts concerning the persecution of the Moslem convert and the rumour that two more had been hung in the Great Mosque at Damascus for becoming Christians, coming to his knowledge just at this time when he was suffering the loss of all things for Christ's sake, made a deep impression on his mind.

His deep religious experience, afterwards so beautifully developed in his life and teaching, made it possible for him to write a book of spiritual power for the unspiritual Moslems. I am sure that no member of the Greek Orthodox Church or the Romish Church, believing in Mariolatry and ikon worship and priestly absolution could possibly write such a book as the "Bakurah," which is Scriptural and evangelical from beginning to end. Sir William Muir speaks of this point very tersely and earnestly in his introduction to the English edition.

I wrote to Sir William Muir, August 11, 1891:

"The Bishop Blyth crusade against the Church Missionary Society missionaries is indeed pitiable. Archdeacon Denison carries the matter to a logical conclusion. He only needs to insist that Bishop Blyth ask for rebaptism and reordination at the hands of the Greek patriarch and then his position will be consistent.

"Your own remarks in the *Record* are most pertinent. Those who talk about the Greek clergy labouring for the salvation of the Moslems do not know what they are talking about. I doubt whether there are a dozen Greek priests in Syria and Palestine who can read correctly a chapter in the Koran, or carry on an argument with a Moslem sheikh. Or if they could they would flout at the idea of preaching to the vile Moslems. Or if they felt it a duty, they are so afraid of the Moslems that they

would not dare to speak to them of embracing Christianity. And if they *did* speak, the Moslems would reply by charging them with idolatry and creature worship."

On November 29, 1890, our hearts were gladdened by the arrival of my eldest son, Rev. William Jessup, and his bride, as a reinforcement to the mission. He was the child of many prayers, and entered upon his work fully consecrated, not only by his parents, but by his own free surrender of all to Christ.

Left motherless in infancy in 1864, he was brought up by loving grandparents in Branchport, N. Y., and became strong and vigorous. In 1878 I was in America and sent for him to come to my mother's home in Montrose. I had last seen him a lad of six years, and when I went to the railroad station to meet him, I was thinking of the little child of ten years before. The train stopped. Only one passenger got out, a tall, broad-shouldered man with a satchel. I kept looking for my boy—but this man walked directly up to me with a smile and I saw that it was indeed my boy, the face the same, but so much higher from the ground! It was enough to bring both smiles and tears of joy. Then came the more intimate acquaintance, his meeting his brothers and sisters, the arrangements for Albany Academy with his brother Henry, their graduation at Princeton, and his course in the Princeton Theological Seminary and appointment to Syria.

Eighteen years have passed. Four lovely olive plants are around his table, and he has plenty of solid work in itinerating over a field ninety by forty miles, preaching and teaching the everlasting Gospel. It is a gratifying fact that not less than twenty-two of the children of American missionaries in Syria have entered on the missionary work.

As the year drew near its close, cholera appeared in Hamath, Hums, and Aleppo and some 25,000 people died. Mr. Wakim Messuah, pastor in Hums, had provided himself with cholera medicines, and went fearlessly among the people day by day, so that during the prevalence of the pestilence not a Protestant died.

The experience in Hamath and some of the villages was the same, as the teachers were forewarned and so forearmed. But after the epidemic subsided and all apprehension had ceased, the wife and daughter of the Hums pastor were suddenly taken one night with a virulent form of the disease and both died!

In Tripoli, through the goodness of God and the wise precaution of Dr. Harris, the girls' boarding-school stood like an angel-guarded fortress in the midst of that pestilence-stricken city. All water was boiled, all food cooked, and no outsider allowed to come in and although people were dying all around and the death wails filled the air, not a person in that building had the cholera.

The people asked, "Has God spread a tent over those Protestants?"

The Moslems naturally suffered most, as their fatalistic doctrines lead them to neglect the simplest rules of sanitation and health.

This year was an important one in the Tripoli field. Talcott Hall, the chapel of the school and community, was begun, and Tripoli Presbytery was organized in Amar, a region so wild when I lived in Tripoli, that we could not visit it without armed horsemen to protect us. Then, as brother Samuel said about Safita, we dared not go there lest the people shoot us, but now we fear to go lest they ask us for a school, when we have neither the means nor the men to supply it.

The fourth Moslem convert of this year appeared, entered on a course of study, and has become an eminently useful man.

We have just had a Moslem sheikh here from Egypt. He became enlightened there and fled to Syria. Some of the active brethren in a neighbouring city became interested in him and he came on to Beirut. He attended church regularly here for weeks and showed a good deal of religious interest and fervour. But at length the gangrene of Islam appeared, and he was found engaged in impure practices. He then told us that in Egypt his regular business for years was that of a marrier of divorced women.



SYRIAN MISSION IN 1893, WITH DRS. BLISS AND POST OF THE S. P. C.
Back Row (reading from left): March, Hoskins, W. K. Eddy, Post, Hardin, D. Bliss, Nelson, W. Jessup, Doolittle.
Front Row: H. H. Jessup, Bird, Van Dyck, W. W. Eddy, S. Jessup.

This is an approved business in orthodox Moslem circles. If a Moslem in anger divorces his wife twice, he cannot remarry her the third time until she has first been legally married for a day and a night to another man! This accommodating sheikh would marry a divorced woman, take her as his wife for one night, and then divorce her, so that she could return to her husband. In this way he made his living! No wonder he finds it as hard to be moral as the Corinthian converts did. Oh, the depths of corruption in Islam! Let us thank God for a pure and holy religion!

XXV

Marking Time

Overworked—The High Anglican Church hostility—An English Moslem—Religious cranks—The first railroad—Educational missions—The Armenian massacres.

THE year 1891 was a strenuous one for me. For a large part of the time I was alone as I was in 1866–1867. Dr. Samuel Jessup and Dr. Eddy were in America and Dr. Dennis was called home on account of his father's death. Dr. Van Dyck was in feeble health, and I had the management of the press with all its accounts, business correspondence, examining of manuscripts, reading proofs, editing the *Neshrah* and the *Mulhoc*, helping the native pastor, taking my turn in preaching in the church and in the college, and giving regular instruction in the theological class, besides doing the custom-house business. In my diary I find that my average weekly letters in English and Arabic numbered from thirty to forty, some of them of considerable length.

We had our usual struggle with the custom-house authorities, who freely granted immunities to all nationalities but the Americans.

Two more Mohammedan converts appeared, one of whom has persevered and become a faithful and exemplary man in his profession. The other, from Samaria, stated that before he was born his mother had vowed that if she had a son she would have him baptized by a Greek priest and taught the Greek catechism and creed. He grew up and went to school. Not liking the picture worship and saint worship of the Greeks, he became a Protestant with his mother's consent. He remained some time with Mr. Hardin and then disappeared, presumably having gone with a company of emigrants to America.

A cyclone of great violence swept over Lebanon in March.

The Damascus diligence with six mules, and carrying passengers, near the summit of Mount Lebanon beyond Sowfar, was hurled, mules and all, about 200 feet from the road and landed in a field below. The mules were killed, but the passengers and driver escaped with slight bruises. A few days after I passed that point in the diligence going east and saw the dead mules lying in the field where they fell. A gaunt wolf stood by them devouring the flesh. A French engineer on the diligence sprang down, levelled his revolver, and fired. The wolf turned his head and kept on with his meal. He fired again and the wolf limped away. He fired a third shot and the wolf staggered somewhat and disappeared down the mountain slope. Some days after, on my return, I asked at Sowfar station whether anything had been heard of the wolf. "Yes," they said, "his dead body was found that day at the foot of the cliff."

The struggle between High Church Anglicanism and the truly evangelical missionaries of the Church Missionary Society in Palestine came to a crisis, with the appointment of Bishop Blyth as Anglican bishop in Jerusalem. As all the missionaries in Palestine are decidedly Low Church, it was expected that on the occurrence of a vacancy in the English Episcopate, the appointing power would send a man in sympathy with the missionary clergy. But what occurred was exactly the reverse. The Right Reverend G. F. Popham Blyth, D. D., was appointed. Before his day, Anglican bishops such as Gobat and Barclay, with deans, canons, archdeacons, and rectors had visited Beirut and officiated in our mission church at the English service and conducted the communion service which we all attended. But on the arrival of Bishop Blyth, up went the bars. At his first service in Beirut, we Americans, in our simplicity, Dr. Bliss, Dr. Dennis, Dr. Samuel Jessup and myself attended. We communed. The good bishop's holy soul must have writhed in agony at the thought of such uncircumcised Presbyterians taking the communion at his hands. But he atoned for it the next Sunday by setting up a barbed wire fence around the communion table in language some-

thing like this: "Hereafter any one of this flock wishing to commune with Catholics, Greeks, or Presbyterians must first obtain permission from the bishop's chaplain in charge of this church. And any Catholic, Greek, or Presbyterian wishing to commune here must first obtain permission from the bishop's chaplain." That was a fence intended to be an offense, and the little exclusive fold has not been invaded since by Presbyterian, nor even by the Evangelical Church of England missionaries in this part of Syria. He tried the threat of excommunication against two eminent English missionary ladies and received a reply that if he persisted in his course they would complain of him to the Archbishop of Canterbury. I have said enough in a previous chapter (on the Greek Church) with regard to the corruption of the Oriental churches.

My little booklet, "The Greek Church and Protestant Missions," which was published by the Christian Literature Society in New York and reprinted in two editions in England, contains all I have to say further on this subject.

It is a special delight of these high Anglicans to hobnob with the Greek monks, bishops, and priests and to do all in their power to antagonize the Syrian evangelical churches. Any attempt on the part of Maronites, Catholics, or Greeks to break away from the Mariolatry and picture worship of their old churches and from the grinding tyranny of their priests, as our fathers did in the time of the Reformation, will be frowned upon by the Anglican clergy and every possible means be used to drive them back into spiritual bondage.

In 1850, Archbishop Sumner, in an agreement with Baron Bunsen about the Jerusalem bishopric, said that when men in the Oriental churches become "emancipated from the fetters of a corrupt faith, we have no right to turn our backs upon the liberated captive and bid him return to his slavery or seek aid elsewhere."

In 1907, the Anglican bishop in Jerusalem "requested his Haifa Chaplain Archdeacon Dowling to write to the Greek patriarch of Jerusalem asking his approval of opening negotia-

tions, saying, 'The terms on which the Anglican Church can negotiate with the Orthodox Greek Church are formal recognition between the two churches of the validity of Holy Baptism and Holy Orders.'" The patriarch replied that the Eastern Church cannot accept the baptism or the orders of the Anglican Church, and only "the entire Eastern Orthodox Church and the entire Anglican Church" are competent to determine this question.

One little specimen of animated millinery tried to prohibit Rev. H. E. Fox of London from preaching in our church in Beirut. Finding that he was going to preach at 11 A. M., he withdrew an invitation to him to officiate in the Anglican evening service! Mr. Fox wrote him a letter in reply which contained some fatherly counsel and severe rebuke to the little usurper which he will not soon forget. Mr. Fox sent me a copy of his letter which I have on file. The Church Missionary Society, true to its evangelical principles, will not allow its churches and chapels on missionary ground to be consecrated by a bishop, and they freely invite missionaries of other churches to preach in them. I would recommend to the Anglican clergy who are so keen upon fraternizing with the higher clergy of the Orthodox Church in Jerusalem, especially the "Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre," to read a book published by the Orthodox Russian bishop of Moscow about the year 1885 after spending a year in Jerusalem. He exposes the shocking immoralities of these clergy and says that no one can hear what he heard and know what he knows without blushing for the good name of Christianity. He enters into details with regard to the numerous progeny of these holy celibate monks, who are sent to Cyprus and trained in their turn to be monks. A prominent Greek gentleman in Beirut, connected with the Russian consulate-general, gave me a copy of the book.

An English traveller who visited Beirut April 16, 1891, wrote out the following questions to Dr. Van Dyck, which I give in brief with the doctor's replies:

"1. Can Bishop Blyth and the Church Missionary Society be reconciled? Ans. No.

"2. Can the Anglican and Greek Churches be affiliated? Ans. Yes, by all Englishmen being rebaptized and the clergy re-ordained, and receiving Holy Chrism with a mixture cooked over a fire made of rotten and filthy pictures of the saints which have been worn out by being kissed for years.

"3. Can the American missions and the British Syrian Schools evangelize Syria? Ans. Yes, in time.

"4. Is a theological school, endowed in England and manned by natives, needed? Ans. No, the East is pauperized enough now."

While the American Mission was holding its semi-annual meeting in August in Suk el Gharb, news came of the death in the neighbouring village of Shemlan of Mrs. E. H. Watson, an English missionary aged eighty-seven. She had laboured in Christian education for more than thirty years. Before coming to Syria, she had taught school in Ireland, in Brooklyn, in Crete, in Valparaiso, in Athens, in Smyrna, and lastly in Beirut, Shemlan, Sidon, and Ain Zehalteh. For sixty-two years she was a teacher. In stature she was diminutive and her physique was that of a child, but her life was one of constant toil and self-sacrifice. She crossed seas and oceans at her own charges and here in Syria erected buildings, founded schools, and aided in Christian work with the greatest zeal and patience. She built and presented to our mission the house in Deir Mimas and the church in Shemlan. The Training-School for Girls in Shemlan was founded by her, and its edifice reared and deeded by her to a British Female Education Society and by that society finally given to the British Syrian Mission. In some other enterprises she suffered grievous disappointment, but this alone is her monument.

The following week, Dr. and Mrs. Hoskins' infant son Horace E. Hoskins died in Suk. On August 31st, Syria suffered a great loss in the death of Mrs. Augusta Mentor Mott, long the directress of the British Syrian Schools and Bible Mission. These schools were founded by the late Mrs. J. Bowen Thompson, then conducted by her sisters, the late Mrs. Henry Smith

and Mrs. Mott. They were a remarkable trio of sisters, and with the admirable corps of teachers associated with them, have done a work of the highest value in the education of the daughters of Syria. Thoroughly spiritual in their religious character, liberal and broad minded, using their fortunes and their sympathies in the work, they have left their mark on Syrian family life and done this people immortal service. Although belonging to the Church of England, they would have nothing to do with the ritualistic Romanizing party and coöperated with our own mission and the Irish Presbyterian Mission in Damascus, and their teachers and converted pupils were communicants in the American Mission churches.

Before her death Mrs. Mott sent for me to come and pray with her, and stated that she wished the British Syrian Schools to be conducted in the future on the same basis as before and to continue in cordial coöperation with the American Mission.

In October and December, 1891, death again invaded the mission circle. Little Geraldine Dale, daughter of the late Rev. Gerald F. Dale of Zahleh, died after a brief illness, a severe affliction to her already afflicted and widowed mother. This beautiful child was laid beside her father and sister in the mission cemetery. Then followed in two months the sudden death of Mrs. Dr. Wm. Schauffler, after childbirth, and on the day before Christmas I baptized little William Gray Schauffler over his mother's coffin. She was the daughter of my old Hebrew teacher in Union Seminary, Rev. Dr. Theron F. Hawkes, and the father was the grandson of the distinguished Dr. Schauffler, one of the Bible translators of Constantinople.

On September 30th, Rev. Asaad Abdullah was ordained in Ain Zehalteh and has continued steadfast in the ministry and is now, after fifteen years, the useful pastor of the Beirut Evangelical Church.

About this time, one Quilliam, an Englishman in Liverpool, embraced Islam. He was invited to Constantinople and honoured

and received the name of Mohammed Quilliam. The Moslem papers of the East rejoiced with great joy that now Mohammed Webb, who had collapsed in New York, was to be succeeded by a genuine English convert. Quilliam received money in aid of his scheme to convert England from Turkey, Egypt, and India. In 1903, the Moslem sheikh, Abdul Kerim Effendi Marat, of Medina, the Holy City of Islam (where Mohammed was buried), having heard of the great English Moslem, visited England and became the guest of Quilliam of Liverpool. He was surprised, shocked, disgusted. He wrote long letters to the Moslem Arabic journal *Thomrat*, No. 1,058, of Beirut, in which he described his feelings, on being met at the station by a "dog-cart driven by a handsome young lady, daughter of Abdullah Quilliam, who wore a fancy hat, without a veil (God forbid!). She was one of the converts to Islam. The mosque was his house, the minaret, a balcony on the street. The prayer room was fitted with seats like a church and at the time of prayer, Quilliam went up to the balcony and, Istughfur Allah! (God forgive!) repeated in English a call to prayer. Then this unveiled girl sat down to a small organ and played the tunes, while the handful of men and boys sang out of books hymns such as the Christians use, with the name of Christ omitted! I was amazed. Then Quilliam said a few words, and they prayed, not in the required kneelings and bowings, but in a free and easy way shocking to the true believer. I found that he knew no Arabic, that he read the Koran in English (!) and that the women go unveiled like Christian women. He knows nothing about the principles and practice of Islam, but whenever he hears of men converted in Africa or India, he announces it to his subscribers in India or Turkey as the result of the labours of his missionaries. When the Emir of Afghanistan visited England, he gave Quilliam twenty-five hundred pounds, and the Prince of Lagos, West Africa, gave him one thousand pounds, supposing that he is printing Moslem books and leading the English people into Islam. He asked me to preach and I did. I told the whole truth. I told him that if, after being in Protestant schools twenty years, he really wished

to serve the cause of Islam, he would have studied the Koran and Islamic books by bringing a learned sheikh here to teach Arabic and the Koran, whereas now he asks them to enter a religion of which he knows nothing.

"In leaving him, after thanking him for his hospitality, I said, 'I advise you at once to bring three learned Moslem sheikhs with the funds you receive from India and Turkey, and let them teach Arabic and the holy faith and publish a journal.' I also said, 'You must command your women and girls to veil their faces and never let any man but their fathers and husbands see them.' I reminded him that when six hundred negroes in Lagos with their emir had accepted Islam through agents we sent from the Hejaz in Arabia, he took my report of the same, and sent it to the Sheikh ul Islam in Constantinople claiming that these were converts of his agents whom he had sent to West Africa! and I rebuked him for this barefaced lying in order to raise money. The fact is he knows nothing about Islam."

This is a literal translation of Sheikh Abdul Kerim's letter.

During this year, two itinerant evangelists, whom we will call X and Z, came to Syria. They held Bible readings and preached in chapels in Beirut and vicinity. They agreed on one point, and that was their suspicion and jealousy of each other. X came to Dr. Mackie of the Anglo-American Church in Beirut and said, "I want to warn you against Z. He cannot be trusted. He will pry into the secrets of your families and then blaze them abroad in the pulpit. Look out for him." A few days later Z came to Dr. Mackie and said, "I hear you have asked X to preach in your pulpit—a great mistake, sir. He cannot be relied on. Those X's, even the bishop, are all a little 'off'; beware of him." One of them afterwards asked permission to lecture on the Second Coming. It was known that he held radical arithmetical views on the subject. So a pledge was taken from him that he would not fix the day nor the year for the Second Coming of Christ. He solemnly promised that he would avoid that aspect of the subject. A learned elder of the Arabic

Church acted as interpreter. After a time his arithmetic got the better of his conscience and he solemnly declared that "as sure as the Word of God is true, the times of the Gentiles will end in 1910, and Christ's reign on earth will begin. There will be no king, emperor, president, or sultan, and the Turkish Empire will come to an end!" The interpreter was terrified. There might be present a Turkish policeman or spy, and the interpreter and all his brethren be arrested as enemies of the Sultan. So he adroitly generalized the language and perhaps saved us from having our Sunday-school closed by the police!

After the meeting I confronted the man with his violation of his solemn pledge,—he did not seem to regret what he had done, but met my protest with "a smile that was bland."

It is often difficult to know what is duty when strangers come and ask permission to address the Sunday-school, the girls' boarding-school or the college.

It is generally necessary, however, to warn the eager speaker to avoid absolutely all flattering remarks about the "beautiful bright eyes of the girls," and the "intelligent faces" or "high promise" of the boys. I have often been obliged, when translating for a tourist speaker, to use my own discretion as to the amount of "soft soap" proper to be administered to the hearers.

One speaker in the college told the students that if they ever came to America he would be glad to see them in his home in ———. Out came the note-books and within the next two years the quiet country study of this good man was invaded, to his dismay, by a number of eager youths, expecting that he would find them work in their adopted country. He had no means of furnishing them employment. They had taken him at his word. He had forgotten it, but they had not, and they were disappointed.

In several instances professors, pastors, and teachers have given high recommendations to young men for the foreign missionary work, and afterwards, when the men found they were out of place and had to give up the work, those who recom-

mended them admitted that they did it "with misgivings," as one seminary professor stated. The result was the expense of outfit, thousands of miles out and back, a disappointed labourer, a disappointed mission, and the loss of much money. I felt at the time that the man who had the "misgivings" should now try to make amends for his imprudence by liberal "givings" to make up the loss.

In August a Boston man bearing a familiar name wrote to me asking information about the Arabic language, and added the extraordinary "hope that you will not in your missionary work be guilty of indiscretion in disturbing the good-will of Ishmael." I wrote him that I was unable to grasp his meaning. According to Genesis 16:12, "Ishmael will be a wild man. His hand will be against every man and every man's hand will be against him." The Bedawin and the people of Arabia are the Ishmaelites of to-day. It is difficult to see how a foreigner can secure the "good-will" of such a body of robbers and murderers. They live by constant forays and cowardly midnight "ghazus" upon each others' camps.

The famous Mohammed Smair, the Bedawy emir who visited Beirut, told me that a Christian teacher or khotib might live among his tribe if he had a good horse and would migrate with the tribe in their nomadic life and live as they live, but he would have to help in the "ghazu" against other tribes. Our Boston friend might say that such a course would be justified if thereby we secure the "good-will" of the Arabs. The true way to secure the permanent good-will of these poor Ishmaelites would be to compel them to abandon their nomad life and internecine wars, settle down, and cultivate the soil and live in peace. This will come when there is a strong and honest government in Syria, Palestine, and Mesopotamia.

If the Boston scholar meant that the Gospel is not to be preached to the Arabs because they are Moslems, lest their "good-will" be disturbed, I will suggest that he read Matthew 10:34, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I

came not to send peace but a sword." This is the teaching of the "Prince of Peace." Light dissipates darkness. Truth antagonizes error. Ahab charged Elijah with "troubling Israel." Elijah replied that the trouble came from Ahab and his idolatrous abandonment of God. In every mission field the "Gospel of Peace" stirs up strife and hostility. "Bonds and imprisonment" awaited Paul in every city. In our day in every heathen and Mohammedan land, sons are persecuted by fathers and fathers by sons. I have known an ignorant Maronite mother to poison her own son, a worthy and lovable man. Moslems hang or shoot or poison apostates and glory in their shame. Christ has bidden us to go and preach the Gospel. He says "be wise as serpents and harmless as doves," but He also says, "go and teach all nations" that is "evangelize them, give them the pure Gospel," because they are sinners and need it, and without Christ they are lost.

In a land like this, every year yields its crop of cranks. Sometimes singly and sometimes in organized companies. The careful chronicle of all the religious, political, and ethical cranks who have ravaged the Holy Land during the past fifty years would furnish a fruitful theme for psychological research.

Here is one of them. In July, 1891, an archæological friend wrote from Jerusalem that he had been playing "Halma" at the house of the British consul with the "Forerunner." Some time after, this "forerunner" appeared at Hasbeiya under Mount Hermon and put up at the school of an English lady. He was in sorry plight, his clothes ragged and dirty and no change of raiment; a package of dried plants about all he possessed. He was obliged to go to bed to have his garments washed and the good hostess was horrified to find that the guest-room had become infested with vermin of the third plague of Egypt.

He stated solemnly that he was the "Forerunner" and that he was going to the summit of Hermon to meet the Lord and that then they were going to London to resurrect Dean Stanley!

He next appeared at the beautiful cottage home of Mr. and

Mrs. Bird, in Abeih, Mount Lebanon, and asked for a lodging. Mrs. Bird, who is a model of the New England housewife, was no less horrified than was the Hasbeiya lady to see this unkempt, ragged, and unsavoury tramp entering her neat and spotless house. Here also he left vestiges. The family were amazed at his refined language and his knowledge of botanical science, yet none the less relieved when he took his departure.

Soon after, Dr. George E. Post, of the college in Beirut, found a tramp asleep on the porch of his house, and ordered him to decamp. He begged for food, and promised to work, if the doctor would give him passage money to Alexandria. Dr. Post, who is a distinguished botanist, soon found out that the "pack" of this straggler contained dried plants and flowers. One thing led to another. The man said his name was S——, from Boston. He had tramped on foot from the Suez Canal to Gaza and Jerusalem and thence through the land to Beirut, living on the people. The doctor agreed to pay his fare if he would write out a journal of his trip from Egypt to Beirut. He did so. It was written in elegant phrase, a model of Addisonian diction, humorous, keen in observation, and with a decided scientific turn. It was impossible to say whether the man was a scholar with a crazy streak of mental hallucination, or whether the "Forerunner" was assumed as a disguise to account for his unwashed person and filthy rags, and to enable him to beg his way through the tramp-trodden Holy Land.

This summer I had a visit from a tramp of quite another stamp. When at my desk in the press, Sheikh Mohammed Hassan, one of the keepers of the Sacred Haram of Mecca, was announced. He was not of the unwashed. He had gone through all the ablutions of the orthodox Sunni Moslems from his youth up. His flowing robe and immaculate white turban, with his mellifluous Arabic, excited my admiration as it had done at about this time of the year for several years. He was on his annual round to gather in the spare copper and silver of the faithful.

On his first visit he received a finely-bound Bible for the sherif of Mecca, which he afterwards reported as having been received

with thanks. This time he descanted volubly on the noble generosity of the Americans and how they love all men and help all laudable enterprises. He then produced from under the folds of his robe a box of Mecca dates and a bottle of water from the Bir Zem Zem in Mecca. I accepted the dates with profuse thanks, but took pains to see that the Zem Zem bottle was well sealed, as the water is reputed to have more microbes to the ounce than any water on earth. It would have been preposterous to give a small present to such a distinguished and learned mendicant. I got off with two dollars and an Arabic book.

Several other "forerunners" have appeared in Palestine in latter years, leading all decent and sane people to wish that the wardens of insane hospitals in Europe and America would keep their lunatics at home.

The American diplomatic representatives at this time were Hon. S. Hirsch, United States Minister at the Porte and Mr. Erhard Bissinger, consul in Beirut, both of whom were efficient and conscientious men and an honour to their country. The American Mission in Syria sent to each of them letters of thanks and high appreciation of their efforts to promote American educational and benevolent interests in Turkey, as well as in the interests of our commerce.

As a rule, our representatives have been able men and efficient. In these fifty-one years I have known ten consuls in Beirut, and not more than three of them left Syria unregretted. Six were total abstinence men. Over a few I would draw the veil. Up to the year 1906 their salaries were quite inadequate, and they were not able without great self-denial to maintain adequately the dignity of their country. The new consular regulations will insure the appointment of efficient men with sufficient support to make it worth the while of first-class men to enter the foreign consular service.

1892—The year 1892 was marked by the death of Kamil in Bussorah, of Mr. R. Konawaty, an aged disciple of eighty in



GORGE OF NAHR BARADA (THE ABANA)
And the Damascus Railway.

Beirut, and of Wassa Pasha, Governor of Mount Lebanon, June 29th, and the arrival of his successor, Naoom Pasha, September 4th.

Dr. and Mrs. S. Jessup, Rev. and Mrs. W. K. Eddy, and Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Bliss arrived from furloughs.

In April Dr. Van Dyck received the honorary degree of L. H. D. from the University of Edinburgh and on December 23d, his friends, native and foreign, congratulated him and Mrs. Van Dyck on their golden wedding and presented him with a beautiful English cathedral clock.

On March 10th another Moslem convert, Mustafa from Damascus, passed through Beirut en route for the land of liberty. A young Moslem woman educated in a Christian school was summoned before the Maktubji, with her parents, and charged with being a Christian. She said, "Yes, I am a Christian: I trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour and I am not afraid to confess Him before men. Do with me what you please. I belong to Jesus Christ and do not fear." The man threatened her but she was so calm and firm that he decided to let her alone. And she is as firm to-day (1909) as then.

On August 28th the first locomotive reached Jerusalem, and December 8th ground was broken in Beirut for the Beirut-Damascus Railway. A great company of invited guests assembled on the spot, and while the Nakib el Ashraf Abdurahman Effendi Nahass offered an eloquent prayer, twelve sheep were sacrificed in front of him and the meat given to the poor. The sacrifice of sheep is a constant custom in Turkey on laying the corner-stone of any new building, or opening any new enterprise.

A division occurred in Beirut church and the seceding portion called a pastor of their own. It was a sad experience to all concerned, but the new native churches have to learn by experience, and the trials through which they pass may yet prove to be the means of greater ultimate success and progress. The only practical gain was the fact that the new church thus formed paid its own way without expense to the mission. Time is a great healer and the good men who have been temporarily sepa-

rated will no doubt eventually come together again. I shall give no details of this church dissension, as it is clear that all parties would prefer that it be forgotten.

In January the zealous censor of the press expunged from our weekly *Neshrah* an account of the oppression of the Israelites by Pharaoh. He said that Egypt is under the Sultan and oppression of the Jews could not occur in Egypt. We were so stupefied by this display of learning and loyalty that we tamely submitted. The rebellion of Absalom was also forbidden to be mentioned, although taken verbatim from the Scriptures. In most cases we might appeal to the Waly, and the Walys are generally men of sense and experience and would overrule the decision of a petty press censor, but when your type is on the press and your hour of publication is at hand you have no time to draw up a formal protest on stamped paper stating your grievances. In the fall of that same year we printed a collection of eulogiums of the Bible by eminent men. These were all stricken out as implying that the Koran was not the only divine Book in the world, and our paper threatened with suppression if we repeated such language!

Swarms of locusts again appeared in Syria. In Aleppo the Waly ordered every man in the district to bring one oke (three pounds) to the government inspectors, to be destroyed. Four million okes were brought according to the official journal, or about 5,500 tons. These flights of locusts are terrific. They darken the sky and lighting down, destroy every green thing. I have seen them three or four inches deep on the ground. A tailor in Beirut when ordered out with the rest of the crowd to gather a sack full of locusts, brought back his sack after sunset and locked it up in his shop. Each locust's body contains about ninety eggs like the spawn of a fish. The tailor was taken down with a fever that night and did not return for a month. On his return, he opened the door and a swarm of young "gowgahs" came jumping out like gigantic fleas, black imps with heads like horses. The eggs had hatched out and for his two thousand

locusts he had 180,000, completely covering his shop and ruining his stock of goods.

An event of the year greatly regretted by the mission was the resignation of Dr. James S. Dennis.

Owing to a quarrel in the Orthodox Greek Church in Damascus, three hundred Greeks declared themselves Protestants and attended the Protestant church. The missionaries welcomed them and gave them daily evangelical instruction, but felt assured from the outset that it was only the "morning cloud and early dew," and was only meant as a menace to the other party to yield and in a short time the whole three hundred who had marched up the hill marched down again and resumed their prayers to the *holy pictures* and the Virgin.

A new mosque having been built in Tripoli, Syria, it was dedicated June 17th, by the arrival of three hairs from the beard of Mohammed, from Constantinople. Thousands of Moslems went down to the seaport to greet the casket, and half-naked men danced in the procession and cut themselves with knives amid the jubilation of the populace. In the addresses made on the occasion, according to the Moslem journals, there was no explanation as to what special virtue came from these relics. It has been supposed that the Moslems borrowed the custom from the Christian crusaders who carried off shiploads of relics from the Holy Land to Europe. The conduct of the ignorant populace can be explained, as it can in the Orthodox Greek orgies at the fraudulent Greek fire at Easter in Jerusalem, and the worshipping of bones and hairs and other relics of reputed saints in almost every papal church in Europe; but the winking of Greek and Roman bishops and Moslem effendis and kadis at such puerile superstition, and giving them the sanction of their presence and coöperation cannot be too severely condemned.

In April I wrote to Dr. Dennis in New York pleading by order of the mission for reinforcements.

It was urged that "Dr. Van Dyck is seventy-two, Dr. Eddy

sixty-four, H. H. Jessup sixty, S. Jessup fifty-nine, Dr. Daniel Bliss at the college sixty-nine, and Mr. Bird sixty-nine. You may get 'bottom' out of such venerable steeds, but you cannot expect much 'speed.' I am feeling somewhat the burdens of this year, and the confusing secularities of running a printing-house, in addition to my preaching and teaching duties with my voluminous correspondence, sometimes make my head swim. I don't think I could carry this load another year. We must have one or two first-rate young men in training to take our places before we break down."

I now add to the above, sixteen years later, that Dr. Van Dyck, Dr. Eddy, Mr. Bird and W. K. Eddy have gone to their reward, Dr. Dennis and Mr. Watson resigned, a loss of six men, and only five, Messrs. Doolittle, Erdman, S. D. Jessup, Nicol and Brown, have come in their place, so that the mission is numerically weaker in 1909 than in 1892, and I am seventy-six and a half, and my brother seventy-five and a half.

Dr. R. Anderson, in giving his consent to the establishment of the Syrian Protestant College, expressed the fear that its teaching English would result in denationalizing the Syrians, making them restless, and unfitting them for the work of humble pastors and preachers in their own country. He instanced the results of English teaching in India as disastrous to the training of a native ministry.

It is not easy now to say what would have been the effect of making English the language of instruction in the college, had all things remained as they were. But the discovery of America by certain Syrian merchants in 1876, and the British occupation of Egypt in 1882 put a new phase on the future of Syrian youth. The demand for English-speaking and English-trained doctors, lawyers, surveyors, and engineers, clerks and accountants in the Anglo-Egyptian military and civil service, tempted the best trained youth of Syria to go to Egypt. Then the opening El Dorado for Syrian dealers in Oriental wares and fabrics in North and South America, Mexico, and Australia sent, first, hundreds

and then thousands of Syrians, men, women, and children, to seek their fortune beyond the seas. Many sent back thousands of dollars, and the rumour of their success spread over the land. Then steamer agents and emigrant agency runners visited the towns and villages and sounded the praises of America, Brazil and Argentine, etc., until every steamer to Naples and Marseilles went crowded with hopeful Syrians. Was the teaching in the college and boys' boarding-schools responsible for this phenomenal exodus? The answer must be affirmative with regard to Egypt. The Egyptian and Sudanese governments want bright, intelligent young Syrians, well up in English, and with a sound moral training, and this class largely goes to Egypt. But the rank and file of the tens of thousands of emigrants know no language but Arabic and literally "go forth not knowing whither they are going." Not a few college men are in the United States, but I was surprised on examining the Syrian Protestant College catalogue for 1906 to find that only fifty-eight college graduates are now in the United States, and eighty-seven in Egypt, or a hundred and forty-five in all, out of one thousand three hundred and eighty-seven graduates in all departments.

It is perhaps true that a knowledge of English has increased the number of emigrants, but their number is small as compared with the whole number of emigrants. Professor Lucius Miller of Princeton, who was for three years tutor in the Beirut College, spent a year in collecting statistics of the Syrian Colony in New York for the New York Federation of Churches, and he found the Protestant Syrians comprise fewer illiterate, and more educated men and women in proportion to their whole number than those of any other Syrian sect in New York.

The figures are as follows:

Able to read and write Arabic

Protestant	60.1%	Maronite	39.4%
Greek	44. %	Catholic	33.7%

Able to read and write English

Protestant	60.1%	Maronite	19.1%
Greek	25.8%	Catholic	13.1%

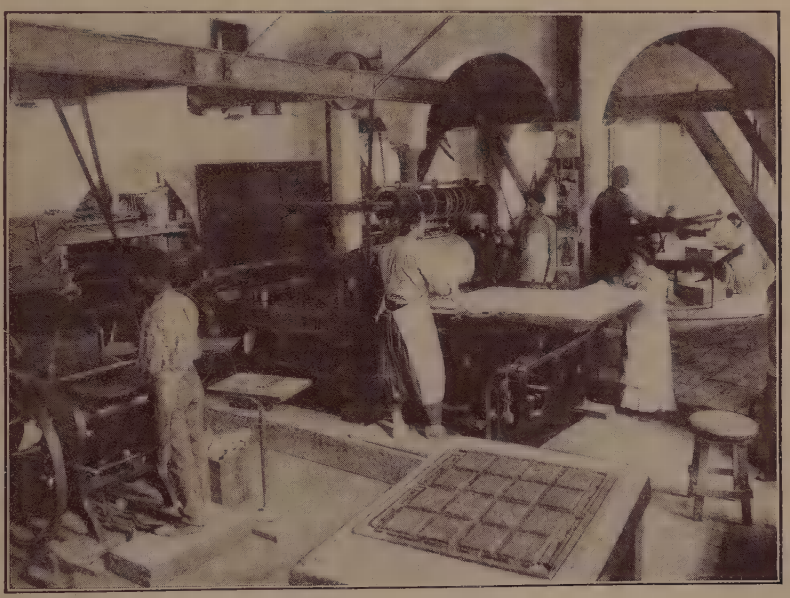
This ratio would hold good with regard to the Protestant sect in the whole Turkish Empire as compared with other sects. It is the best educated of all the sects owing chiefly to the American schools. The priest-ridden district of Maronite Northern Lebanon stands among the lowest. The Maronite higher clergy and the hordes of lazy worthless monks have gradually seized upon the best landed property and roll in wealth leaving the children and youth uneducated. Of late years a few, like the late Archbishop Dibbs of Beirut, have opened high schools, but the villages are left in ignorance. Emigration, however, is beginning to break up this monotone of ignorance and illiteracy. Many of the emigrants have returned with liberal ideas and will not submit to priestly tyranny and are demanding schools under American and English auspices. The next twenty-five years will see a great change in the power and influence of this proud and tyrannical hierarchy.

During this year, the Protestant missionaries in Constantinople drew up, signed, and forwarded to all the Protestant ambassadors an appeal protesting against the attempted suppression of Bible sale and colportage in the empire. The result was, after long delay, a new order forbidding interference with Bible work.

In the *Hatti Humayoun* of February, 1856, it is said that "each community inhabiting a distinct quarter shall have equal power to repair and improve its churches, hospitals, schools, and cemeteries. The Sublime Porte will . . . insure to each sect, whatever be the number of its adherents, entire freedom in the exercise of its religion." Yet there is constant obstruction of every effort to build churches or open schools.

The Presbyterian church in Plainfield (New Jersey), Dr. W. R. Richards, pastor, sent out this year as a gift to the mission a new "Walter Scott" printing machine, made in Plainfield, and it arrived in May. On reaching the custom-house, the appraisers valued it at about double its real worth and I insisted that if they held their ground, they must "take their pay in kind." They





AMERICAN PRESS
Bindery.
Machine Room.

then summoned several proprietors of presses in the city to aid in the appraisal and it was fixed at $800, on which we paid eight per cent. duty, or $64. We had also to pay moderate bucksheesh to boatmen, porters, inspectors, appraisers, clerks, scribes, copyists, overseers, doorkeepers, and watchmen for facilitating the egress of the machine. It was set up by means of a winch and tackle blocks by Mr. R. Somerville. This machine added greatly to the efficiency of our press, and is a memorial of the liberality of the Crescent Avenue Church.

We were at that time shipping books by mule and donkey to the Lebanon villages and the cities of Syria and Palestine; by post to Hamadan, Ispahan and Tabriz in Persia; by sea, to Constantinople, Mogador, Tangier, Algiers, Tunis, Egypt and Zanzibar. Egypt was and is still our best customer. We send also to Aden in Arabia, to Bombay and other parts of India, and to Bussorah and Bushire on the Persian Gulf, and also to Rio Janeiro, San Paolo (Brazil), and to New York, Chicago, Toledo, Philadelphia, Lawrence, Mass., and other Syrian colonies in America. In concluding my letter of acknowledgment to the Plainfield friends, I said, "The labour is ours, the results are God's. It is a privilege to preach the Gospel and to print and scatter God's Word throughout the world. May the Holy Spirit attend our teaching and preaching and our printing with His own mighty power from on high. The Lord raise up missionaries from your church in Plainfield and send them forth to the whitening harvest field! I can testify after thirty-six years of service in Syria that the missionary work is a blessed work indeed and can commend it to your young Christians as a happy and glorious work. It was instituted by the command and is crowned with the promised blessing of the Son of God."

In September, at the request of Dr. Arthur Pierson of the *Missionary Review*, I sent him an article on Educational Missions, of which the following is the substance:

We have given much of time and strength to mission schools but not to the detriment and neglect of other departments of the

work. Schools have been looked upon as vital to missionary success, and yet only as a means to an end, not as the end itself. Schools were called "entering wedges" and such they really were, introducing the Gospel in many districts where otherwise, as far as could be seen, neither Bible nor missionary would have been allowed to enter.

Education is only a means to an end in Christian missions, and that end is to lead men to Christ and teach them to become Christian peoples and nations. When it goes beyond this and claims to be in itself an end; that mere intellectual and scientific eminence are objects worthy of the Christian missionary, that it is worth while for consecrated missionaries and missionary societies to aim to have the best astronomers, geologists, botanists, surgeons, and physicians in the realm for the sake of the scientific prestige and the world-wide reputation; then we do not hesitate to say that such a mission has stepped out of the Christian and missionary sphere into one purely secular, scientific, and worldly. Such a work might be done by a Heidelberg or a Cambridge, a Harvard or a Sheffield, but not by a missionary society labouring for purely spiritual ends. The Syria Mission has had wide experience in the matter of education. The missionaries have had a larger proportion of literary and educational work thrown upon them than is common in Asiatic and African missions.

The Syrian people differ from the "Nature" tribes of Africa, and the settled communities of Central and Eastern Asia, in having been engaged for centuries in the conflict between the corrupt forms of Christianity, the religion of Islam, and the sects of semi-Paganism. There being no political parties in the empire, the inborn love of political dissent finds its vent in the religious sects. A man's religion is his politics, that is, his sect takes the place occupied in other countries by the political party. To separate any Syrian from his religious sect is to throw him out of his endeared political party with all its traditions and prejudices.

A Christian missionary must steer clear of all these racial and

sectarian political jealousies and try to teach loyalty to the "powers that be," the common brotherhood of man, and offer to all a common Saviour. The Holy Spirit is indeed omnipotent, and can make men of these hostile sects one in Christ "by the word of His power," just as He can place a Tammany ward politician side by side with a negro Republican at the Lord's table.

But as human nature is, it generally requires early Christian training to break down these ancient sectarian antipathies. Men and women converted in adult years from various sects find it hard to forget their former differences and on slight occasions the old political lines define themselves with perilous vividness. It is different with youths of different sects when educated together, and the brightest examples of mutual love and confidence have been found among the young men and women trained for years together in Christian schools.

The present educational work of the Syria Mission has been a gradual growth. The 119 common schools were as a rule located in places where previously there were no schools. In not a few cases high schools have been opened in the same towns by native sects, who, as experience shows, would close their schools at once were the evangelical schools withdrawn.

The total of pupils in 1891 was 7,117. If we add to this at least an equal number in the schools of other Protestant missions in Syria and Palestine, we have a total of about 15,000 children under evangelical instruction in the land.

This is a work of large extent and influence, and it is of the first importance to know whether these schools are helping in the work of evangelization. To aid in a correct estimate on this point, we should remember that:

1. The Bible is a text-book in all of them. These thousands of children are taught the Old and New Testaments, "Line upon Line," "Life of St. Paul," the catechisms, and the advanced pupils the "Bible Hand Book," Scripture history and geography. The Bible rests at the foundation of them all.

2. As far as possible, none but Christian teachers, communi-

cants in the churches, are employed in these schools. The common schools are thus Bible schools, and where the teachers are truly godly men, their prayers and example give a strong religious influence to their teaching, and in the high schools daily religious instruction is given in the most thorough manner.

3. Sometimes a school has been maintained for years in a village without any apparent spiritual result, either among the children or their parents, and yet there are numerous instances in which the school has been the means of the establishment of a church and a decided religious reformation.

4. The mission schools in Turkey have had one important effect and that is that the Protestant community has for its size less illiteracy than any other community in the empire, more readers than any other, and is in consequence more intelligent.

5. In the towns and cities where the high schools are situate, the majority of the additions to the churches come from the children and the youth trained in the schools.

6. It is the unanimous testimony of intelligent natives of all sects that the intellectual awakening of modern Syria is due, in the first instance, to the schools of the American missions. They were the first and have continued for over sixty years, and the most of the institutions now in existence in Syria, native and foreign, have grown out of them or have been directly occasioned by them.

7. If the question be raised, as to the comparative cost of educational and non-educational missions, it is doubtless true that the educational are the most costly.

The Syrian Protestant College is an endowed institution separate from the Board of Missions, and its expensive edifices, which are an honour to American Christianity and an ornament to the city, were erected without cost to the Board of Missions.

Since coming under the Presbyterian Board of Missions in 1870, the mission has introduced the English language in addition to the Arabic into its boys' and girls' boarding-schools, and many of its day-schools. The English and Scotch schools all teach the English language. In this way many thousands of

Syrian youths have learned English, and the Romish and Greek schools are also teaching it in addition to French and Arabic.

The question now arises, "Cui bono?" Has twenty-five years' experience in teaching English justified the hopes and expectations of the American missionaries? We reply that it has, and that beyond all question. The limited scope of Arabic literature, though greatly extended during the past thirty years by the Christian Press, makes it impossible for one to attain a thorough education without the use of a foreign language.

One needs but to turn the pages of the catalogue of the Syrian Protestant College and of the Protestant girls' boarding-schools to see the names of men and women who are now the leaders in every good and elevating enterprise, authors, editors, physicians, preachers, teachers, and business men who owe their success and influence to their broad and thorough education. They are scattered throughout Syria, Palestine, Egypt, North Africa, and North and South America.

The advocates of a purely vernacular system sometimes point to another side of the question which is plain to every candid observer, namely, that the English-speaking youth of both sexes are leaving the country and emigrating to Egypt and America. This is true and to such an extent as to be phenomenal. The Christian youth of Syria, Protestant and Catholic, Greek and Armenian, are emigrating by thousands. The promised land is not now east and west of the Jordan, but east and west of the Mississippi and the Rio de la Plata. And the same passion for emigration prevails in Asia Minor, Eastern Turkey, Mesopotamia. It is a striking if not a startling providential fact. The Christian element in Turkey is seeking a freer and fairer field for development. The ruling power is Moslem. Its motto has become "This is a Moslem land and Moslems must rule it."

The Chicago Fair fanned the emigration fever to a flame. It has taken hold of all classes, and farmers, planters, mechanics, merchants, doctors, teachers, preachers, young men and women, boys and girls, even old men and women, are setting out in

crowds for the El Dorado of the West. A company of plain peasants will pay high wages for an English-speaking boy or girl to go with them as interpreter. There is thus a premium on the English language. The English occupation of Egypt and Cyprus has acted in the same direction by opening new avenues of employment.

On the other hand ignorance of English does not deter the people from emigrating. It is a deep-seated popular impulse, wide-spread and irresistible, and it is equally strong in Eastern Turkey where little has been done in teaching the English language. The land is too narrow for its people, at least under the present régime. The Moslems cannot get away, and few have gone.

It cannot be claimed that the teaching of English alone has produced this great movement, for the masses of emigrants do not know a word of English. The reason is a desire to better their condition, "to buy and sell and get gain," and in some cases, a longing to live under a Christian government. Whether the Syrians, like the Chinese, will return to their own land, is a problem as yet unsolved.

The residence of Americans here for sixty years, the great numbers of American tourists who yearly pass through Syria and Palestine, the teaching of geography in the schools, the general spread of light, the news published in the Arabic journals, and the increase of population with no corresponding openings for earning a living, these and many other causes have now culminated in this emigration movement which is sending a Semitic wave across seas and continents. Let us hope and pray that those who do at length return to the East will return better and broader and more useful men and women than if they had never left their native land.

It must be that there is a divine plan and meaning in it all, and that the result will be great moral gain to Western Asia in the future.

The suspension of the mission schools in Syria would be a disaster. These thousands of children would be left untaught, or at least deprived of Bible instruction,

We do not see cause for modifying our system of Christian education. Its great mission is yet to be performed. These schools in which the Bible is taught are doing a gradual, leavening work among thousands who, thus far, do not accept the Word of God.

There will yet be a new Phœnicia, a new Syria, better cultivated, better governed, with a wider diffusion of Christian truth, a nobler sphere for women, happier homes for the people, and that contentment which grows out of faith in God and man.

The schools will help on this consummation. The press will hasten it. The Christian pulpit will prepare the way for it. The churches and congregations now existing and yet to be formed will lay the foundations for it, and the distribution of the Bible will confirm it and make it enduring. We believe in Christian mission schools. With all the drawbacks in expense and toil, and at times the semi-secularization of the missionary labourer, they are a blessing to any land. They let in the light. They teach the Bible to the children. They conciliate the parents, remove prejudice, root up old superstition, brighten and cheer the hearts of the little ones and the houses of their parents and lead many to a true knowledge of salvation through faith in Christ.

They are a means to an end, and that end is the salvation of souls and the glory of God.

1893—The chief events in the mission in 1893 were the resolution recommending the founding of an industrial orphanage in Sidon, the resignation of Miss Rebecca M. Brown from the Sidon Girls' Seminary, the baptism of another Mohammedan, Andraus, the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Doolittle for Sidon, the transfer of Mrs. Dale to Sidon for the year, and the arrival in Beirut of Dr. Mary Pierson Eddy from New York and Constantinople, having obtained, November 22, 1893, the first official permit granted to a woman to practice medicine in the Turkish Empire on the same terms as have been previously granted to men only. The learned professors in the Imperial Medical College were for a long time incredulous as to the competency of a woman to master medical

science, but when they finally consented to give her a medical examination and she passed triumphantly, they were warm in their congratulations and gave her not only the legal diploma, but also letters of introduction to the different Turkish authorities in Syria.

She has attained a wide reputation and her hospital clinics at Maamiltein and her itinerant camps are crowded with patients.

Among the prominent visitors to Syria this year were ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster and wife, and Dr. F. E. Clark, founder of the Christian Endeavour Society. Both of these eminent men made addresses in Beirut full of Christian wisdom and earnestness.

In May I prepared two papers for the World's Congress of Religions and Missions in Chicago, one on "The Religious Mission of the English-speaking Nations," and the other on "Triumphs of the Gospel in the Ottoman Empire." As both of these papers were published in the volume of Reports, I need not allude to them in detail. I had no fear of ill effects from that congress.

Two tragic events occurred during the year. The first was the sinking of the splendid British battle-ship *Victoria* off Tripoli harbour, June 22d, by collision with the *Camperdown*, in which 375 officers and men lost their lives. The fleet had been five days off Beirut, and Admiral Sir George Tryon and his officers had been entertained in a garden party on the grounds of Colonel Trotter, H. B. M. consul-general. The admiral was most affable. He spoke to Dr. Bliss and myself of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's recent plea for an alliance of the Anglo-Saxon nations. We remarked to him that on the recent visit of the French fleet the ships went to Tripoli, and in the evening as a cloud hung over Tripoli, the gleam of the search-lights could be seen here in Beirut forty miles distant. He said, "On Friday evening you will see the search-lights of our fleet at Tripoli." Alas, on Friday evening the admiral and his good ship and 375 men were at the bottom of the sea! The ships left Beirut Friday morning in two

parallel lines far apart. They kept far out beyond the Tripoli islands and were to make a great curve around to the north and then turn inward and backward and deploy on another parallel line inside the double line of sailing. As they turned, the vice-admiral signalled, inquiring if they were not too near to make that curve. The answer of the admiral was, "Go ahead!" They went ahead and as they turned inward, the *Camperdown* struck the *Victoria* back of the starboard bow, crushing in the solid armour and letting in the sea in a mighty stream. Rapid signals were interchanged, and there was for a moment danger that the other huge floating castles would collide, but they were managed with marvellous skill. The boats were lowered and hastened to rescue their comrades who had flung themselves into the sea. Then as the *Victoria* sank bows foremost, the engines still moving and the screw revolving in the air, there was a fearful explosion and hundreds of men were sucked down to the depths in eighty fathoms of water. Two hundred and sixty-three men were rescued and 375 were lost.

Dr. Ira Harris, missionary in Tripoli, was on the shore and saw the *Victoria* disappear. Dr. M——, a Syrian physician, a graduate of the Syrian Protestant College, saw the *Victoria* go down and remarked to Dr. Harris, "One of them has gone down —it is one of those submarines. Watch and we shall see it come up again." Soon after, the boats came ashore and officers telegraphed to the consul-general in Beirut of the awful disaster. As they sat on the shore, they recited the full details of the dreadful event and Dr. Harris took notes. No officer was allowed to write or telegraph to the British public the details. When the cablegram reached England of the bare fact, "*Victoria* sunk," and thence to New York, the New York *World*, finding that Dr. Harris was their only subscriber in Syria, cabled him to telegraph them full details. With all the facts now in his possession he obtained the use of the telegraph office and sent off a detailed account of hundreds of words as he had heard it from the officers on the wharf. That telegram was printed in New York, repeated to London, and published by the New York *World* in London

before any reliable report had been given to the British public. The search for the bodies of the dead men was long and thorough, on the spot, and on the adjacent shores, but few were ever found. Six bodies were brought ashore and buried in a plot given by the Sultan, adjoining the American Mission cemetery. Fragments of furniture floated up on the coast of Akkar and were collected by the peasants. Owing to the great depth, no divers could be employed, and that colossal steel coffin lies on the bottom, never to be touched by man, safer than the famous porphyry sarcophagus of Ashmunazer, Phœnician King of Sidon, who inscribed a curse upon any one who should disturb his tomb, and yet that tomb is now in the Louvre in Paris. The reason of Admiral Tryon's failing to heed the warning signal will never be known. It was understood that he said to the officer who stood by him on the bridge, when he saw that the ships were colliding, "I only am to blame," and he went down, holding to the railing of the bridge.

A part of the fleet remained on the coast for some weeks. Ex-Admiral Sir George Wellesley, a nephew of the Duke of Wellington, was at this time visiting his daughter, Mrs. Colonel Trotter, and accepted the invitation of his old subaltern officer, Captain Benham of the *Camperdown*, to be his guest on this cruise along the Syrian coast. He was on the deck of the *Camperdown* when the collision occurred and saw the awful scene in all its heartrending details. He returned to Beirut on a despatch boat the next day, but was so heart-broken that he could not speak. After four days I called upon him with my brother Samuel, and it was most pathetic to witness his manly grief over the loss of his friend Sir George Tryon and so many brave men.

Another event which deeply affected the Mohammedan populace, and might have led to another massacre, was the burning of the famous Mosque of Amweh in Damascus, October 19th. A Jewish tinman had been soldering the leaden plates on the roof and left his hand furnace while he went to his noon meal. A high wind sprang up which fanned the fire to a flame, the lead



THE DAMASCUS AND MECCA RAILWAY

melted, the boards and timbers beneath took fire, and owing to the great height and the want of fire engines, the whole roof was destroyed, as well as many treasures within the building. At first ill-disposed persons charged it on the Christians and a panic fell on the city. But the pasha published the facts and the excitement subsided. But the Arabic and Turkish journals were prohibited from alluding to it in any way, and months after, when subscriptions were made up by wealthy Moslems, the mosque was not mentioned, but the gifts were acknowledged "for the sake of religious objects." This mosque was originally the "House of Rimmon," then the Cathedral Church of St. John the Baptist, then half of it was made into a mosque by Khalid, the "Sword of Mohammed" and finally the whole was seized by Welîd, who himself destroyed the altar.

When the Sultan decided to order it rebuilt, the Waly of Damascus telegraphed the Sultan that "the city of Damascus will alone rebuild it." This produced great indignation, as the Damascenes wished it rebuilt in magnificent style with the aid of the Sultan himself. In December, Mohammed Saïd Pasha, manager of the Hajj pilgrim caravan, subscribed one thousand Turkish pounds, Yusef Pasha three hundred and fifty, and Beit Odham seven hundred and fifty. Contributions of poplar and walnut timbers were made by the villagers and brought into the city with music and shouts of joy. Plans were decided on, and quarrymen, stone carvers, carpenters, decorators, and gilders employed, and the work of construction was carried on for thirteen years. Presents of costly and beautiful rugs of great size were sent from all parts of the empire and Egypt. To-day the work is about complete, and the tomb of John the Baptist in the midst is elegantly adorned.

The pilgrimage to Mecca this year was unprecedently large owing to the "Wakfat," or standing on Mount Arafat, coming on Friday. This is regarded as a most auspicious concurrence, and the throng was immense. Unfortunately the cholera broke out among them and there were a thousand deaths a day. A

Beirut sailor, Hassan, who was there, told me that as the procession started from Mecca out to Jebel Arafat, the men kept dropping dead by the way and the bodies were left in the field, and on reaching the place of sacrifice, the great trenches, dug by the Turkish soldiers for burying the offal of the tens of thousands of slaughtered sheep, were filled with the bodies of dead pilgrims. Hassan said he felt no fear at the time but the sight was horrible. All good Moslems regard it as a special blessing to be able to die in the Holy City of Mecca or near it.

Just at this time Mohammed Webb was parading his new-fledged Islamism in the Chicago World's Congress. He stated that "Woman under Islam is the mistress of the home." The *Interior* asked him, "Which one of her? As she is in the plural number, anywhere from two to twenty? Will Mr. Webb tell us which one of the twenty is mistress?"

I sent to Sir William Muir a second Arabic manuscript by the author of the "Bakurat," called "Minar ul Hoc," which Dr. Van Dyck pronounced superior in argument even to the "Bakurat." Sir William was greatly impressed by it, and after numerous letters had been interchanged by us, he obtained its publication in Arabic and also a clear translation of it into English, to which he wrote a preface, in which he says, "I am unhesitatingly of opinion that, taken as a whole, no apology of the Christian faith, carrying similar weight and urgency, has ever been addressed to the Mohammedan world, and I look upon it as the duty of the Church, should this opinion be concurred in, to take measures for the translation of 'Minar ul Hoc' into the vernacular of every land inhabited by those professing the Moslem faith, and to see that all missionaries in these lands have the means of becoming familiar with its contents."

In November, 1893, Rev. J. Phillips of Damascus was returning from Ireland to Syria, and had in his baggage a number of maps. They were nearly all confiscated. A large valuable map

of Europe happened to have on the east end a strip of Asia with the word "Armenia." For that ill-omened word the map was confiscated. A map of "Palestine under the kingdoms of Judah and Israel" was destroyed, as "the Sultan Abdul Hamid cannot acknowledge any kingdoms of Judah and Israel in his empire." Mr. Phillips remarked that this referred to a period many centuries before Christ. The triumphant reply was, "But this map was not made then. Judah and Israel did not know how to make maps." That is, all ancient maps showing the historic empire of the past are to be suppressed as dangerous to the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

Really the Sultan ought to know what a set of ignorant blunderers are appointed censors over the literature of his realm. There are intelligent, educated young men enough to fill honourably this office, but they are not generally worth enough to buy official position.

The death of Rev. Dr. Arthur Mitchell, secretary of our Board of Missions, was to me a personal affliction. He was not only an accomplished scholar, of great literary ability and a powerful pen, but personally of winning and attractive sweetness of character. He had strong faith and a tender, sympathetic nature. I shall never forget his address at a public meeting in Beirut, describing his feelings as he sailed up the great rivers of China at night. The steamer passed city after city of 20,000, 50,000, 100,000, and so on, and he asked how many missionaries were here and there? *None, none, none*, was the awful reply—no light here—all heathen darkness! and he said that such a feeling of awe and horror and sorrow came over him in thinking of Christ's command and of His Church's neglect and the blackness of darkness resting like a pall on these millions, that he was quite overcome.

The most notable events in the history of the Syria Mission in 1894 were the deaths of two octogenarian members of the mission, Rev. William M. Thomson, D. D., aged eighty-nine, who

died at the house of his daughter, Mrs. Walker, in Denver, Colorado, April 8th; and Mr. George C. Hurter, for twenty years (from 1841 to 1861) printer for the American Mission Press, who died in Hyde Park, Mass., December 29th, aged eighty years. Of Dr. Thomson's life-work, full account has been given in a previous chapter.

Mr. Hurter was born in Malta, May 10, 1813, his father being Swiss and his mother a native of England. He worked first in Corfu on a Greek and Latin lexicon. Then he lived in Leghorn and Marseilles and went to the United States in 1838, where, in Xenia, Ohio, he printed a newspaper for two years. In 1839 he married Miss Elizabeth Grozier of Roxbury, and in 1841 was appointed by the A. B. C. F. M. to the mission press in Syria. Returning to America in 1861 for family reasons, he laboured at his trade and did business with Beirut, being the first to introduce petroleum oil and lamps into Syria. He was a man of simple, childlike faith, a lover of prayer, and a student of God's Word. His pressmen in Beirut loved him. His life was pure and blameless. His pastor, Rev. Mr. Davis, of Hyde Park, said at his funeral, "He was for twenty years my parishioner, and I loved and admired him exceedingly. I think he came the nearest to being a perfect man of any that I have ever known." He celebrated his golden wedding in 1889 and survived his wife by one year.

On being presented with an encyclopedia a year before his death, he was asked what part of it he would enjoy the most, and his characteristic reply was, "Finding the typographical mistakes."

Would that all lay missionaries had his patience, gentleness, fidelity, perseverence, and brotherly kindness. His prayers were most touching and edifying. Men like Dr. Eli Smith and Dr. Thomson, and some of us lesser lights as well, always enjoyed a prayer-meeting led by Mr. Hurter.

This year the theological class was again opened in Mount Lebanon, this time at Suk el Gharb, May 16th, as a summer

school. The instructors were Dr. W. W. Eddy, Dr. Samuel Jessup, Mr. Hardin, and Mr. B. Barudi. This plan continued with intervals until 1905, when it was resumed in the newly purchased Misk house adjoining the church in Beirut.

In February of this year, another professed convert from Islam to Christianity came to Beirut. His name is Ibrahim Effendi from Bagdad—a man about thirty-five years of age, of scholarly bearing, refined and courteous. He said he was the brother of the wife of Abbas Effendi, the new Babi religious head, who last year succeeded Beha Allah in Acre. Threatened three years ago in Bagdad because he would not become a Babi, he fled to Deir on the Euphrates and practiced pharmacy, and from there came to Beirut. He was looking for a place where he could work for Moslems without restriction from the government. I wrote to Mr. Zwemer at Bahrein about him, and on reaching Alexandria, April 28th, I found him there an attendant on the religious services of Rev. Dr. Ewing.

I left Syria on furlough with Mrs. Jessup and my daughters, Anna and Amy, April 25th, for needed rest, or rather for a change of work in the intense life of America. We arrived in New York May 28th, and by December 31st I had delivered seventy-four addresses and sermons and had travelled many hundreds of miles, from Boston to St. Paul, Minn.

As in previous visits to America, the most refreshing and comforting feature of that year was revisiting my childhood's home, meeting brothers and sisters and their children, walking with brother William, the judge, over the old farm, seeing the stock, gathering blackberries and raspberries in the "clearings," fishing in the old trout brooks, and in Jones Lake, Heart Lake, and Silver Lake; entering the old church and seeing the new generation of rosy, bright children in the Sunday-school, meeting the elders and deacons, a very few of whom I knew way back in 1855 and of whom I had read in the village paper all these years; attending the County Agricultural Fair, and addressing the farmers

in the grove; meeting on the street men and women whose faces and names had long been familiar; and breathing the clear, fresh air of that beautiful village, my native place, Montrose, with its broad streets, shaded by maple trees and its village green and lawns, with its wide view over the forest clad hills of Susquehanna County; the very thought of these, as I write among the oaks and olive trees and vine-clad terraces of Mount Lebanon, brings joy and comfort to my heart of hearts.

During the latter months of 1894 and the early part of 1895, I found myself beset with letters, interviews, and questions, requests for lectures and addresses on the Armenian question, which at that time was exciting the whole civilized world. I found it necessary to be "wise as a serpent" that I might be "harmless as a dove." Having lived thirty-eight years (at that time) in the Turkish Empire, and expecting to return, it would not have been wise of me, as one of a body of some two hundred and fifty American missionaries, to tell all I knew or express all I felt with regard to those infamous massacres. I had no patience with Armenian revolutionists, who, at a safe distance, were stirring up their coreligionists in the interior of a Moslem Empire to revolt. It was on the face of it a hopeless and cruel policy. Were the Armenians all concentrated in one province, with one language and religion, they might reasonably have appealed to Europe to give them equal privileges with Bulgaria, under the suzerainty of the Sultan. But they are scattered over an immense territory, intermingled with an overwhelming majority of Moslems, so that a general uprising was only a signal for punishment by the government. But on the other hand, nothing can justify any government on earth in punishing a handful of revolutionists by a wholesale massacre of men, women, and children. No civilized government could do it, or would do it. The real rebels could have been arrested and punished with ease, without annihilating the whole population.

I found it difficult therefore to speak on the subject and was careful to avoid the ubiquitous newspaper interviewers. Alas for

the unwary, who fall into their snares, especially if the one visiting you be a cultivated lady. What can you do? If you turn your back and refuse to speak, they will invent an interview and saddle upon you utterances which when in print make your hair stand on end.

One interviewer made me say that there were three millions of Moslem converts to Christianity in Syria. Others have fathered upon me statements which must have led the public to regard me as recently escaped from a lunatic asylum. Much as we writhe under the inane censorship of the press in Syria, I felt when in America, on reading the curious and inexplicable blunders made in reports of my own language, that a moderate censorship of the unbridled statements of the reporters would not be an unmixed evil.

When in Chicago, October 22, 1894, Dr. Hillis kindly invited me to attend the ministers' meeting in Association Hall. They begged me to speak on the Armenian question. I consented on condition that no report of my remarks be published without being first submitted to me for correction. Mr. Ford, of the Chicago *News*, was the reporter, and agreed to write out the remarks verbatim and bring them to me. He met me at the "Big Four" railroad station the next morning as I was leaving with Mrs. Jessup for Indianapolis and handed me the report. It was admirably done, and after making a few corrections in proper names and figures, I returned it to him. Some of the Armenians in New York afterwards called on me and objected to my allusions to the "Revolutionary Committee" which was working from Russian soil to inflame the minds of the Armenian peasantry in Turkey. I replied that the wisest thing the Armenians in America could do was to dissuade those misguided Armenians in Russia from occasioning disaster and ruin to the poor Armenians in Turkey.

The working force in Syria was weakened this year by the departure of Miss M. C. Holmes, on account of the feeble health of her mother, and of Miss Mary T. M. Ford, another faithful

labourer. Both of them are now (1909) on the field again, though doing work independent of our mission—excellent work which needs no praise from me. Miss Holmes has a school in Jebail half-way between Beirut and Tripoli, a town never before occupied by a missionary, and Miss Ford is doing brave pioneer work among the neglected tribes of Upper Galilee and the Hauran.

Among the returning missionaries after absence in America were Dr. George A. Ford and his mother, Miss E. Thomson and Prof. A. Day, Miss C. H. Brown and Mrs. Dr. George E. Post.

In the fall, I stopped one day on 12th Street near Broadway, where men were blasting for a foundation and had thrown out beautiful glistening slabs of mica slate. Having made friends with a good-natured labourer, I made several trips to the mission house on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 12th Street, carrying fine specimens of this rock which I packed in a box and shipped to the museum of the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut. My father used to say in my youthful days that I had the "stone fever." I have it still.

September 19th I preached in Binghamton the ordination sermon of our nephew, Rev. Wm. J. Leverett, under appointment as missionary to Hainan, China.

During the fall I was searching the country over to find a Christian layman to become secular agent for the Syria Mission. For years, since 1861, the management of the press, the financial, custom-house, post-office, and shipping business had been done by us ordained missionaries, and the mission decided that it was high time to call in some deacon to "serve tables" and let us devote ourselves to the "ministry of the Word." Before the end of the year, we had found Mr. E. G. Freyer, who had been for nine years in the United States Navy on the China station and now desired to enter upon Christian business work in some foreign mission. When in Washington, December 6th, I received from Lieutenant Ranney of the United States Navy a warm testimonial

to the character and ability of Mr. Freyer, and he was appointed lay missionary, sailing in the winter for Beirut.

1895—The six months of my stay in America from January to July were filled with intense activity. When not prostrated with grippe, I was travelling incessantly. I was authorized by the Board to raise $8,000 for the Sidon Industrial School, and secured it all; lectured before the Quill Club in New York on the World's Peace; before Union College; at the Evangelical Alliance, New York; at First Church, New York, for a collection for home missions; prepared a memorial to President Cleveland asking that the Hon. Oscar Straus be sent as a special commissioner to Constantinople to negotiate a naturalization treaty; before the alumni of Union Seminary at the St. Denis, on the crisis in Turkey; and before the students and faculty of Union Seminary. In New York I received a call from Mr. Reugh, a zealous young student of Union Seminary who was impatient to go to East Africa as a pioneer missionary before completing his course. He knew nothing of the climate or the country, did not know to what port he should sail. He said he had no support but should go on faith. I warned him by the experience of several persons I had known and begged him if he should go, to go first to Cairo and study the Arabic language and take advice of Drs. Watson and Harvey as to his field. But he did not need nor heed advice. I told him of the seven young men and the seven young women who went as a "Band" to Japan without money or hardly a change of clothing, and found themselves soon in a starving condition and had to be taken care of by the missionaries and residents. They had been misled by some ignorant enthusiast and came to grief. But Mr. Reugh would not be advised. He went to East Africa and died May 23, 1896.

I also spoke at Elmira College; several times at the Inter Seminary Missionary Alliance at Colgate University, New York, when we were literally snowed under and one delegation was snowbound in Delaware county and prevented from coming to the meeting; at Pittsburg in the church of Dr. Holmes; at

Wooster University. At Lakewood I met the beloved Mrs. Dr. De Forest who had taught the first girls' boarding-school in Syria from 1843 to 1853. At Washington, by invitation of Mr. Everett Hayden, I lectured on the Turkish Empire before the American Geographical Society in Columbian University. I attended Lackawanna Presbytery; then addressed a women's meeting in the Missionary House, Boston; called on the beloved Dr. N. G. Clark, retired from active service by ill health; visited the Arabic library of Harvard University with my friend and correspondent, Mr. John Orne; met on the train the venerable Dr. A. C. Thompson of Roxbury who was at our farewell meeting December 11, 1855, and found him to be en route to lecture on missions before the Hartford Theological Seminary; then gave the annual address before the students and alumni of Auburn Theological Seminary, and renewed my acquaintance, alas, for the last time, with that gifted Christian scholar and gentleman, Dr. Henry M. Booth; then to the church of Dr. Frank Hodge at Wilkesbarre; to the General Assembly at Pittsburg with Mrs. Jessup and my brother William. We were the guests of one of the Lord's noblemen, Dr. Cyrus W. King of Allegheny. By invitation of Dr. Holland, we visited the university and met Mr. Brashear, the noted maker of astronomical instruments. He showed us in his workshop a row of glass lenses of all sizes from three inches in diameter to one foot, and told us that the molecular structure of the glass is so peculiar that sometimes a vibration in the air or in the building will cause a lens to explode and fly into a thousand fragments. He constructed the spectroscope and the visual and photographic object glasses attached to the twelve inch refracting telescope in the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut. One day I went as a member of the delegation to salute the United Presbyterian Assembly in East Liberty. General Beaver was chairman, and the committee were my classmate Wm. W. Cleveland, brother of President Cleveland, Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston, Judge Hibbard, and Mr. Landon. We were astonished at the splendour of that beautiful edifice, the gift of one of the Pittsburg magnates. Thinking of the past of the old Scotch

Covenanters, I told the audience that I almost anticipated finding them huddled in a cave through fear of persecution, but when I looked up at that marvellous roof, the superb organ, and the matchless hues of the stained glass windows, it seemed as if I had suddenly been ushered into heaven! General Beaver asked the moderator about a dozen questions from the Shorter Catechism, answering them himself and saying after each one, "Mr. Moderator, do you believe that?" He answered, "Yes." "And that? and that?—Why then we believe alike, we are one in faith, why not be one in fact?"

On Sunday I preached to the Syrians in the Italian quarter in Pittsburg.

In June I attended the International Missionary Conference of Foreign Missionaries at Clifton, a meeting of spiritual uplifting and fraternal communion. Ever blessed be the memory of Dr. Foster and his wife who founded this conference and whose free hospitality makes it possible from year to year. After hasty visits to the old Montrose home, to the hospitable home of the venerable Wm. A. Booth, and to the charming mansion of Mrs. Elbert B. Monroe at Tarrytown, we sailed, Mrs. Jessup, my daughters, Anna and Amy, my niece, Fanny M. Jessup, and I, once more for our Syrian home, on July 20th, reaching Beirut August 12th, twenty-three days from New York.

In the opening of this year Dr. and Mrs. Harris and children returned from America to Syria. Mr. E. G. Freyer arrived February 11th and soon took up the work of manager of the press and treasurer of the mission, and on December 3d was married in Cairo to Miss S. A. French, formerly a teacher for the Methodist Board in Japan.

Miss Everett was obliged to resign from the work in Beirut Seminary and left for America June 25th.

We arrived August 17th, and in four days I resumed instruction in the theological seminary in Suk el Gharb, thus relieving my brother who had been teaching during my absence. In

October his daughter Fanny went to Tripoli to assist Miss La Grange in the girls' seminary.

On Saturday, October 12th, Mr. John R. Mott and Mrs. Mott with Mrs. Livingston Taylor reached Beirut. As the college term had just begun, Mr. Mott was asked to address the students, which he did morning and evening, speaking on "Bible study for personal growth." I took copious notes, then translated both addresses into Arabic, and published them in our weekly *Neshrah* journal.

On Monday, October 14th, we rose early to take the seven o'clock train as they were going to Damascus and I to Aleih. It was a bright, clear morning. The whole eastern horizon over the range of Lebanon was cloudless in a glow with the rising sun. To the west and southwest the sea horizon was a clear-cut line of blue. But on the northwest was a mountainous pyramid of cumulous clouds, the blackness of darkness at the base, but on the top tinged with purple and gold. A deep calm rested on the sea. I called the attention of Dr. Bliss, at whose house I had been staying, to this extraordinary isolated cloud which loomed like an island of amethyst. At its base it grew blacker and blacker, and as we drove the mile to the railroad station, it seemed to be moving towards Beirut. As the train began the slow ascent over the cogged railway up the mountain, we could see the scouts of the moving column approaching Beirut, and farther up at Jumhur, we saw the lofty summit of Lebanon covered with scurrying masses of black cloud through which the lightning flashed, while deep thunders rolled through the mountain gorges and reverberated from the cliffs. We had hardly reached my door in Aleih when the cloud burst upon us. Lebanon was flooded, and the mountain torrents swollen. Five inches of rain fell in Beirut within two hours. There is no proper sewerage and the water rolled in rivers through the streets. The filth from cesspools which is usually cleared out in August and spread over the ground among the houses, polluting the air, was now washed into the streets and spread over the highways, when suddenly the cloud monster passed and disap-

peared, leaving the streets coated over with this fever-breeding slime. And to make the peril complete, from that time for two weeks the sky was as brass and the heat intense. All this filth was dried and pulverized, and driving hot north winds blew the fine dust in clouds into the houses, over the meat, vegetables, and bread in the markets and into the throats of the people. Within a month there were between seven hundred and a thousand cases of typhoid fever and it was estimated that at least three hundred of the children and youth of the city died. Some estimated it still higher. Various theories were put forth to explain it. One was that the discharges from typhoid patients in a Lebanon village above the aqueduct had been washed down by the cloudburst and thus infected the city water, but in that case the whole city would have suffered, whereas, the most numerous and worst cases were along the line of the streets and highways which received the wash of the surface drainage. Others ascribed it to the fact that the vegetables raised in the truck gardens were washed by the gardeners in pools of foul water, and thus the lettuce, radishes, and cabbages carried the infection among the population.

It was a grievous affliction and the city was in sorrow and distress. Early in November the blow began to fall on our mission. Our Nestor, the veteran of fifty-five years, Dr. Cornelius V. A. Van Dyck, whose strength was already depleted by previous illness, was attacked by the dread typhoid, and on November 13th breathed his last. The whole city felt his death as a personal bereavement, and his funeral was attended by men of all sects and nationalities.

By his special request, no address was made at his funeral. A simple service was conducted in Arabic and English. But under instructions from my missionary brethren, I delivered on Sunday, the 17th, a memorial discourse in English and on Wednesday, the 20th, the same discourse in Arabic, with the text, John 12:24, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

This sermon was afterwards by request repeated in Arabic in

Tripoli, Sidon, Zahleh, Suk el Gharb and Abeih, and in all these places men of all sects, Oriental Christians, Moslems and Druses were among the hearers. Dr. Van Dyck was seventy-seven years of age. We have already sketched his life and work on a previous page. A gloom seemed settling over Beirut.

Rumours of the Armenian massacres multiplied. On the 25th, letters from Constantinople told of 20,000 massacred in the region of Bitlis, Sivas, and Erzeroom, etc. A war broke out between the Druses and Bedawin Arabs at Mejdel Shems and other towns south of Mount Hermon and the two Protestant churches of Mejdel Shems and Ain Kuryeh were plundered and destroyed. When in Tripoli, I met my old friend, Sheikh Ali Rashîd, who expressed great sorrow at the death of Dr. Van Dyck. He said that he had recently preached in the Great Mosque on the text from the Fatiha, "Rabbi-ul-Ahlameen," "Lord of the Worlds" —in which he taught that Allah is not the God of the Moslem world only, but also of the Christian world, and that all men are brothers. I could well believe this, as his aged father, Sheikh Rashîd, during the Crimean War in 1855, when the Moslem rabble were threatening to kill the Greek Christians of Tripoli for sympathizing with Russia, went through the streets and quelled the mob, sending them to their homes.

Then came news of cholera in Damascus, and, without previous notice, a cordon was put on against passengers by the railroad. Mrs. Dr. George E. Post and Dr. Mary P. Eddy who had taken the train from Aleih to Beirut found themselves at sunset ordered to the quarantine outside of Beirut, where they were told they must spend the night in an empty room whose floor was covered with filth, without a morsel of food. However, Dr. Post, hearing of the situation, sent down beds from the city and everything needed to make the place comfortable for the night. The dirt had to be shovelled out. And this was for first-class passengers on the railroad. Fortunately the quarantine did not last more than twenty-four hours.

On December 5th the United States ship, *San Francisco,*

Admiral Selfridge, reached Beirut. He had come out to look after American interests while the massacres were going on. The Moslem rabble in Mersina, Alexandretta, Latakia, Tripoli, and Beirut, and other seaports, hold such a ship in high respect, and such an admiral speaks plain English to Turkish officials and local sheikhs along the coast.

But another blow was to fall, to fill up the measure of our grief. The theological class had closed in Lebanon and we had all moved down to Beirut, when, on December 11th, "Aunt Annie," my brother Samuel's wife, was stricken down with apoplexy. He lived in the lower story and I in the upper of the same house. Samuel returned from the press before sunset, and went to his study as usual. Soon after he looked for his wife and found her lying unconscious on the floor of her room. We were called, doctors were summoned, but all in vain. Consciousness never returned, and as Dr. William Van Dyck stood with us by the bedside, she passed away. The only son was in America and the only daughter, Fanny (now Mrs. Rev. James R. Swain), was forty miles away up the coast in Tripoli. The next morning through the aid of a beloved niece, then a visitor, and a namesake of "Aunt Annie," the little coasting steamer, *Prince George*, was chartered, and Dr. W. G. Schauffler and my daughter Mary volunteered to go and bring the absent one. Consul Gibson and Dr. Van Dyck went down to the wharf at 6 P. M. to meet them and the rest of the friends sat waiting. But we sat four long hours that dark night waiting in suspense, not knowing what might have befallen that frail, unsteady craft on the troubled sea, but at ten o'clock they all arrived in safety. The funeral the next day was largely attended by a loving and sympathetic community. The exercises were conducted by Drs. Bliss, Post, Ford, and Porter, and Messrs. March and Hardin. On the Sunday following, Dr. Post, who was the seminary classmate of my brother, his fellow chaplain in the army of the Potomac, 1861–1863, and his colleague in Tripoli for three years, delivered a most touching and beautiful discourse on her life and character. She was known by the whole Anglo-American community as "Aunt Annie." Full of

hospitality, with a lovely face, cheerful and winning in her manner, her home attracted old and young.

One week later, a little boy, Edgar Rosedale, the son of a transient resident physician, died after a remarkable religious experience. He was twelve years old, but during the last two days of his life, his language was thrilling. He said to me as I was about to offer prayer, "I am going to meet Christ. When you pray tell Jesus I am coming, so He can tell the angels and they can recognize me. I will give your love to all your friends when I get there. I see Jesus." He bade good-bye to all his friends. A notorious scoffer being near came in and would not leave his bedside, saying, "Now I know that Christ is a real Saviour."

A young student of the college was ill with typhoid fever. His professors urged the family who lived in a crowded tenement house to remove him to the hospital. They declined. I went often to see him. He lay on a pallet in the middle of the floor and the room was crowded with a noisy company of men, women, and children, talking and walking about, while the poor lad tossed in a delirium. The people made their remarks about the patient, and literally gave him no rest. I expostulated with the mother and tried to drive out the crowd, telling them that they would kill the young man, but to no avail, and in a few hours he died. The people have an unaccountable dread of a hospital, although the service of the trained German deaconesses, who are nurses in the German hospital in Beirut, is better than any possible service in a Syrian house. Several members of our family have been nursed through typhoid in that beautiful hospital, and we lose no opportunity to commend it to the people.

On the 26th of December I baptized a young Mohammedan convert from near Acre. He gave good evidence of being an intelligent and sincere Christian. His Christian name was Naanet-Ullah Abdul Messiah.

The statement so often made that there are no converts from Islam is easily refuted. The facts cannot be published at the

time, lest the ignorant and fanatical populace, incited by their sheikhs, take the lives of the converts. I have baptized no less than thirty males and females. Some are unmolested, but the majority had to flee from the country. The whole number of converts of whom I have knowledge is between forty and fifty.

1896—This year opened in gloom. New massacres of Armenians in Oorfa and Eastern Turkey, a desperate rebellion of the Druses in Hauran, who killed hundreds of Turkish regulars, the excitement of the Moslem populace on being obliged to send their brothers, husbands, and sons as reserves to the war, and the continuance of the typhoid epidemic in Beirut, filling the city with mourning; all these combined to depress the public mind. Ships of war from England, France, and the United States restored confidence to the seaport provinces, but the apathy of the Christian powers with regard to the murder of 50,000 men, women, and children in the interior was inexplicable. But it was asserted by British residents in the East that a British fleet was ordered to the Dardanelles, and to force an entrance to the Bosphorus as a protest against the massacres, but just at that moment President Cleveland's raising of a critical question with England with regard to Venezuela occasioned the instant withdrawal of the fleet, and thus the opportunity was lost.

On January 4, 1896, I received a cable from a daughter of our dear friend Mr. William A. Booth, announcing his death, January 2d, aged ninety-one. The departure of this patriarch of the missionary Board and supporter and friend of every good cause was a loss to the whole Church. His breadth of view and grasp of all details and bearings of important questions and his imperturbable serenity and sweetness of disposition made him a man to be sought for as counsellor and friend. His sons and daughters have followed his example. The whole Church mourned his departure. With Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, his fellow elder in the old 14th Street Church, he was one of the original trustees of the Syrian Protestant College, and having visited Syria, he

was wise in counsel and fertile in resources for the good of this institution.

During the summer, brother Samuel Jessup and his daughter were afflicted with whooping-cough, and soon after I took it from them. As both Samuel and I had had it in childhood, we concluded that we had it every sixty years. It was quite severe and played such havoc with my voice that in November the physicians enjoined upon me absolute silence and a change of air. This led to my going to Helouan, thirteen miles southeast of Cairo. Here a dry, clear, cloudless atmosphere, cool, bracing desert air at night, and opportunity for walks and donkey rides to the adjacent hills and mountains, with quiet, cool rooms at Heltgel's Hotel, wrought wonders in the way of restoration, and after a month I was able to return to my work in Beirut. On my return I brought about five hundred pounds of geological specimens of fossil wood and shells from the "drift" at Helouan and from the Mukottam mountains east of Cairo. The custom-house inspectors in Beirut were full of amazement at my bringing so many stones. They said, "Are there no stones in Syria?" I might have reminded them that the old Phœnician emperors, and the Greeks and Romans, brought granite and porphyry columns to Syria from Assowan in Upper Egypt.

At the annual meeting of the mission on February 4th, my brother Samuel was stationed in Sidon, whither he removed in October and Mr. Doolittle removed from Sidon to Deir el Komr, the old capital of Lebanon.

Miss Mary Lyons, who was born in Beirut in 1855 and taught for a season in Sidon Seminary, died in Montrose, Pa., the home of her father, June 12th.

March 2d Messrs. John Wanamaker, John W. Parsons, and W. W. Crapo arrived on the *Furst Bismarck*. Mr. Wanamaker gave a stirring talk to the college students and gave a substantial contribution towards a new professorship.

Mrs. H. A. De Forest died in Lakewood April 3, 1896.



BEIRUT MEMORIAL COLUMN
Erected in 1895.

It was hard to understand why the blessed work of Dr. and Mrs. De Forest was so prematurely interrupted in 1854, when their mastery of the Arabic language, their intellectual culture and unusual gifts and graces of personal character had fitted them to mould a whole generation of Syrian youth.

The Russian consul in Beirut, the Prince Gargarin, who is superintendent of the Russian Schools in Syria, ordered our Arabic Scriptures to be put in all the Russian Schools. They purchased in one year some 7,000 copies, and thus thousands of children of the Orthodox Greek sect will be taught to read the Word of God.

After the siege of Zeitoon in Asia Minor by Turkish troops, when the hardy Armenian mountaineers defeated the Turkish regulars in battle after battle, a surrender was arranged through the interposition and guarantees of the British consul in Aleppo. But owing to want of food, exposure, and cold, a pestilence broke out among the people, attended by famine. The Red Cross Society telegraped to Beirut for doctors and medicines, and April 4th, Dr. Ira Harris of Tripoli left for Zeitoon accompanied by two faithful doctors, Dr. Faris Sahyun and Dr. Amin Maloof, graduates of the Beirut Medical College. After encountering great difficulties from the local governors along the road who feared that this deputation might in some way "aid or abet" the Armenian revolt, they reached Zeitoon and found famine, fever, and dysentery raging and at once opened a soup kitchen and fed the half-starved people, treated them for disease, cleaned the town of filth unspeakable and finally the plague was stayed.

In April, the United States minister in Constantinople left on a visit to America. He was a man of much energy, and in language more forcible than Scriptural had threatened the Porte, in case any American should be killed in the massacres, with dire consequences. Orders actually went out from the Porte that all American missionaries be ordered to leave the empire at once.

Nothing was known of this among the foreigners in Constantinople until Saturday P. M., March 28th, when Sir Philip Currie, British ambassador, received a telegram from the British consul in Moosh that the Waly there informed him that he had received such an irade and had ordered the American missionaries in Bitlis and Van to leave in forty-eight hours. Sir Philip drove at once to the house of the Minister of Foreign Affairs and demanded an explanation. The minister denied that such an order had been issued, but the next morning, Sunday, when Mr. Block was sent by Sir Philip to demand an explanation, he admitted it but that it was not his work. Sir Philip then sent word to Mr. Riddle, United States Chargé d'affaires, in the absence of Judge Turrell, and they went together to the grand vizier and the Minister of Foreign Affairs. They both admitted it had been sent. Sir Philip then in the joint name of England and the United States, demanded that the order be revoked within twenty-four hours and that a copy of its revocation be given them.

The Turkish official retraction of the imperial irade or order for the expulsion of the American missionaries I copy from the Beirut Arabic journal, *Lisan el Hal.*

REMOVAL OF AMBIGUITY

April 11, 1896.

The imperial government issued orders to the Walys of Anatolio (Asia Minor) to expel from the kingdoms preserved of God all foreigners who had had a hand in disturbing the public tranquillity. The Waly of Bitlis supposed that these orders referred to the American missionaries living in his district. This has obliged the imperial government to remove the ambiguity. It has therefore issued other orders enjoining the protection of the aforesaid missionaries, and that they continue to carry on their work as usual, and that they enjoy what they have enjoyed and still continue to enjoy, of rest, security and liberty, in their religious works.

This was done, and thus the intrigues of the Russian agents who instigated the Turk to this action were thwarted. Hopkin-

son Smith's theory of American responsibility for the massacres was about as logical as that the Bible was to blame for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the Spanish Inquisition, or that the English Magna Charta was responsible for the horrors of the French Revolution.

It was an important element in the case that owing to the fact that the American missionaries were acting as disbursing agents of British charity to the Armenian widows and orphans, Sir Philip Currie regarded them as so far under British protection, and thus Mr. Riddle could act jointly with him in all representations at the Porte. Had Judge Turrell been at his post, he might, with his Texan independence, have declined to join with Sir Philip in the forcible protest to the Sultan, and thus the representation failed of its immediate object. As it was, the dual intrigue of the Cossack and Tartar was thwarted by the joint action of the Anglo-Saxon representatives.

Hopkinson Smith stated to the American journals that Judge Turrell told him that "the missionaries are to blame for the massacres and that they have fomented rebellion, sedition," etc. Judge Turrell utterly denied this statement of the American artist.

Mr. Smith seemed incapable of appreciating the great work done in Turkey by his countrymen in founding schools, colleges, seminaries, printing-presses, and hospitals during the previous seventy years.

On May 2d I went aboard the French steamer to see Rev. Geo. Knapp, an American missionary from Bitlis, who informed me that he was forcibly arrested and expelled from the city, leaving his mother, wife, and two children behind him. False charges were made against him and he only consented to come away, as a massacre was threatened if he did not. At Diarbekir they refused to let him send a telegram to his minister in Constantinople and he was expelled in midwinter. They offered to release him in Aleppo if he would sign a pledge not to return to Bitlis. Of course he refused. They endorsed his passport

"expelled from Turkey." At Alexandretta they refused to give him up to the American vice-consul, Mr. Walker. Mr. Walker telegraphed to Consul Gibson in Beirut who at once telegraphed Captain Jewell of the United States ship *Marblehead* to go to Alexandretta. The Turks heard of this telegram and on Friday released Mr. Knapp, who went at once to Mr. Walker's. The *Marblehead* arrived Sunday, April 26th, and Captain Jewell sent his boat and took Mr. Knapp to the French steamship bound for Constantinople via Beirut. He went to Constantinople to demand a fair trial there. The British consul in Bitlis declared the charges against him to be utterly unfounded.

Senator Sherman in the *Independent* of April 30th, replying to Prof. A. D. F. Hamlin, makes the announcement that "if our citizens go to a far distant country, semi-civilized and bitterly opposed to them, we cannot follow them there and protect them," etc.

This is an astonishing statement. Can it be that Mr. Sherman never heard of Daniel Webster's letter to the United States minister in Constantinople in 1841 that "an American citizen will be protected as an American citizen always and everywhere no matter what his business or occupation." Fortunately, Senator Sherman did not voice the policy of our government. It would be well if our public men, especially the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, could take a journey around the world and see something more of the world than their own states and districts, and perhaps enjoy the privilege of being kicked out of the "semi-civilized" lands by men who have no fear that America will protect her sons. He seems to think that a "declaration of war" is the only way of protecting our citizens. But surely England, France, Germany, and Italy protect their citizens without declaring war, because they know how to speak in plain language.

Should Mr. Sherman's views be adopted by the American government, it would be wise for our citizens in the interior of Turkey, Persia, and China to put themselves under the protection of the British consuls who would protect them against all comers.

The 18th of April was a memorable day for the suffering people of Syria. The executive committee of the "Lebanon Hospital for the Insane" was organized in Beirut.

In May, the scarlet fever appeared in Beirut for the first time and many children fell victims to it. It was thought to have been brought in the baggage of emigrants returning from America, as it also appeared among them in Zahleh.

In June the Presbytery of Mount Lebanon and Beirut was organized in Zahleh, and has continued an efficient working body until the present time.

In October Miss Bernice Hunting arrived from America as colleague with Miss La Grange in the Tripoli Girls' School.

September 20th, to the great regret of the entire American community and all the Europeans and natives who knew him, our excellent consul, Thomas R. Gibson, of Georgia, died of smallpox in the hospital of the Knights of St. John in Beirut.

Mrs. Gerald F. Dale, having written from America resigning her connection with the mission, the members in attendance at the semi-annual meeting in June embodied in a minute their deep regret at this sundering of our official connections and commending her to the care and guidance of the Great Head of the Church. She has endeared herself to not only her fellow labourers, but to the women and girls in many towns and villages in Syria. She is now (1908) superintendent of the Maria DeWitt Jesup hospitals for women and children and training-school for nurses in the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut.

In July a new rebellion broke out in Hauran and the Druses surprised and massacred two battalions of Turkish troops and tore up the railroad tracks and the telegraph wires. Twenty-five hundred troops were brought on from Macedonia to quell the insurrection. Only last winter the Druses were defeated, crushed, and nominally brought into subjection. The Lebanon Druses

claim that the reason of the present outbreak is the outrages committed by the Turkish troops on their women and girls.

The Turkish government with great military sagacity have now (1906) opened three railway lines of approach to the Druse strongholds, the two roads from Damascus to Mezeirîb from the north, and the Haifa railroad from the west, so that a future Druse rebellion in Hauran is well-nigh impossible.

During this year the Zahleh manse was erected but not completed. Mr. Hoskins sailed for America in September, having ably superintended the work of construction. But the funds were exhausted and the building was roofless, and in peril from the coming winter rains and snows. I went over September 18th and with my son William contracted with Omar, the head carpenter, to put on the tiles at once, raising the necessary funds from private sources.

It has been the policy of the mission not to erect residences for missionaries where suitable dry native houses can be leased. But years of leaky roofs and vermin-infested ceilings and walls in Zahleh and the large amount expended annually in rents, convinced the mission and the Board that Zahleh was an exception to the rule. Hence through the liberality of intelligent friends in New York, Pittsburg, and other places, the funds were provided, and the members of the station have a dry, clean, comfortable house.

1897—In January I was at Helouan, the desert city southeast of Cairo, trying to recover my voice lost by whooping-cough.

In February, the mission having again changed its mind as to the desirability of conducting theological education in Beirut, voted to sell the fine edifice known as the "Theological Building" on the college grounds to the college trustees, the same being changed to "Morris K. Jesup Hall" in honour of the donor of the purchase money. The fund received was retained by the Board for use in case of future need for theological education.

Our Argus-eyed friends, the censors, suppressed our Arabic geography, which the government had officially approved in several editions, as the word "Armenia" was used to describe that province in Eastern Turkey which has been known by that name since the days of the kings of Israel; and Arabia was spoken of as an independent province.

They also struck out of the book, "The Right Road," the verse quoted from Titus 1:5,—"For this cause left I thee in Crete that thou shouldest set in order the things that are wanting and ordain elders in every city." The censor argued, "Crete is under the Sultan, and who dares assert that anything can be *wanting* in his imperial domains?" So they struck out the disloyal passage, although every verse in the Bible has the official sanction of His Imperial Majesty's government!

Alas, protest is useless. Were His Majesty cognizant of the lack of brains in his press censors, he would probably order them to be put on a diet of fish and phosphorus. When a jealous general complained sanctimoniously to President Lincoln that General Grant, the captor of Vicksburg, drank whiskey, the President replied, "Is that so? If you can tell me what brand of whiskey General Grant uses, I will order a supply for all the generals, as he seems to be the only one who *does* things." It would be well if educated men could be put in charge of the department of public instruction. We have had censors in Syria who knew neither geography nor history, and who pronounced on books whose language they did not understand.

In March we were favoured with another visit from my dear friend, the venerable Canon H. B. Tristram, who was travelling with Miss Kennaway, daughter of Sir John Kennaway of the Church Missionary Society. We drove together to the Dog River and examined again the locality of bone breccia which he discovered thirty-three years before, and from which I had quarried a camel load for him and his English scientific friends. He viewed with interest the great progress made in all the Protestant missionary institutions, and spoke as a scientific

botanist with the highest appreciation of the great work of Dr. Geo. E. Post on the "Flora of Syria and Palestine."

We were grieved to learn afterwards from Jerusalem that he was kicked by a horse at Bethany and had his leg broken.

The friendship of such men as Canon Tristram and Sir William Muir I greatly prize. They both were fine specimens of the learned class in England, who are at the same time earnest Protestant evangelical Christians, in warm sympathy with Christian missions as well as with the progress of learning. Canon Tristram had no sympathy with those mimics of popery in the Church of England, who repudiate the name Protestant, nor had he any sympathy with the attempts to fraternize with the ikon worshipping and Mariolatrous Oriental Church.

During the month of April I was visiting the well-known Mohammed Effendi B—— of Beirut during Ramadan and the conversation turned to the subject of fasting. He remarked that some of the Christian ecclesiastics who compel their people to fast in Lent are not very scrupulous themselves about fasting. He said that he was once invited during Lent to dine with a company of officials at the house of a Christian bishop. The bishop was fasting and had special dishes prepared for him and his priests. The rest of the food consisted of meat and chicken and the usual courses. He sat next the bishop around the Oriental table and each one was helping himself with his hands from the dish before him. In the midst of the meal the light went out, and they were left in darkness. While the servant went for another lamp they continued eating, and as he extended his hand to help himself to chicken, he grasped the hand of the bishop in the platter of chicken! There was mutual laughter and the matter passed as a capital joke. One can imagine the effect produced upon the mind of this intelligent Moslem by the insincerity of his ecclesiastical friend. When he told it to me, he added, "We have Moslems who eat in Ramadan on the sly." This is notorious. The back room of a well-known druggist in Beirut is frequented in Ramadan by young Moslems

who lunch there unseen by the public. Not a few Turkish officials lunch openly during Ramadan at the hotels and restaurants.

The summer of 1897 was a season of sorrow and anxiety throughout mission circles in Syria.

On the 6th of June Rev. Archibald Stuart, of the Irish Presbyterian Church in Damascus, died of typhoid fever. His friend, Dr. McKinnon, brought him in from Nebk to the Victoria Hospital in Damascus, but he sank rapidly and passed away. He was probably the most promising young missionary in Western Asia, of great intellectual and spiritual gifts, a preacher of power and unction and beloved by the people. He gave a series of sermons to the college students in Beirut in February, and won the hearts of all. On the same day, Miss James, recently directress of the British Syrian Schools, died in England, greatly lamented. Her influence while in Syria was profoundly spiritual and uplifting.

The week previous, Rev. David Metheny, M. D., the veteran missionary of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Mersina, the port of Tarsus, died of heart failure. He was a man of great medical and surgical skill, a good Arabic preacher, of extraordinary energy, tender hearted and self-denying, generous and sympathetic with the poor. He was on the point of sailing for America with his family, when heart disease, which had kept him long in expectation of sudden death, culminated in instant release from pain and suffering. I loved the good brother. We differed on the subject of hymn singing, but he was a great lover of good music. In 1886 we sang together the old negro melodies and he accompanied on the violin, as Mrs. Jessup and I sang the words. We taught him "Old Black Joe," whose pathetic weirdness seemed to touch a tender spot in his refined nature. But at family prayers nothing but the psalms could be used. And we did not discuss the hymn question. I used to tell him that we have one advantage. "You can only sing psalms. We can also sing psalms, and hymns besides." He would sing

hymns as musical practice in off hours, but never in public or private worship. His successors are good and true men and I long for the day when we can all meet in religious conferences and sit together at the table of our common Lord.

After his removal from Latakia to Mersina, he purchased land on the seashore near the port and proceeded to erect a mission house. The Waly at Adana ordered him to stop, after the house was nearing completion. He did not stop. The Waly then sent word that he would come down on the railroad with troops and force him to stop and tear down the building. Before the train arrived, a telegram reached the doctor, "The United States ship *Marblehead* will be in Mersina to-morrow."

Just then the train came in, and the troops began their march with the Waly at their head. The doctor gave the telegram to his teacher and said, "Take this to the Waly wherever he is, on the street, and ask him to appoint a suitable officer to escort the American admiral to-morrow to the American premises!" The Waly read the telegram, gave new orders, and the troops wheeled and after marching around the city, brought up at the railroad station headed for Adana. The doctor was not molested after that episode.

The Zahleh station was severely smitten. My son William was ill with typhoid fever for forty days and during his illness, when too weak to know what was transpiring, his infant son, Henry, died of cholera infantum. I was there at the time, and at midnight left Zahleh in a carriage with an aunt of the dear child and drove to Beirut, bearing the little casket for burial in the old mission cemetery. That midnight drive over the heights of Lebanon, with that little dead grandchild, was one of those solemn scenes which can never be effaced from human memory. The father was not informed of his death for two weeks, when fever had ceased and his strength began to return. The Lord gave him strength to bear it patiently but it was a bitter trial.

While William was at the most critical stage of the fever, a fire

broke out in the flue of the kitchen fireplace. The walls were of sun-dried brick and the chimney was simply a hole between the outer and inner walls made of clay and cut straw or tibn. The tibn had ignited and when the cook discovered the fire at 3 P. M., the entire chimney up to the roof was a glowing coal of fire. A terrific wind was blowing at the time and the only available water was a few jars in the house brought from the river a quarter of a mile distant. I went up a ladder to the roof and gave the alarm to the neighbours. Owing to the gale we could hardly stand on the roof and as jar after jar of water was brought by the kind neighbours, we poured it down the chimney. For a full hour we fought the fire and finally thought we had subdued it. The tiled roof which adjoined the chimney was made of timber dry as tinder and extended over the court and over the room of the sick one. Had the cook not discovered the fire just as he did, the flame which had already licked the ends of the beams of the tiled roof would have swept over the whole house and blocked all exit from the sick-room. Before sunset the watchman whom we had left on the roof shouted that the fire had broken out afresh and we had another half hour's struggle, using all the water in the vicinity until at length the whole wall was water soaked and the house was saved. It was one of those providential deliverances which fill the heart with gratitude and praise to Him who careth for us. I cannot think of that hour of peril without a shudder.

Later in the season, his daughter Elizabeth was prostrated with typhoid and December 18th, Mrs. William Jessup, the mother, perceiving symptoms of the same malady, took the train for Beirut and entered the St. John's Hospital, where, under the care of Dr. Graham and the German deaconesses as nurses, she came through safely. Meantime, a lovely English girl, Miss Kitty Dray, teaching in the British Syrian School in Zahleh, died of the same fell disease and was brought to Beirut for burial.

Our hearts were gladdened by the arrival of my son Frederick,

who, after graduating at Princeton, had come to serve a three years' course as tutor in the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut.

At this time came a staggering blow from the West. The Board of Missions, in view of financial stress, cut off at one stroke fifteen thousand dollars from the annual appropriation to the mission. That is, more than one-fourth of the allowance for the foreign and native labourers, the seminaries, schools, itineracy, publication, and hospital work. The bitter pill was sugar coated with fraternal assurances of great regret and sympathy with us in our distress. The mission was called together and the surgeon knife of vivisection had to do its work. About forty village schools were closed, about one-half of which were kindly taken up by the British Syrian Mission.

Many teachers, trained and experienced, were discharged; others resigned and entered the employment of other societies with our full approbation. Who could blame a man with a wife and nine children for resigning when his salary was reduced from thirty to twenty dollars a month?

Every department took its share of the "cut." The native churches and congregations were urged to assume more of their expenses. The missionaries gave of their scanty means to relieve the pressure. Owing to the extraordinary rise in the cost of living, hardly a missionary in Syria can live on his salary, and but for private resources would have to resign and go home.

We have had frequent "cuts," as they are called, but this was "the most unkindest cut of all," not because of any conceivable unkindness on the part of the Board or the Church at home, but from its placing us in the position of discriminating in our own favour, when applying the excision to others. It would be a happy day for missions if they could be carried on without money; and the most trying feature of the work is its making the foreign missionary an employer and the native labourers employees. In a great press like that in Beirut, we have nearly fifty male and female employees, but the press manager, fortunately now a layman, pays all the wages. When Dr. Van



DANIEL BLISS HALL
Syrian Protestant College.

Dyck, myself, Dr. Samuel Jessup, and Dr. Eddy, in turn and for years had the management of the press, and at the same time were preaching to the people and doing pastoral work among them, our souls were vexed beyond measure with begging letters and begging visits, asking for employment or for increase in wages, or complaining of each other, and, in case of disappointment, threatening to leave the church and accusing us of partiality or severity.

Alas, that although we have transferred this odious business relation in the press to the broad shoulders of Mr. Freyer, whose nine years in the United States Navy enable him to carry on the business like clockwork, and whose "Savings Bank" system has won the admiration and secured the loyalty of all his employees, we still have to act as school superintendents and paymasters to a small army of helpers and teachers all over the land. Happy the missions, like Korea and Uganda, where the people support their own mission churches and schools, and glad will be the day when Syria follows in their train.

This mission began years ago by giving everything gratis and hiring men to teach and preach. Many "false brethren" were thus foisted upon the mission "unawares" who afterwards denied the faith and went back "worse than before." And when in the period between 1860 and 1870 the question of paying for education and church support was raised, the missionaries were openly charged with robbing the natives of money intended for them.

The news of the severe retrenchment of our work was accompanied by a letter suggesting a contribution from every missionary of the Board towards paying the debt of the Board. The letter implied that *some have already given* to the extent of their ability to relieve the work in the field from the cut. This was true of us all. Yet we were willing to do and did even more.

I received from England a contribution which touched me much. Miss Mary P. Bailey, one of the secretaries of the British Syrian Mission, wrote me as follows:

British Syrian Mission, Wimbledon, England, July 7, 1897.

DEAR DR. JESSUP:

I was very much touched yesterday, by receiving from an officer's servant a gift of two shillings six pence for the American Missions in Syria. So I forward it at once to you in English stamps.

The man's address I enclose. The gift is small but it comes from a man of prayer, and I believe God will use it as a lever to raise a large sum of money to supply your need. He has used small, weak things before. He still uses them. This man (although only an officer's groom) gives six pence every month for the British Syrian Mission. Writing to him the other day, I told him of the sad sorrow you were in and asked him to pray that your helpful, beautiful work might not be reduced for want of funds.

We cannot spare one of your stations in Syria. May the Lord increase you more and more.

A little boy was once present in a church in London, when one of our missionary societies was in terrible need, and the cause was being earnestly pleaded. When this child got home, he said to his mother, "Mother, did you hear what the minister asked for, so very much money? I am only a little boy, but I would like to give him my silver mug for the missionaries: may I?" The mother said, "I am not quite sure, my boy, if your father will like you to do that, but we will ask him." The father gladly agreed and the mug was sent to Mr. Bickersteth and sold. He told the story of the child's love to his congregation next Sunday, and in the two following Sundays the whole of the necessary money was raised. "A little child shall lead them." That child is now a missionary in India.

May this be so with you, and may your hearts be gladdened by your treasury being filled, and your work extended. I well remember our prayer-meetings in Beirut in your drawing-room and long to join you again one day. Till then, and while my Lord keeps me working at home,

Believe me,

Yours in the hope of His speedy coming,

MARY P. BAILEY.

Deputation Secretary British Syrian Mission.

The gifts of the poor, transfigured by prayer, and winged with

love, will surely stir up the more favoured members of our churches to give liberally and upbraid not.

There will be a good deal of heart searching and new dedication of all to Christ awakened by this movement of a universal offering of the seven hundred missionaries of the Board! There will be much giving out of straits and distress, but none the less it will be a joyous offering.

For many years, the smaller missions in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, and the irrepressible "independent" one-man and one-woman missions, having few native agents, and having no better principles about self-support than we had fifty years ago, would offer higher salaries than we with our 120 native agents could possibly pay, and hence our best trained young men and women, naturally desirous of improving their condition, would suddenly resign and leave us in the lurch. "Served you right," our Korean missionary brethren would say to us. "You set the pace and now they're only following your example." "'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."

But the experience of this year, 1897, has helped to forward the cause of self-support and now, in 1909, owing to the increasing self-respect of the Syrian brethren, and the fact that many who have emigrated to America, Brazil, and Australia are either returning with ample means or sending money to pay for the education of their kindred, the native contributions show a constant and hopeful increase.

In response to a request of the Board, I prepared an article for the *Church at Home and Abroad* on "From whence does the Church derive its Missionary Inspiration?" and argued that it is not from our church standards which have only remote allusions to the subject, nor from spasmodic appeals in public meetings. The then recent Lambeth Conference admitted that "the Thirty-nine Articles do not allude to the Church's duty to the heathen world." That conference of 194 bishops in its encyclical letter

declared that "The cause of missions is the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ. For some centuries, it may be said, we have slumbered. The Book of Common Prayer contains very few prayers for missionary work." Why did not these good men add some new missionary prayers to their prayer-book? And why does not the Presbyterian Church inject a missionary spirit into its Confession of Faith?

The only conclusion is that we must depend for our "inspiration" upon the Word of God, the commands of Christ, and the example of the apostles.[1]

Two epidemics scourged Beirut in the fall, in addition to the typhoid,—malignant black smallpox and rabies among the dogs, Scores died of the smallpox and patients walked the streets and rode unmolested by the police in the public carriages. It is not safe for any foreigner, tourist or scholar, to come to this land without revaccination, for smallpox lurks everywhere and numerous tourists have taken it while here or soon after leaving.

A young German was taken ill in Beirut with smallpox and removed to the pest-house of St. John's Hospital where he was attended by Dr. Graham and the deaconesses. Delirium set in and his whole body was black with the virulent disease. One day Dr. Graham entered the room and found the patient a raving maniac, having stripped off all his clothing. He sprang like a tiger upon Dr. Graham, caught him by the throat and hurled him to the floor. Then followed a terrific struggle, and the doctor succeeded at length in throwing him off, and calling for help. He was smeared with blood but made out to bind the poor sufferer, who soon expired. The doctor's account of that loathsome wrestling match almost curdles one's blood. He did not contract the disease, however, and his example must have had a wholesome influence upon his medical pupils who were cognizant of the facts.

The epidemic of rabies among the street dogs, for the first time in my knowledge, alarmed the Moslems. They dread to kill a dog. Dogs are the scavengers, living in colonies in the streets

[1] Since this was written, the Presbyterian Confession has been "revised," and a better showing given to the work of missions.

and making night hideous with their howling. But several Moslems were bitten by a rabid dog and were hurried to the Pasteur Institute in Constantinople. Other dogs had been bitten. Something must be done. The example of the English in Alexandria, who had annihilated the whole dog population, was resorted to. The edict went forth and in one week 1,300 dogs were poisoned or shot, and were buried a mile distant in the sands. For once, Beirut was quiet at night. The Moslems felt lonely. Two years after, they sent to Sidon and Tripoli and imported two sloop-loads of "curs of low degree" and repopulated the deserted streets, and now the dogs own the city once more, and are increasing with fearful rapidity.

A Moslem convert, Naamet Ullah, who was converted in 1895, came to Beirut in the spring. He was arrested, thrown into the army and wrote me a letter from the military barracks. He was taken with his regiment to Hauran where he deserted, reappeared in Beirut, thence to Tripoli, where he took ship to Egypt and disappeared from view.

Three Maronite priests and one Coptic monk called at different times and offered to become Protestants on condition that their expenses be paid to America. They were treated kindly, but we informed them that we were not an emigration agency, and tried to convince them of the sin of such a hypocritical profession. It is to be taken for granted that the most hopeless, spiritually, of all the Orientals are the priests and monks. Their consciences seem seared as if with a hot iron.

In November I mailed to America the manuscript of the life of Kamil to which allusion has already been made. I cannot but regret that the dear young man requested me to return to him the original of all his Arabic journals and the correspondence with his father. Providentially I had translated them all into English, and it would be possible to retranslate them into the original Arabic, but the aroma of his beautiful style could not be reproduced. All those manuscripts fell into the hands of the Turkish

soldiers in Bussorah and whether they were kept or destroyed cannot be ascertained.

In August Naoom Pasha, Governor of Lebanon, was reappointed for five years. He was a good governor. A deputation of five members of our mission called upon him and congratulated him on his reappointment. He was most courteous and showed us through all the apartments of the B'teddin palace.

In October I received a letter from Chicago inquiring about Mr. Ibrahim Khairullah, the Syrian, who was attempting to propagate Babism in the United States. I sent to Mr. Stowell a "Life of Mr. Ibrahim Khairullah," written by his relative and intimate friend in Beirut. I give here a copy of my letter, but the "Memoir" is not of sufficient value to be reproduced. His temporary success in the occult art business is only another instance of the gullibility of human nature. Three years later I visited Abbas Effendi in Haifa and an account of the interview was published in the *Outlook* of June 22, 1901. A recent book by M. H. Phelps of New York, 1904, gives a very fair account of this Persian bubble, showing that it is nothing new in religious history but a revamp of ancient Pantheistic theories. Mr. Phelps' summary of Abbas Effendi's teaching as "Love to God and Man" shows it to be as old as Christ and Moses. It is the essence of New Testament ethics, and there are millions of Christians to-day living according to this standard as far as they can by the aid of divine grace. Abbas Effendi is almost a Christian. But his latitudinarian views that all men, pagans, idolaters, and all are accepted of God, would seem to make any attempt to propagate Babism a work of supererogation.

The letter to Mr. Stowell is as follows:

"I received yours of September 24th in due time, and last week sent your letter to a reliable person in Beirut who is a relative of the man you mention. It is evident that the man has been at his wit's end to know how to make a living and is now trying a new religion. The enclosed brief chronicle you can rely upon as being correct.

"The book you speak of as 'Bab el Din,' Revelation from the

East, is either that mongrel mass of stuff written by the Greek priest, Christofory Jebara, for the World's Parliament of Religions, in which the author would bring about a union between Christianity and Islam by our all becoming Moslems; or some new rehash of Professor Browne of Cambridge, England, on the 'Episode of the Bab,' the Persian delusion whose head man, Beha-ullah in Acre claimed to be an incarnation of God and on his death a few years ago his son, Abbas Effendi, succeeded him and is running the 'incarnation' fraud for all that it is worth, and that is worth a good deal, as pilgrims constantly come from the Babite sect in Persia and bring their offerings of money with great liberality.

"Such men as Jebara and the Babites of Persia turn up now and then in the East, 'go up like a rocket and down like the stick.' The priest Jebara made no converts as far as I can learn, unless Mr. Khairullah be one. The fact is there was nothing to be converted to. You can't love or pray to a mere negation.

"The Babite movement in Persia started out as an attempt at a reform of Islam and ended by the leader claiming to be divine and invulnerable in battle, but when he died, another was found ready to succeed to his pretensions.

"They teach a strange mixture of truth and error, of extreme liberality and unscrupulous persecution of those obnoxious to them. I had a friend a few years ago, a learned Mohammedan of Bagdad, who was feeling his way to Christianity. His father, a wealthy man, died when he was young, and his uncle, a Babite, determined to train up the lad as a Babite. But the boy as he grew up refused to accept Babism. The uncle then robbed him of his property and drove him out of Bagdad. A few years ago he came here, professed Christianity, and was baptized in Alexandria, Egypt. While here, he went down to Acre to visit one of the Babites whom he had formerly known. After remaining there a few days, he found out that his uncle had written to Acre about him and one night he received word that his life was in danger if he stayed through the night and he escaped to Beirut in great terror.

"Some months ago, an elderly Persian Babite called at our press in Beirut, and some time after brought a beautiful gilt motto on a large wall card which he gave us. He said he prayed to that motto for twelve years, and now, after reading the Bible, he has decided to give up such folly. (On the card was written in Arabic 'O glory of the most glorious,'—the mystic prayer of the Babites.)

"The Greek Jebara wants the Moslem lion and the Christian lamb to lie down together, only the lamb must be inside the lion.

"The Babites want all to become lambs, even if they have to use force to make them so. Their blasphemous claim that the Acre sheikh is God is quite enough to condemn them.

"I earnestly pray that Mr. Khairullah may be led by God's Spirit back to the pure faith of his youth when he covenanted to take the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

"It is easy to be specious and plausible but *secret* religious sects are dangerous and secret propagandism which you say is his method, is a confession of weakness. Truth loves the light and if the 'Bab el Din' is afraid of the light and of open discussion, it should be avoided by every God-fearing man and woman.

"We have two secret religions in Syria, that of the Druses and the Nusairiyeh, both bound to secrecy by awful oaths and imprecations. Our divine Lord in the third chapter of John says, 'Men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil.' 'But he that doeth truth cometh to the light that his deeds may be manifest that they are wrought in God.'

"If a Druse or Nusairy leaves his sect, his life is regarded as forfeited.

"American Christians believe that Christ is the Light of the World. The Lord deliver them from the delirious blasphemies of the Asiastics who claim to be God Himself!"

In reply to a letter from Dr. Paul Carus, I wrote the following:

"I owe you an apology for so long delaying in acknowledging the receipt of the 'edition de luxe' of the secretary's report on the Religious Parliament Extension.

" You request an expression ' of your views of the outlook of the religious life as it appears to you both in your own sphere and the world at large.'

" The Parliament had little influence on the public mind in Western Asia. No Mohammedan from this part of the globe attended it, and the Greek archimandrite who read a paper, represented no one but himself in advocating a union of Christianity and Islam by surrendering the cardinal doctrines of the former.

" The Mohammedans would not go and had they gone they would have been prohibited from publishing any report on their return.

" Liberty of the press on religious questions is unknown in this empire, and any journal which should criticize Islam or the Koran would be summarily suppressed.

" The events of the past two years, whatsoever their cause, have brought out into bold relief the worst features of an exclusive and uncompromising religious system.

" Murders, robberies, rapes, spoliation, the abduction of women and girls, and enforced apostasy from Christianity have been sanctioned not only by the officials of the dominant faith, but by a responsive awakening of popular fanaticism.

" Thoughtful men who are restless under the suppression of free thought are compelled to be silent and cry to God for relief. There is no such thing as public opinion. The press simply echoes the views of the local censor, and the censor, the views of the central authority.

" With regard to the Maronite, Orthodox Greek, and Papal Greek sects of Syria, there is little to hope for from the higher ecclesiastics. One prominent patriarch purchased his chair by bribes, amounting, it is publicly asserted, to ten thousand pounds.

" A notable exception to the simony intrigue and avarice of the higher ecclesiastics is the Orthodox Greek Bishop of Hums (the ancient Emesa), who has placed the Bible in all his schools where twelve hundred children are taught and is labouring efficiently to enlighten and elevate his people.

" The influence of Protestant education and literature on the

rank and file of the people is palpable on every side. The rising generation of all sects is better informed, more liberal and tolerant, than the past. Schools which have been founded to keep out the light have let it in. Public sentiment with regard to the honour and dignity of woman has undergone a wonderful change. The veil continues and the hareem seclusion continues, but the veiled and secluded have begun to think for themselves.

"Mohammedan young men will no longer consent to marry girls they have never seen, but now in Beirut, visit them and drive out with them on the public highways with the mothers as chaperones.

"A visit to the homes of educated Christian young women in Syria is an impressive object-lesson as to the value of a Christian education for girls. Their houses are well ordered, tidy, cheerful, and happy. The more attractive features of Oriental hospitality have a new charm in these enlightened Christian families.

"The general religious outlook in the empire is hopeful, notwithstanding the dreadful Armenian massacres of the past two years. The healing touch of the divine hand and the awakening tones of the divine voice have brought life and thoughtfulness and spiritual quickening, whereas before the massacres all was apathy and death. God's judgments, instead of hardening, have softened men's hearts. In Anatolia the schools are crowded with pupils and the churches cannot contain the thronging worshippers. Old enemies have become friends of the Gospel. The very means used for the extermination of gospel light have ended in its wider dissemination. The Gregorian Armenian hierarchy have become the friends of the Protestant missionaries. As the massacres of 1860 in Syria broke up the fallow ground and prepared the way for the new sowing of the gospel seed, so the events of 1895–1896 are proving to have turned out for the furtherance of the Gospel.

"Taking a wider view of religious thought in the Eastern world, the truth is not lost and will not lose by the 'brotherly exchange of thought' that is now more and more pervading the world. Insincere and designing men may deceive 'all of their

countrymen some of the time, and some of them all of the time; but they cannot cheat all men always.'

"Truth is patient, God is patient. It can afford to be condescending though misunderstood, and generous though it be called weak, but it is never impatient for the harvest before the seed has had time to grow.

"Western Asia, India, China and Japan may be misled for a time by those who assure them in obscure and misty phrase that the citadel of Christian truth is fallen forever; but when the mists have cleared away, the shining battlements will 'look forth, bright as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.'

"In diplomacy, nothing baffles cunning like the frankness of simple truth, and in the sphere of religion, nothing defeats the sophistries of Asiatic heathenism and the assumption of Islam like the plain preaching of salvation through Christ and Him crucified."

The missionary statistics for the year 1897 were as follows:

The whole number of children in Protestant schools in Syria and Palestine is about 17,000, of whom at least 8,000 are girls. Enrolled Protestants as a civil sect, 7,000.

American Press, Beirut

Number of publications on press catalogue .	601
Publications issued in 1896 and 1897 . . .	282,000
Pages printed from the first	578,000,000

Syrian Protestant College, Beirut

1896–1897, whole number of students	309
Graduates to date, collegiate	164
" " " medical	163
" " " pharmaceutical	53
	380
Number of professors and instructors	25
Protestant orphanages in Syria and Palestine	5
Protestant hospitals and dispensaries in Syria and Palestine,	36

Hospitals in Beirut

Protestant, St. John's.
Roman Catholic, St. Joseph's.
Orthodox Greek, St. George's.
Turkish military hospital.
Municipality hospital.

Arabic Journals in Beirut

Protestant	4
Orthodox Greek	2
Turkish official	1
Roman Catholic	4
Mohammedan	2
	13

A New York gentleman wrote asking me to give him an account of all the missionary work and "societies of a political character" at work in Turkey. I replied, giving an account of the various missions but stated that, "I know of no political societies but the order of Jesuits. All the Americans in Turkey, an empire of absolute despotism, keep entirely aloof from political questions. In our published books and periodicals we cannot mention politics. The censorship of the press is more severe than in Russia. Our object is to introduce light, to educate the young, to care for the sick and suffering, publish good and useful books, and let the government alone."

In September, my daughter, Ethel Hyde Jessup, was married in Aleih, Mount Lebanon, to Franklin T. Moore, M. D., of the Syrian Protestant College.

In October Miss Ellen Law was obliged to leave for America on account of her health and my daughter Anna took her place for a year and a half.

Rev. Messrs. Hoskins and Hardin returned from America, the former in October and the latter in December.

1898—March 13th we had a visit from President Angell, United States Minister to Constantinople.

That visit was a benediction to us all, nationally, intellectually, and spiritually. He arrived with Mrs. Angell on Sunday morning, March 13th, on the steamship *Aller*, which had been lying at Jaffa, as its excursion tourists had gone up to Jerusalem. A protracted gale of wind had prevented the usual steamer from communication with Jaffa and consequently the volume of detained travellers who had returned from Jerusalem to Jaffa was very great, and all the hotels were crowded. Dr. Angell, Mr. Isidor Straus of New York, and about twenty others tried to catch English and Egyptian steamers which came to Jaffa to take them to Beirut, but in vain. At length the captain of the *Aller* having extra time on his hands, agreed to bring the party to Beirut for $1,000. They arrived on Sunday morning. I preached at the college in Arabic that morning at nine o'clock and just as the last bell was ringing for the service, and Dr. Bliss and I were entering the chapel door, the carriage drove by with Dr. and Mrs. Angell, and the kavass of the United States consul on the box. We bade them welcome.

I recalled the time when, at Dr. Angell's invitation, I addressed the students at Ann Arbor University. He was in excellent health and spirits. We found that Dr. and Mrs. Angell and their party were booked for Baalbec and Damascus the next morning, Monday, and must return and sail for Constantinople on Saturday.

At 3:30 P. M. after seeing other parts of the work he came to the Arabic Sunday-school, accompanied by the United States consul and his kavasses, and made a brief address to the 250 children urging them to the study of God's word and to trust in Christ as their Saviour. It was delightful to hear his testimony to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

On Sunday evening Dr. Angell made an address to the college students on "Intellectual, Moral, and Spiritual Culture" which was a most impressive and beautiful address and will never be forgotten by those who heard it. I took careful notes and on Monday translated it all into Arabic. On Friday it was published in our weekly *Neshrah* and I had half a dozen copies struck off in

gilt letters which I presented to him on Friday evening, when Mrs. Bliss gave a reception to all the American community for Dr. and Mrs. Angell.

On Saturday morning before leaving on the French steamer for Constantinople, he visited the press and went through all its departments and I then went down with him to the wharf. His visit was brief but he manifested the deepest interest in all departments of the work.

We said little to him about the United States claims against Turkey for indemnity for losses during the massacres. His hands are tied by the diversion of our government's attention to Spain and Cuba. England can carry on half a dozen wars in different parts of the world and grapple with the knottiest diplomatic questions all at one and the same time. Our government, with its frequent changes of administration and diplomatic officials, seems to be able to deal with only one question at a time. Dr. Angell evidently accepted this post at great sacrifice, in order to do what others had failed to do, and now finds himself unsupported. (Mr. McKinley evidently needs a Secretary of State able to deal with foreign questions with promptness and vigour.)

President Angell was succeeded by the Hon. Oscar Straus of New York whose great ability, loyal devotion to his country's honour, and conscientious attention to business gave him the confidence of his countrymen and great influence with the Sultan and his ministers.

Our consul, Colonel Doyle, was now removed and in his place President McKinley appointed Mr. G. Bie Ravendal who has proved himself an efficient business man and a loyal American in full sympathy with the work done by his fellow citizens in Syria. This consulate, having become in 1906 a consulate-general, will now have greater influence and do better work for American commercial interests in the East.

In April, Mr. A. Forder, an independent missionary, attempted to penetrate Arabia from the north by the way of Bashan and

Moab. He secured seven hundred Arabic New Testaments from our press and had them bound in special red morocco binding, with broad flaps, in imitation of the Arab binding in Cairo and Damascus. The box was sent to Damascus and he set out from Jerusalem with his cameleers, intending to pick up the box in or near Damascus, so as not to give the Turks an idea that he was a military spy or correspondent, but unhappily he fell from his camel near Nablus and broke his leg. In May he was still detained there with his Danish companion until it was too late to undertake the trip that year. On a previous trip he was robbed so often that one wonders what he had left to live on in a region where, for two days, he found neither food nor water. No one could question his courage and pluck and some day Christian men may get into Central Arabia. But the new Mecca railroad, and the jealousy of all European influence in that great peninsula, will make it difficult for any one hereafter to enter Arabia from the north or west. The vulnerable sides are the east and south, and for the reason that where the spirit of British rule prevails there is liberty. And yet, there was once a foreign young woman of comely appearance, who seriously proposed making a trip to Arabia by that robber-infested route where every man claims the ancestral right to rob every stranger he meets, taking with her only a woman attendant and a cameleer. It was with great difficulty that we dissuaded her. Had she tried to do it, we should have felt called upon to ask the interposition of the consul. It is a pity that deep piety and personal loveliness should sometimes be linked to an utter want of common sense. Faith sometimes becomes spasmodic with high nervous exaltation. It then becomes unreasoning, harmful as serpents, and foolish as doves. Believing itself inspired, it will take no advice and will sacrifice all the capacity for usefulness attained by long years of preparation, study and spiritual equipment for the sake of making one grand leap into certain destruction with no possible thought of any corresponding or compensating good. I have often said to one of these "inspired" friends, "Be careful, protect your head from the sun; if you take that journey, take at least some proper

food and clothing." "Thank you," they would say, "we do not need these worldly wise precautions for we can trust in the Lord who has called us." So away they went. Not long after there was a funeral—a life thrown away that might have been a blessing to many. It only made others say, "What a fool not to take advice!" Dr. S. H. Cox, of Brooklyn, was told by a ranting Mormon apostle, "God does not need your learning!" He replied, "God does not need your ignorance!"

The news of war with Spain made a great stir in this land. The Moslems and Jews could not say enough in praise of America. They recalled the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, when Moslem power was crushed in Spain and when hundreds of thousands of Jews were expelled from Spain and found refuge in North Africa, Constantinople, Salonica, Smyrna, and Aleppo. And in the year 1906, the Jews are rejoicing that a granddaughter of a Jew has become Queen of Spain.[1]

I recalled April, 1861, when we heard of the firing on Fort Sumter and the beginning of the Civil War, when we all felt like going home to defend the flag. The Cuban War was a smaller matter and we had no fear of the result, but we apprehended financial disorder and the crippling of the Board's resources.

Happily the war was brief and the only effect from a missionary standpoint was opening the millions of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines to the enlightenment of Protestant Christianity.

On March 17th my very dear friend and classmate, Dr. Charles S. Robinson, of New York, arrived on the *Aller*. The ship only remained twelve hours. I went on board in a rough sea and a pouring rain to bring him ashore.

It seems to us residents in Syria a great shame that tourists in the Holy Land should be "hustled" through in such a hurry that they can only gain the most superficial idea of the land and its people.

[1] We may add that in 1907, the Jews were again glad to hear that a Jew had been elected mayor of Rome.

On May 2d the Lebanon Presbytery met in Beirut; eight churches were represented by fifteen Syrian and seven American members. Nine subjects were discussed and it was the most thoroughly spiritual assembly we have ever known in Syria. A report was given by Dr. S. Jessup of the religious conference in February conducted by Dr. Elder Cumming and Rev. Messrs. Luce and Paynter, and one of the Syrian brethren gave an account of his visit to Mildmay and Keswick and the new apprehension he gained of the spiritual life. Meetings were held with the children, a social gathering for the local congregation, and a joint communion season. It was altogether a model meeting of presbytery, a minimum of ecclesiastical routine and a maximum of uplifting spiritual conference on religious and missionary subjects.

In May, our able and accomplished consul-general, Charles M. Dickinson, of Constantinople, visited Syria and Palestine and presented an elaborate report to the government at Washington of the so-called Spaffordite colony in Jerusalem. Any persons desirous of knowing the facts with regard to that phase of religious communism should consult the documents in the State Department.

Two somewhat remarkable Christian women passed away in the months of February and May, Mrs. Giles Montgomery, formerly of Central Turkey, and Mrs. Hannah Korany, a Syrian lady from Kefr Shima, near Beirut. Mrs. Montgomery came out with her husband in 1863 and laboured for thirty-five years in Marash and Adana. She was a woman of rare Christian character, one of those bright, radiant spirits who make the Christian life so attractive. She had long struggled with that fell disease, consumption, and was the guest and patient of Dr. and Mrs. Graham, who felt it a benediction to have her in their home. It was touching to see a little Armenian girl laying white flowers on her grave—she was baptized by Mr. Montgomery and narrowly escaped being carried off by the Turks during the massacres and

came here to our seminary as a refuge. Mrs. Montgomery was a missionary of the American Board, which supported the Syrian Mission until 1870, and four former missionaries of that Board, Dr. W. W. Eddy, Dr. Daniel Bliss, Rev. W. Bird, and Rev. H. H. Jessup conducted the funeral services.

Mrs. Korany was educated, as was her mother before her, in the Beirut Girls' Seminary, and, after teaching for a time, went with her husband to the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 and remained in America several years, engaged in the sale of Syrian fabrics and in lecturing on Syrian themes by invitation of a society of American ladies. The American climate prostrated her and she was obliged to flee to milder climes, struggling like Mrs. Montgomery with consumption. I met her at Cairo and Helouan in the winter of 1896–1897. Her mind seemed to grow brighter as her body grew weaker under the relentless progress of the disease. She had fine conversational powers and wrote English with great facility and force. At length she returned to her home, six miles from Beirut, where a loving father and mother watched over her. But such is the dread of the Syrian people of this malady that no one would come near the house. No woman would do washing or baking or any service for the family. The American ladies, her former teachers, and Miss C. Thompson of the British Syrian Mission were frequent in their visits and I was greatly comforted to hear her words of faith and hope as I sat by her dying bed.

She died May 6th, and the funeral was an impressive scene. It is the custom in Lebanon villages for the women to give themselves up to fanatical grief, wailing, screaming, and often throwing themselves upon the body and trying to prevent its removal. But in this Christian home there was perfect silence, the mother, Im Selim, showing a Christian resignation and quiet self-control which filled the village women with astonishment. It was an object-lesson which they will not soon forget.

About that time a remarkable conversion took place in the Syrian Protestant College. A Jewish student, son of a prosper-

ous Hebrew family, declared himself a Christian and began at once the most earnest and intense labours for the conversion of all his fellow students. He walked with them, talked with them, and prayed with them and spoke in the college prayer-meetings and in the church meetings in town. He was most fearless and resolute in trying to bring all around him to Christ. His friends were dismayed and his father threatened to disinherit him. He applied for baptism and communion in the Arabic Evangelical Church and a day was appointed to receive him. But he disappeared suddenly—we heard of him afterwards in Port Saïd and later as marching in the Salvation Army procession in London.

I have known several similar cases of sudden religious enthusiasm, great promise for usefulness, which have afterwards withered away, not having depth of root or stability. Yet this young man may have found his proper sphere in the Salvation Army.

Our good secretary, Dr. Brown, was convinced that the missionaries should do more itinerating work, and administered a gentle rebuke to the tendency among our number to yield to the claims of confining literary and educational work. As usual, the appeal wrought most powerfully upon those least able to respond to it. We all felt, even those of us tied down to one place by teaching and literary work, that more should be done to reach the outlying districts and to lead to a personal decision the hundreds of youths in our schools. One member of the mission, my good brother Samuel, of Sidon, was so wrought upon by the stirring appeal that he nearly sacrificed his life. He is never perfectly well, and hardly a week has passed in his thirty-five years of service in Syria but he has had turns of severe pain and prostration. The mission removed him from the "horseback" station of Tripoli to Beirut in 1882 to relieve him from the wear and tear of long journeys in the interior. And he removed to Sidon to engage in quiet educational work and the management of the station treasury. But that appeal was like fire in his bones. The latter part of May, true to his centrifugal instincts, he rose from his bed, hired a horse, and with his boy riding a mule with the

bedding and a few cooking utensils, rode down the coast to Tyre and the next day to Bussah, east of Acre, wracked with headache. Preaching there and working among the crowds who gathered, he went on east over a frightful breakneck road to Dibl, where he had dreadful pains and sinking turns. Miles away from a doctor, he lay a whole day on the floor, faint, and rolling from pain and nausea, his host, a kind, elderly man, doing his best to help, but unable to relieve him. The next day he rode on horseback six hours to Tyre, almost falling from his saddle many times. On reaching Tyre, he could not walk to the Syrian pastor's house and fell prostrate. The next morning he rose at six and rode six and a half hours to Sidon. He now writes that he must "do more itinerating." He says the Cuban War reminds him of 1861–1862, when he was ill of typhoid fever at Drainsville, and then went through McClellan's Potomac Campaign ending at Malvern Hills. And now like a veteran cavalry horse at pasture, the bugle call sets him all on fire. If it be true that some of the best of men need urging, others, as truly, need restraining. It is my experience that most missionaries work up to the full extent of their ability and opportunity. When men get "views" about sitting still to see the salvation of the Lord, they need stirring up. I was once told the following story of Mr. Moody: Young George Barnes, the Kentucky evangelist, whose words were burning and inspiring, fell into that trap. Mr. Moody left him in Chicago to carry on the work. On his return, he could not find George. After inquiry, he was told, "Oh, he has joined the little circle of ——ites, who are sitting down to await the coming of the Lord." Mr. Moody rushed to him and taking him by the collar, said, "George, out of this. The Lord calls you to go work in His vineyard. Out of this, or you are ruined." Mr. Moody was right. What became of George I do not know, but an able-bodied evangelist can make no greater mistake than "to sit down and wait" for something to turn up.

At the request of Consul Ravendal I prepared in July the following statistics of the Americans, their schools and property in Syria:

Number of Americans, old and young	115	
Number of American schools	150	
Value of mission property in Beirut		$410,000
" " " " " Lebanon field		36,108
" " " " " Sidon "		73,535
" " " " " Tripoli "		31,875
" " " " " Zahleh "		23,236
		$574,754

The only purely American hospital is that of Dr. Ira Harris in Tripoli. Dr. Mary P. Eddy does clinical medical work and itinerating camp work in different parts of Syria.

The American medical professors in the Syrian Protestant College are the physicians of the German Hospital of the Knights of St. John in Beirut which treated the past year 545 in-door patients, 11,816 polyclinic patients.

A conference of Christian workers from all parts of the empire was held in Brummana, Mount Lebanon, August 9th to 14th. The missionaries of different societies had long felt the need of such a conference to promote the spiritual life, fraternal coöperation, mutual help and counsel in our common work. A committee was formed in Beirut with officers for correspondence and preliminary arrangements, and a circular letter was sent to all the missions in Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt.

The conference met in Brummana August 9, 1898, and was opened by Rev. Dr. George A. Ford. One hundred and ninety-six persons were present, of whom seventy-six were British, fifty-seven Americans, eight Germans, four Danes, twenty-three Syrians, eighteen not reported.

Eleven Protestant denominations were represented: Church of England, Established Church of Scotland, Free Church of Scotland, American Presbyterian, Irish Presbyterian, Reformed Presbyterian, Congregational, Lutheran, Friends, Baptists, Methodists.

Thirty-four papers were read and about twenty-five addresses

given, besides remarks often of great interest offered by members of the conference. There was a half hour sunrise prayer-meeting every morning and a forty-five minutes' sunset service daily. The regular sessions were from 9 : 30 to 11 : 30 A. M., and from 2 : 30 to 4 P. M.

Brummana, the place of this remarkable conference, is three hours' drive by carriage from Beirut on a spur of the Lebanon range, 2,500 feet above the sea, seeming to overhang the seashore and looking directly down upon Beirut, its fertile plain and harbour. It has in summer a clear sky (there is no rain for five months), beautiful forests of the Lebanon pine, several good hotels and many private boarding-houses. The grounds and buildings of the Friends' Mission were offered freely to the conference and many of the members were given free board. Some had rooms at the hotels and others encamped in the pine groves.

The conference proved to be a blessing and a means of spiritual uplifting to all and it was agreed to hold another in 1901. One of the most interesting features was the presence of Miss C. Shattuck of Urfa, who held her post alone during the awful massacres of 1894–1895, when 8,000 were killed. She protected hundreds, gathered the widows and orphans, opened industrial work, until she had 1,800 women at work making laces and embroideries for the European markets. She brought affecting messages to the conference from nineteen of her widows and helpers, which brought tears to all eyes.

After the conference I baptized in Beirut another convert from Islam, a young baker from a Lebanon village, who had been long in Beirut attending night school and working in a public oven. I afterwards baptized his younger brother. He is now working in a print mill in Rhode Island and is helping the younger brother in his education.

During the summer I was closely confined with literary work for the weekly *Neshrah* and correcting proof sheets.

The Syrian Protestant College had 375 pupils, a large increase on the previous year.

The statistics of the theological seminary show that sixty young men have been trained for the ministry in this mission.

On the 9th of October, the Protestant Orphanage at Dar-es-Salam on the Sidon Industrial Farm was formally dedicated. It was the gift of Mrs. George Wood of New York who has placed the people of Syria and the missionary body under lasting obligations by her munificent gifts of buildings, land and endowment.

On the 5th of November, His Imperial Majesty, William III, Emperor of Germany, with the Empress Augusta, reached Beirut from Haifa on the ship *Hohenzollern*. The city was decorated with triumphal arches, festoons, flags and greens, and the streets covered with sand. The whole population turned out to greet them. They did not land until the next day, Sunday, when they paid official visits, and visited the German Hospital of the Knights of St. John. A decoration was conferred upon Dr. Post, dean of the American College medical faculty.

At night the villages of Lebanon were ablaze with bonfires. No potentate in modern times has had such a regal reception in Syria. He had already visited Jerusalem and dedicated the new German Protestant cathedral, delivering a sermon full of high evangelical sentiment; had been to Bethlehem and Nazareth, and went from Beirut to Baalbec and Damascus. His journey had apparently a threefold object, religious, political, and commercial. His visit to Jerusalem was religious; to Damascus, commercial; to Constantinople, political. The promotion of German commerce was no doubt a prime object. The Bagdad Railway, the opening of new markets for goods made in Germany, and securing special privileges for German subjects in business and archæological concessions, were all direct or indirect proofs of the Kaiser's friendship for the Sultan. Politically, no European power can compare in influence at the Porte with Germany.

Religiously, his simple gospel sermon in the German church in Jerusalem was a truly missionary work. It was copied into all the Arabic journals and read all over the land. In his outspoken,

evangelical sentiments, he witnessed for the great truths for which Martin Luther contended.

In preparation for his coming, we prepared a life of Luther and an Arabic translation of his famous Theses with illustrations, and published it on the occasion of the emperor's arrival. The Turkish censors made no objection. We published an edition of it in gilt letters, which was presented to the emperor on his return from Damascus and Baalbec, through Dr. Schroeder, the German consul-general.

At the official banquet in Damascus, which was worthy of the days of Haroun el Raschîd, the Sheikh Abdullah greeted the Kaiser in the name of His Imperial Majesty, Abdul Hamid II, the caliph of three hundred millions of Mohammedans. (The actual numbers, according to the latest statistics, are nearly 200,000,000.) The Kaiser in reply quoted this number as if it were correct and since that time the Moslem journals, near and far, have *quoted him* as announcing that three hundred million Moslems look to the Sultan as caliph.

There was one curious feature in the entertainment of the emperor. Jowwad Pasha, who was sent down as the Sultan's representative to oversee the welcome to the Kaiser, was not allowed to come near him. The Germans said that as this pasha was governor of Crete at the time of the massacre of Christians and foreign troops, the Kaiser would not even allow him to come into his presence. Jowwad Pasha, after the departure of the Kaiser, visited the college in Beirut and spent a long time in the observatory with Professor West. He greatly enjoyed the large twelve-inch refractor and the Brashear spectroscope. He said that he had translated books on astronomy and taught it but had never seen a good telescope before.

Before leaving Damascus, the emperor placed a green wreath on the tomb of Saladin and promised to send one of bronze. Months afterwards, a German war-ship reached Beirut with high military officers, who went in state to Damascus and hung the beautiful bronze wreath on the marble tomb. Subsequently, a devout sheikh visited the tomb of Saladin, but stepped back in

horror, pointing to the wreath, which had on it the Maltese cross of the Knights of St. John. He said, "Take that cross away! A Crusader's cross on the tomb of the Sultan Saladin! God forbid!" It was then removed and hung in a deep niche in the wall, facing the tomb, where it is greatly admired by tourists, but that cross costs the keeper of the place many moments of effort to explain its presence to the faithful.

There is another story connected with that tomb. When Dr. Crawford discovered it in the early '60s, I was in Damascus, and he took me to see it. Up to that time it was virtually unknown, both to tourists and to the sheikhs of Damascus. Not long after, a Russian prince visited Damascus and the kavass of the Russian consul took him to see this tomb. At that time it was badly neglected, covered with dust, and the floor piled with rubbish. But the tomb itself was encased in an exquisitely carved walnut sarcophagus of delicate tracery with the name of Saladin in ornamental Arabic and the date. It was dusty and neglected and the prince very shrewdly said to the sheikh through his interpreter, "It is a shame to leave the tomb of so great a hero in a perishable wooden case. Give me permission and I will put in its place a beautiful polished marble tomb." The sheikh eagerly accepted. The prince's servants took away the old walnut case and boxed it carefully and shipped it to Russia where it is considered a priceless treasure. The present marble tomb is beautiful, but the old was better.

In Baalbec a memorial tablet was placed on the interior wall of the reputed Temple of the Sun commemorating the emperor's visit. But his visit will ever be memorable, not on account of that marble tablet, but from the fact that through his influence the German scholars at enormous expense cleared almost the entire temple area of the débris and rubbish of ages and brought to view the exact configuration of the interior, exposing the exquisite sculpture which had been before unknown. They identified the beautiful Temple of the Sun, so many of whose columns are standing, as the Temple of Bacchus, certainly not a very appropriate place for the tablet of a Christian emperor.

There must be a divine plan and purpose in giving this Protestant emperor such an extraordinary hold on the confidence and enthusiasm of the whole Moslem population of Turkey from the Sultan down through all the ranks and grades of military and civil officers to the common peasantry.

In one sense, his visit has already had its effect. It has diminished sensibly the prestige and influence of France in Syria and Palestine. The emperor not only dedicated a Protestant Church in Jerusalem on the anniversary of Luther's Theses at Wittemburg, October 31, 1517, but he has also taken all the German Catholic clergy, laymen, and institutions away from the French protectorate and put them under German control. French influence here has been identified with the worst phases of Jesuit intrigue and anything that weakens it is a public benefit. In 1906, the French government had almost ceased to aid the Roman Catholic orders in Syria owing to the open rupture between France and the papal curia.

During the entire period of the emperor's stay in Palestine and Syria, the sky was cloudless and the heat intense. On the plain of Cæsarea south of Carmel fourteen horses of the cavalcade died of the heat. The whole country was dry and parched as not a drop of rain had fallen for six months. He sailed November 12th and on the 16th the windows of heaven were opened, a pouring rain refreshed the land and the mountain summits were frosted with fresh snow.

In December, Mrs. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., who had returned from America, entered the Beirut Girls' Boarding-School, owing to the absence of Miss Alice Barber who had been summoned to her home in Joliet by the infirmities of her aged parents.

Religious Forces at Work in Turkey in 1898

The most striking historical event in Syria in the year 1898 was without question the visit of the Emperor and Empress of Germany and his address at the dedication in the German Protestant Church in Jerusalem.

Five great religious forces are now contending for religious supremacy in Syria and Palestine, the Jewish, the Mohammedan, the Papal, the Orthodox Greek, and the Protestant.

1. THE MODERN JEWISH ELEMENT, backed by the Rothschild colonization scheme and the Zionist movement, is striving to buy land, to erect buildings, and gradually get control of the ancient land of Israel. It is antagonized by the Ottoman government and by the fellahin of the rural districts of Palestine, who regard this influx of foreign Jews as a menace to their own rights and privileges. In the vicinity of Jerash, east of the Jordan, where a small Jewish colony had been planted, the Moslem fellahin recently drove out the colonists, ruined their houses, and uprooted their trees. The rabbis, embittered by the fiery persecutions against the Jews in Russia and other parts of Europe, are extremely hostile to Christianity in every form and continually issue their anathemas against Christian missions. The recent Jewish immigrants are under the protection of the countries from which they have come, but no one foreign power stands forth as their champion.

2. THE MOHAMMEDANS, who constitute about one-half of the population of Syria and Palestine, enjoy the special favour and protection of the Sultan and regard themselves as the lords of the land. Where they are in the large majority, as in Damascus, they do not trouble themselves to persecute the Christians and Jews, but look down upon them with a feeling of haughty superiority. Where they are in the minority, as in Beirut, the lower classes are insolent and offensive in their attitude towards Christians and are often allowed to use personal violence with little fear of punishment.

There has been of late a great resuscitation of Mohammedan esprit de corps. Their newspapers report news from all parts of the Mohammedan world and urge a Pan-Islamic Alliance. Just now they are especially earnest in advocating the recovery of the Sudan from the false teaching of the Mahdi and his Khalifa Abdullah el Taaishy. They are trying to stir up the Moslem world to emulate the English in founding the Gordon College in

Khartoum, and found Moslem schools to save the poor Sudanese from being won to Christianity by the kindness and medical services of Christian medical missions.

The Moslems are using the press and schools for boys and girls as a means of keeping abreast of the age. And it is a striking fact that since the British occupation of Egypt the Turkish government has obliged the newspapers everywhere to abuse the English and never allow an article in praise of their just and successful administration of the affairs of Egypt. Up to 1878, the Turkish journalists could not say enough in praise of the English Since 1882 all is changed, and within the past few years all their love and sympathy has been transferred to Germany whose emperor was silent and sympathetic in 1896, when Armenian massacres were horrifying the world; active and auxiliary in 1897, during the Greek War, and most demonstrative and effusive in 1898 during his visit to this empire.

The Mohammedan official and unofficial journals have exhausted a vast vocabulary of adulation, for which the Arabic language is so famous, in praising the friend and ally of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan and they love to descant upon the magnificent German army and the rapidly growing navy. There must be a divine purpose in all this and we will speak of it before closing this chapter.

It is sometimes said that Islam has ceased to be aggressive in Turkey and is in a state of stagnation. This is not true. Not less than eighteen emirs of the princely family of Shehab in Mount Lebanon who have been Maronites and Greek Catholics for about one hundred years, have recently become Moslems and have been appointed to lucrative posts in the Turkish civil service. They were originally Moslems of the family of Koreish and the Turks are straining every nerve to bring them back to the fold of the prophet of Mecca, and we hear from various places of Oriental Christians won over to Islam by bribery and favouritism, while all Moslems becoming Christians are obliged to suffer persecution and generally to leave the country to save their lives.

3. THE PAPAL FORCES in this land are numerous, organized, and intensely aggressive. The Maronites of Lebanon are equal to the peasantry of Spain in their subjection to the priesthood and in ignorance and fanatical hostility to the Bible and the Protestant faith. The Jesuits and papal nuncio lead the van, followed by a host of patriarchs, bishops, priests, monks, and nuns. They glory in the protection of France, and the French consul-general is open and untiring in encouraging the papal campaign of conquest of the Holy Land. France expels the Jesuits from France and expends millions of francs yearly in supporting them as political agents, educators, and intriguers in Turkey. Whatever may be the strength of the Russo-French Alliance in France, it does not exist nor appear in these lands. It is Latin against Greek, French priests and nuns against Russian priests and nuns, jealousy and bitter ecclesiastical hatred. The Latins have exhaustless supplies of money, men, and women. They are buying land and erecting buildings in all the towns and many of the small villages throughout the land. Beirut is full of their fine establishments. One of their zealous propagandists remarked that they had orders to open schools in every place where Protestants are at work and if possible on land adjoining Protestant schools. They are following up the Greek schools in the same way.

France is their idol. On France they lean for protection and every blow aimed at France is felt to be aimed at Rome and the Church. Some of the Syrian Romanists are getting their eyes partly opened. One of their leading merchants in Beirut recently asked their bishop, "Why is it that Catholic countries are everywhere declining and Protestant countries rising in power? Why are Spain, France, Portugal, and Italy going down and England, Germany, and America really ruling the world?" The bishop replied, "It is true, but I do not understand the reason."

4. THE ORTHODOX GREEK element in these lands is like the conies, "a feeble folk." They are divided into three parties, the *native Syrian Greeks*, who are the rank and file of the Church;

the *Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre*, an Hellenic foreign Greek party of immense wealth in Jerusalem, enjoying the special favour of the Turks and engaged in constant intrigues to control the patriarchates and bishoprics; and thirdly, the *Russian party* backed by holy Russia, supported by its consuls and just now intensely active in resisting the aggressions of the Papists and Protestants on the Greek Church constituency.

The Russians have entered in earnest upon the work of saving the Greek Church in Syria and Palestine from disintegration. They have opened schools within a few years and are pushing this work on every hand. It is a saving feature in their work that they are introducing the Arabic Scriptures published at the American Press into all their schools.

They antagonize the monks of the Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre and aim at securing Syrian bishops and patriarchs over the churches instead of the Hellenic monks.

The conflict is now waging in Damascus between the patriotic Greek bishops and the Hellenic party in trying to elect a patriarch. They have been in session nearly a year without coming to an election. The Russians support the native Greek bishops; and the Hellenes, through their influence and money power in Constantinople, are opposing them, as every Christian bishop's election must be ratified by the Sublime Porte.

It is a humiliating and painful spectacle and a scandal that the Mohammedan Turks should control the election of a Christian bishop.

In Palestine itself the Russians are active in buying land and erecting buildings and mingling political and religious considerations in all their operations, striving first of all to thwart the schemes and projects of Rome and of France, the tool of Rome in the East.

5. Protestantism in Syria and Palestine is represented by the American, English, Scotch, Irish, and German Missions, by a native evangelical community of nearly ten thousand adherents.

In former years, England stood forth as the great protector of Protestantism and of religious liberty. The word of a British

consul made pashas tremble, and the persecuted looked to England for relief. This state of things still continues to some extent but consular interference is generally officious and not official.

Protestantism has become an established and recognized element in the empire and does not ordinarily suffer greater disabilities than the other Oriental sects.

The change of attitude on the part of the Turks towards England naturally threw a shadow over the Protestants all over the empire who are supposed to be in sympathy with England. But the most important Protestant literary institutions in the empire, being American, have kept steadily on their way, growing in number and influence, and there are more children and youths in Protestant schools than ever before. In some places the free tuition and books supplied by Jesuits or Russians have enticed children away from the Protestant schools but the more thorough teaching given generally brings them back again.

The Syrian Protestant College in Beirut has increased so rapidly in numbers that new buildings are imperatively needed. It has three hundred and seventy students in its halls this year, of whom seventy are in medicine and pharmacy, one hundred and four in the collegiate department, and one hundred and ninety-six in the preparatory department. It ought to have at once new buildings to accommodate two hundred additional pupils. Its language is English and the people of Asia Minor and Egypt, as well as those of Syria and Palestine, appreciate the importance of a thorough English education for their sons and the demand will increase in years to come.

It is not my purpose to give statistics with regard to the other societies labouring in Syria but they are all encouraged by the growing interest of the people in Protestant education. And their willingness to *pay* is a good proof of substantial interest. In the first year of the college there were sixteen pupils, all charity pupils. This year the college receipts from the students were £3,700. This is a remarkable fact and full of encouragement. But this brief summary of the status of the five religious

forces at work in Syria and Palestine would be incomplete without reference to the British Syrian Schools with fifty schools and four thousand pupils, Miss Taylor's school for Moslem and Druse girls, schools of the Church of Scotland, and the Free Church; of the Friends in Brummana, Miss Procter in Shwifat, of the Church Missionary Society in Palestine, the London Jews' Society, and lastly the extensive work carried on by the Germans in Beirut, Haifa, Jaffa, Jerusalem and Bethlehem, in hospitals, orphanages, boarding-schools, and industrial schools, as well as in their chapels for German colonists, they are doing a solid work for the sound training of the people, and the exhibition of the Spirit of the Master.

With all these religious forces and elements in view, the question is asked, What has been the effect of the German emperor's visit on the public mind?

1. It has brought Protestantism to the front and given it dignity in the eye of the Mohammedans, who look upon the emperor as the great exponent of the Protestant faith.

2. It has dealt a crushing blow to the French prestige in all this empire. Even among the French Catholics, Germany is praised on account of the liberal spirit shown by the emperor in buying and presenting a plot of ground in Jerusalem to the German Catholics and pledging the protection of Germany to all German Catholic subjects in the East.

3. It has no doubt drawn out the sympathy of the Turkish government, the army, and the common people towards a great Protestant power. With all due respect to the emperor, we cannot but feel that he made a mistake in his speech in Damascus. The Moslem sheikh who welcomed him spoke of the *three* hundred millions of Mohammedans in the world. The emperor in reply declared himself the friend of all these *three* hundred millions. As the most exact statistics make the highest estimate less than two hundred millions, it was a great mistake to echo the grandiloquent utterance of the sheikh and thus give sanction to a statement which has puffed up the Moslems to a new sense of their own importance in the world. I sent to the Beirut censor

of the press an exact table of the census of Islam in the empires of the world (taken from the *Missionary Review*) with reference to publishing it in our Arabic journal and he prohibited the publication as it was not in accord with the emperor's Damascus address.

Whether the Mohammedan regard for the emperor will help Protestantism does not appear. It will certainly give the German ambassador at Constantinople and their consuls throughout the empire a mighty influence for good in insisting on liberty of conscience for all the people.

And who knows but that the emperor has come to the throne for some great and good end in this empire? His influence is now unequalled. German commerce will thrive more than ever, and if the new hopes of near approach between England, Germany, and the United States are realized, we may yet see Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon influence displacing and effacing French and Russian influence throughout the land.

We do not put our trust in princes, but our God and King can use them as His own servants to accomplish His will on earth.

XXVI

A New Century Dawns (1899–1900)

THIS year was crowded with hard work, interesting events, laborious correspondence, and sad experience in the death of many native friends and one missionary lady, Mrs. Shaw, of typhoid fever.

Our plan of making the theological class a summer school precluded our having a summer vacation, as I had to teach in Suk el Gharb, two miles from my summer home, for six months, driving over daily, and at the same time keeping up editorial work for the Beirut Press and a heavy correspondence. I have copies of five hundred pages of letters, English and Arabic, written in that six months.

Sir William Muir kept up regular communication with me about printing his book, "Call to the Moslems to Read the Bible," and a new book by the author of the "Bakurah," entitled "The Torch of Guidance," or, "Masbah-ul-Huda." This latter work Sir William translated and printed in English in London. In our correspondence, we were agreed as to the unseemly miscarriage of the Gordon Memorial Fund of £100,000 raised in England to found a Gordon University in Khartoum. The British authorities in Egypt saw fit to found with this fund a purely Mohammedan university from which all allusion to Christ and Christianity should be excluded. The Christian people of England and other places who gave this money never dreamed that it would be used to rear a barrier against the Bible and Christianity, and to teach the Sudanese that the Christian English are ashamed of their faith; that it would be open for work on Sunday and all teachers forced to labour on that day; and that no Christian boy could enter it unless he would study the Koran.

Had this policy been honestly announced before the fund had been raised, probably the great part of it would have been withheld. When the news was first printed, the Moslems of Syria exclaimed, "If the Christian English will give such a sum for a school in Khartoum, we Moslems should give as much to found a Moslem school there." They took it for granted that it would be a Christian school, for Gordon's high Christian character was known everywhere among the Moslems, and they respected him for it, as they do not believe in a man who has no religion. Great, then, was their surprise when they learned that it was to be a mere Moslem "Medriseh." The whole policy of the British rulers of Egypt with regard to Christianity is simply shameful. They ignore the Christian Sunday. All employees of the government, Moslem, Christian, and Jew, must work on Sunday. Hundreds of our Christian young men who have gone from Syria to Egypt and found employment and high salary under the government, are forced to work on Sunday and given a holiday on Friday, the Moslem holy day. Thus compelled by Christian Englishmen to break the fourth commandment, it would not be strange if they should break the eighth commandment. The Hon. William E. Dodge sold out all his stock in the New Jersey Central Railroad because it would run its trains on Sunday. He told the directors, "If you teach your employees to break one commandment, do not wonder if they break another and rob your treasury."

Had the English in the outset given all Christian employees the option of working on Sunday or Friday they would have been respected by all. As it is, the Moslems are beginning to say, "After all, the English have no religion. They violate their own sacred law because they are afraid of us and want to win our favour."

Instead of gaining the respect and favour of the Moslem population they have gained their contempt. The Moslems despise a Jew who opens his shop on Saturday and a Christian who opens his on Sunday.

The Gordon College should have two departments made op-

tional to all, one with Christian teachers and one with Moslem teachers. This would have been regarded as fair and honourable, and no one would have complained. As it is, Christianity, the religion of General Gordon and the millions of English people, is ignored in the Sudan and Egypt, and the Christian sacred day of rest is shamefully dishonoured. English prestige has lost and not gained by this truckling to imaginary lions in the way, this denying their own faith, this ignoring what has made England great and honoured among the nations. No Englishman knew the Moslem mind both in India, Arabia, and Egypt better than Sir William Muir. He knew their Koran, their sacred books and commentaries and all their history. He had governed millions of them in India; he had among their eminent Ulema and scholars many personal friends, and he loved the Moslem people and laboured to lead them to Christ their Saviour. But he felt that the true policy of England is to obey the laws of Christianity and act according to its own professions. To give up one's own principles to win favour of others is a suicidal policy. It cannot be that the blessing of God will crown this present Sabbath-breaking and Bible-ignoring policy of England in Egypt and the Sudan. It was adopted to win favour and tide over a crisis. It has won no one and has forced a worse crisis and every month's delay makes it more and more difficult to return to an honest Christian course. Could Sir William Muir have been consulted, and had he been younger and been given the Sirdarship of the Sudan, Christianity would not have been, as it is, trailing its skirts in sorrow in the dust. Let us hope that a change will be made ere it be too late.

On the 26th of February, a novel event occurred in Beirut. The Orthodox Greek Committee of St. John's Hospital unveiled a white marble bust of an American missionary, Rev. Cornelius V. A. Van Dyck, M. D., D. D., L. H. D.

After Dr. Van Dyck's resignation of his professorship in the Syrian Protestant College, he could no longer, according to the rules of the Knights of St. John, attend the clinics of the German

St. John's Hospital. But his heart was in medical work, as it was in Arabic Bible translation, and he offered his services to the Greek hospital which was sorely in need of his aid. And although his house was nearly two miles from that hospital, he drove there several times a week in a carriage sent by the hospital, and for years treated the sick and diseased, and from his own private funds built an airy ward to increase the capacity of the hospital. The Greek community, which fully appreciated his long, faithful and self-denying services, prepared this beautiful bust which stands in the open area of the quadrangle and was unveiled with imposing ceremonies. It was made of Carrara marble by an Italian sculptor. A great crowd of people was present, Greeks, Protestants, Mohammedans, Maronites, and Jews, and some very eloquent and beautiful addresses were made by Syrian scholars and physicians expressing their admiration of their friend, teacher, and benefactor.

Mr. William T. Stead of London has recently visited Constantinople with his eyes and ears open. He made a study of Robert College and all the American colleges, seminaries and schools in the empire and wrote to the Associated Press a letter which naturally made a sensation. He was shrewd enough to see the moral and intellectual benefits of this great system of Christian institutions and their uplifting influence among the varied population. But as a politician he looked through a politician's eyes at all this and saw in it a *propagation of Free Republican ideas*.[1] But he did not know that the American missionaries studiously avoid politics, living as they do under an absolute monarchy and that they pray for the Sultan and the "powers that be" that "are ordained of God," and enjoin obedience to the laws of the land. Such letters as that of Mr. Stead do no good to the work of Christian missionaries who are labouring for the spiritual welfare of the people and have no political

[1] A change has come over Turkey in 1908–1909. No one will now fear to claim that American schools have had great influence in bringing about the new era of liberty in Turkey.

object whatever, and, however well meant, they utterly misrepresent the real spiritual and moral aims of the whole body of missionaries and stir up official hostility. Fortunately the great body of the educated Turkish officials appreciate the good which has been done and not only favour the American schools but are glad to send their own children to them for education.

It is not often that a foreign missionary feels impelled to warn young Christian medical graduates against joining a medical mission. But a letter just received from Kingston, Canada, obliges me to speak out.

A young final-year student in medicine at Queen's Medical College, Kingston, Ontario, writes me, under date of January 11th, that he and two other students have been invited by Dr. E——, "president of the White Cross Medical Missionary Alliance," to go with him as medical practitioners to Palestine, their fare to Palestine being paid by the Alliance; a complete outfit to be given them for going into the field of medical work, on arrival at Jericho, the headquarters of the mission; a location for practice to be provided; a guarantee of plenty of work, for which they must accept pay in cash in all cases where patients can afford it, and otherwise accept labour, produce, various articles, etc. Dr. E—— also guaranteed $25 a month, and says that no doctor of those already in the work has yet made less than $75 a month. In return for these privileges, the young men are to agree to remain with the organization for two years, to give twenty-five per cent. of their earnings to the society for that period, and to be subject to the Turkish government.

The young student asks whether the work will be fully as remunerative as Dr. E—— promises, and whether there is any danger of their being left in the lurch among a wild people. He explains that they have not been asked to go as missionaries in the true sense of the word. "Our only missionary work is to treat all who need it, on the above terms." He also adds that the doctor is taking with him twenty-five young graduates in medicine, and that the treasurer is Count C—— of Brooklyn,

N. Y. The writer also says that his family friends wish some guarantee of the correctness of Dr. E——'s statements and also proof of the financial backing and the surplus funds of the society.

I have no knowledge of Dr. E—— or of the treasurer Count (who had evidently begun to count his chickens before they were hatched) but I know something of Jericho and the surrounding country, and therefore wrote the ingenuous medical student, dissuading him and all other medical students from entering on such an extraordinary undertaking. It is difficult to be patient with such a Quixotic scheme. Of all the spots on the face of the earth, Jericho would be the last one to be chosen as the headquarters of a paying medical mission. I have written to this young man:

"1. Jericho is the lowest village on earth, being nearly 1,300 feet below the level of the sea, and as low morally as it is physically.

"2. It is about the hottest place, has a pestilential climate, and from May to November is practically uninhabitable by white men.

"3. The entire population, according to Baedeker, is not more than 300, and, if they were equal to the peasants of Syria, could not support a single medical man.

"4. These Arabs of Jericho are of the lowest, most vacant and worthless type, a byword and a proverb in the whole land. They are thievish, lying, filthy, and morally degraded, poor, beggarly, and abject, lazy and half naked. Their highest aim is to dance around the tents of pilgrims and tourists and beg for a reward.

"5. There are two or three small hotels, used only in the tourist season, but the huts of the wild Arabs are abject and filthy. It is doubtful whether the entire population could raise five dollars in cash.

"6. As to the population accessible from Jericho and available to furnish paying patients, the Bedawin of the Ghor, or Jordan Valley, on the north; of the mountains of Moab on the southeast, and of the wilderness south of the Dead Sea are poor, predatory,

and uncertain. These tribes are wild, migratory, living in black goat's hair tents. They are all experienced robbers and cut-throats. The Ghor Arabs yield to none in thievishness and rascality. To the west, it is eighteen miles to Jerusalem through a waste, howling wilderness, where it is never safe for a man to travel alone.

"7. As the object of the mission is to charge fees for medical practice and gain from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars a month for each doctor, it must be borne in mind that Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Jaffa, Gaza, Nablus, Haifa, Nazareth, Tiberias, and Safed are already supplied with a large number of foreign medical missionaries, many of whom are forbidden to take fees, so that independent medical practitioners cannot earn their bread. Graduates from our medical college in Beirut find it next to impossible to earn a living in Palestine, as the people will not pay for what they can get for nothing.

"8. The proposition to send twenty-five or ten or five or even one medical missionary to Jericho as headquarters of a mission, which is to be supported by fees, strikes our medical men here as absurd.

"9. If any of your medical friends do actually decide to establish a 'White Cross Mission' in Jericho, they would do well to provide themselves beforehand with coffins, as wood is not obtainable there, and they would hardly wish to be buried in the Bedawin style, and I take it for granted that they would succumb to the first summer heat and malarial poison.

"10. Missions are generally established where there are men, at great centres of population, or where large numbers are accessible,—but this is the first society to my knowledge to propose work in a 'howling wilderness.'

"What Dr. E—— proposes to do with twenty-five medical graduates I cannot imagine. The Turkish government will not allow Europeans to live among the Bedawin, as they suspect them of being military agents, fomenting rebellion against the government. And the Bedawin are virtually the only people there.

"It is incredible to me that the 'floater' of this scheme should propose it, if he has actually been in Jericho.

"As a friend and as an American, not to say as a Christian, I would warn you against involving yourself in such an undertaking. It could only end in disaster.

"There are hundreds of cities in China where the people swarm in thousands and hundreds of thousands, and you would have more actual medical practice in a week than you would have in five years in desolate Jericho.

"When King David sent his servants across the Jordan on a kindly errand, and the suspicious Hanan shaved off one-half of their beards, David sent word to them, 'Tarry at Jericho until your beards are grown.' I would recommend these young men to tarry in the United States until their beards are grown, or, at least, until some better field of labour is opened to them. When you can find men by the hundred thousand in other lands, why go to such a deserted spot as Jericho or even to Palestine, which is already overstocked with medical practitioners?"

I never received an answer to this letter and I never met Dr. E——, but in 1903 I was informed that a man with his name was lecturing in Northern Pennsylvania on his adventures in the Holy Land.

February 14th I baptized a beautiful Druse maiden of a high Lebanon family, who had been ten years under instruction in Miss Jessie Taylor's school in Beirut. She gave the best evidence of a work of grace in her heart and intelligently took a bold stand for Christ.

The last week of the year I attended the funeral of another Druse girl, Dhiya el Kadi, of a once eminent family in Lebanon, whose father and grandfather were warm friends and pupils of Dr. Van Dyck. This delicate girl, a victim of consumption, lingered for weeks in growing infirmity and was visited by English and American ladies and Syrian Bible-women. Her whole conversation was of the love of Christ. She always asked me to

pray with her. The father, who loved her tenderly, watched her ebbing strength with great agony. Her last words were those of trust in Christ and seeing Him as her Saviour. After her death the Druse sheikhs crowded into the house. The father sent for me to conduct the funeral. The Druses claimed the right to bury her. I told them it could make no difference to her who buried her. I then read the Scriptures, made some remarks, and offered prayer. The crowd were silent and reverent, and they bore the frail body away to their burial-ground on the summit of the sand-dunes west of the city.

Two sudden deaths in the college from the use of firearms made a deep and sad impression on the community. Tutor John Mitchell, while cleaning a revolver, accidentally shot himself through the head (in October). The investigation instituted by Consul Ravendal proved this to be the case.

A student from Jerusalem, who had been greatly depressed and had written bitter things against himself, obtained a revolver, and in a fit of temporary mental disorder, took his own life.

As a contrast to this latter, we were called to conduct the funeral of one of the Lord's Syrian saints, Mrs. Lulu Araman, widow of Mr. Michaiel Araman. She was a pupil of the first girls' school in Syria, under Mrs. De Forest, from 1848 to 1852, and was one of the original eighteen members of the first evangelical church, founded in Syria in 1848. She laboured in the Beirut Girls' Boarding-School from 1861 to 1869. She was truly a mother in Israel, amiable, calm, trustful, and faithful in training her children. Her home was a beautiful testimony to the value of Christian education and her daughters follow her lovely Christian example in their well ordered households. The Lord raise up many such daughters of Syria to take her place.

Dr. Thomson, so long identified with the Syria Mission and famous for his great work, "The Land and the Book," used to quote the saying of old Yusef el Malty, a Maltese ship-chandler

of early days in Beirut. Turkish officials had kept Dr. Thomson waiting for hours at the port and then disappeared, leaving word for Dr. Thomson to come the next day. Old Yusef said, "Doctor, this is a plenty patience country." So Dr. Daniel Bliss has found it. In 1870, after the college premises had been bought, a Moslem neighbour who owned a fig orchard within the college plot refused to sell. His family begged him to sell and move away from the neighbourhood of the great crowd of students but he would not yield. The college waited and waited, until, after twenty-nine years of patience, the heirs sold the fig orchard, the old walls were demolished and the college line straightened along the street.

In like manner, I waited eighteen years to secure the Misk property which was bought in 1905. It adjoined and overlooked our church, Sunday-school, and girls' seminary. Colonel Shepard gave the money to buy it. We had to wait eighteen years and then our patience was rewarded.

Our good secretaries at home sometimes ask more questions in a letter than we can answer in a dozen letters. Dr. Brown asks, "Are you not sacrificing evangelistic for institutional work?" I tried to reply:

1. That missionary institutions are the press, the theological seminary, translation of the Scriptures and good books, the preparation of commentaries, etc., the boys' and girls' boarding-schools, and hospital work.

2. The evangelistic work is regular preaching in the churches and itinerating among the villages, distributing tracts, holding religious meetings, and personal work for individuals.

3. In Syria, we have four stations, Beirut, Lebanon and Bookaa, Sidon, and Tripoli. There are twelve ordained missionaries, one physician, one lay teacher, and one lay press manager, and one Free Church of Scotland missionary teacher and doctor. Five out of the twelve ordained missionaries are free-lances, horseback missionaries, constantly moving about the fields of Sidon, Lebanon, and Tripoli. Three are tied up in the work of

theological instruction in Beirut, doing also constant literary work in the press. Four are confined the most of the year in the boarding-schools in Sidon, Suk el Gharb, and Tripoli. The medical missionary, Dr. Harris, divides his time between hospital work in Tripoli and itinerating work in the interior. And with regard to those engaged in theological instruction, they are in a truly evangelical work. The training of native preachers is of *vital* importance and is the hope of the future Syrian church. The boarding-schools are the nurseries of the church and the effect wrought in moulding character and building up the Christian life by one year's continuous instruction in a boarding-school is worth more than five years' transient visits to scattered groups in the villages.

The real evangelistic work of the future is to be done by *native evangelists* and these can only be fitted for their work by large and systematic Bible study. One such preacher as Mr. Yusef Aatiyeh, now preaching in the Beirut church, is worth years of our time in training him. He has no peer as an Arabic preacher. Dr. Brown suggested that Dr. W. W. Eddy was leaving evangelistic work to enter upon the "institutional." But in fact, Dr. Eddy was giving six hours a day to the preparation of a commentary on the New Testament for which the native preachers and people of Syria have been waiting for years, and which will be a blessing to the Arabic reading races through all time. And in addition, he has a regular Arabic preaching appointment.

Teaching the Bible is evangelistic work. Translating, editing, and training theological students are only different forms of evangelistic work. And as the missions grow older and one thing after the other is handed over to the natives, the foreign missionaries, with their long experience and thorough training, will more and more confine themselves to the training of a native ministry and preparing helps for their work.

There is a charm in the name "evangelistic" work, but there is just as great a charm in the same work done in the same spirit and by the same persons under a different name. Let us not say

"institutional versus evangelistic work," but, "the institutional for the sake of the evangelistic work."

Then came another momentous question. We had written urging Dr. Brown to visit the Syria Mission and by personal conference aid in deciding the question he had raised as to our telescoping our four boys' boarding-schools into one and our three girls' boarding-schools into one or two. It was intimated from our transatlantic friends that secretarial deputations are expensive and should only be resorted to in case of pressing necessity. Whereupon I was moved to write a somewhat prolix defense of such visits, under the following heads:

1. The secretary needs such a visit for his own information. No commander of an army can conduct a campaign ten thousand miles away by post and telegraph. . . . Secretaries need the information which comes through the eye and ear. Seeing is believing, and so is hearing.

2. The secretary should know the missionaries personally. Few missionaries can make the personal acquaintance of the secretary when home on furlough. The missionary may get a snap-shot at a secretary at the mission house in the whirl of business or meet him on the platform, but the secretary has little more leisure than a Constantinople porter would have to salute a friend while tottering under a five-hundred pound bale of merchandise.

3. It is impossible to grasp the great problems on the field without personal observation.

4. Such a visit would lighten the work at home and enable the secretary to decide intelligently and act promptly, when otherwise he must await lengthened and unsatisfactory correspondence.

5. The missions need it. Our missions are self-governing and justly so. But they need the personal counsel of men familiar with other missions in other lands. The Board is responsible to the churches for the right conduct of the missions and responsibility involves control, and control cannot be wisely directed

without that personal knowledge which comes from personal intercourse.

6. It is not to be supposed that a pastor at home called to the secretaryship, however much he may have studied foreign missions, can grasp all the questions connected with Asiatic and African missions without a visit to the field.

7. The expense should not deter the Board from so important a service. The enhanced value of a secretary, sent out on such a tour, would more than compensate for the expense.

About thirty years ago, Professors Park of Andover and Hitchcock and H. B. Smith of Union Seminary visited us in Syria. They all agreed, as the result of their tour of Palestine, that the best possible post-graduate course for a student of the Book was a visit to the land of the Bible. And we may say that the best possible preparation for efficient work in the office of a secretary at home is a thorough visitation of the mission fields.

The Syria Mission was visited by Dr. R. Anderson, of the A. B. C. F. M., in March, 1844 and September 24, 1855; by Dr. N. G. Clark in 1871; Dr. F. F. Ellinwood of the Presbyterian Board in February, 1875; Dr. Arthur Mitchell in March 24, 1890; and Dr. A. J. Brown in April, 1902.

In the spring and summer of this year, after extended correspondence, the Foreign Missions Committee of the Free Church of Scotland deeded in fee simple, or rather in "wukf" simple, the entire property of that church in Shweir, Mount Lebanon, to the Board of Foreign Missions of the American Presbyterian Church. "Wukf" is the entail of property for religious or benevolent purposes, and the income of wukf property cannot be alienated. The deed of transfer of that property, consisting of manse, church, and boys' and girls' school buildings, is a curiosity. No Philadelphia lawyer could tie up property more exhaustively than has been done in this case.

1. Dr. W. Carslaw purchased the property.

2. He entailed it as wukf or religious foundation to Mr. Mitry Sulleeba as agent of the Free Church of Scotland.

3. The said Free Church agreed to spend the income of the property in keeping it in good repair.

4. If any of the said income remains, it goes to the Free Church to use what is necessary to promote its own interests.

5. After that, it goes to the poor, male and female, of the said church.

6. After them, to the poor of the Protestant Church of Shweir.

7. After them, to the poor of the Protestants in Lebanon.

8. After these, to the Protestant poor in all the world.

9. If all these perish, then to the poor generally of all the world, and then he shall have the oversight who shall be appointed by the spiritual head of all the world!

Now as to the management of this wukf property, Dr. Carslaw, when deeding it to the Presbyterian Board, kept to himself its management while he is in his present position as missionary of the said Free Church.

The deed of transfer contains among other things the following:

"2. Wukf and dedicated, true and legal, which shall not be sold nor granted nor mortgaged, neither in whole nor in part but shall remain intact upon its foundations, flowing in its course, guarded according to the following conditions, mentioned in it, forever and ever, and forever, until God shall inherit the earth and all that is upon it, and He is the best of inheritors.

"3. He (Dr. Carslaw) wakkafed this to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, well known and testified of, whose centre is 156 Fifth Avenue in the City of New York in the United States of America, for the purposes of this Board in preaching and teaching and works of mercy to the poor as long as God wills.

"4. After the passing away of this Board, this wukf shall revert to the Board which takes its place and assumes its functions and when this new Board fails in its oversight and functions, the

wukf shall revert to the Protestant poor of Shweir, as stated in Nos. 1 to 9 above."

Fortunately, another clause states that "This wukf may be exchanged in whole or in part when necessary for what shall be of greater value to the wukf."

Dr. Carslaw still continues to engage in medical work, preaching and teaching in the boys' boarding-school. The school is, financially, nearly self-supporting.

In February I heard of the death of our dear friend, Dr. Charles S. Robinson, of New York. We spent junior year together in Union Seminary, and the intimacy then begun has never ceased. He was a loving friend and brother. When in Union, he supported himself and helped his family by writing articles for the magazines. I was amazed at the fecundity of his brain and the variety of his literary productions. His service to the whole Church in preparing "Songs for the Sanctuary" was invaluable. The book was a great success and sold by the hundred thousands. His profits were great and his gifts to the Church were great. The Memorial Church, 53d Street and Madison Avenue, was built chiefly from his personal gifts. The shadow of depression which settled upon him in his last months did not surprise me, when I remembered his intense mental activity for the forty-six years of our acquaintance. He should have the credit of having "set the pace" for all the modern "hymn" and "tune" books of the Protestant Church. His lectures on ancient Egypt were eloquent and fascinating and it is to be regretted that he did not live to complete his great work on Egypt. On my last visit to him in New York, he showed me a portly manuscript volume on Egypt, and said that he was at work on Volume II, and when finished it would be printed. It will not be long before we join him in singing the "Songs of Zion" in the upper heavenly "Sanctuary."

I had some experience, as usual, this year with escaped monks. In February, four young monastic novices escaped from the

Papal Greek monastery, Deir el Mukhullis, near Sidon, and came to Beirut. They said they had become Protestants and abandoned the monastic order. They were being taught theology by an enlightened priest who wished to use the Bible as a text-book. There are thirty monks in that monastery, but when this class asked for Bibles, not one could be found but the folio copy on the chapel desk. So they sent to Beirut and bought Bibles, and a six months' course of Bible study landed them outside the narrow sacerdotal teachings of Rome in the full liberty of justification by faith in Christ. They soon made their escape from their prison walls, cast off their black robes, shaved their beards and have gone to work as Protestants, farmers, and labourers in whatever employment they could find. Their reports of the immoralities of the Syrian monks were shocking in the extreme and they said they felt that they had escaped from a veritable Sodom.

Another monk, a priest from the same sect, from Aleppo, professed to have become enlightened, fled to New York, was aided by Father O'Connor, studied in the Franco-American school in Springfield, then worked in a factory. But hard work was grievous to one trained to the indolent life of a Syrian priest. He knew no trade, had not sufficient knowledge of English to teach or to fit himself for preaching and fell into despair. The shrewd Romanists in New York offered him support and he abjured Protestantism and went back. When in New York he sent me an Arabic manuscript exposing the errors and immoralities of the Aleppo Romish clergy, which was printed in Egypt at his request and distributed in Syria. His case shows the hopelessness of a reform among the Oriental clergy. If they leave their office they are helpless. Their peculiar training or want of training unfits them for practical life.

When sincere men among them break away, as so many are doing in France and Rome, they are thrown at once upon charitable aid. Father O'Connor in New York has done a wonderful work in finding avenues for self-support for so many ex-priests. I always advise them to go to work as farmers, carpenters, or tailors and earn their bread by the sweat of their brows.

The monastic system is unnatural, unscriptural, and unsavoury. It is a curse to modern Syria. The best part of the fertile land of the Lebanon belongs to the monasteries and the peasants are their tenants. Mr. Butrus el Bistany, himself in early years being trained for a celibate life, used to say that in those days no one entered the monastic life except the half-witted or the avaricious, that is, fools or knaves: fools, who are too lazy to work, or knaves, who hope to be one day promoted to be abbots and appropriate the rich revenues to themselves. Some day a new order of things will come to Syria and the government will follow the example of Italy and confiscate all this monastic property and devote it to popular education. As it is, monasticism is the great barrier to the prosperity and development of the fair province of Mount Lebanon. For ages the monks and priests have extorted from the dying money, houses and lands, until the condition is becoming intolerable.

A letter to our mission stated that it was "better to build twenty churches at $20 each than one church at $400." We replied that the cost of a church has some relation to the cost of dwellings in the same place. On the Gaboon, West Africa, a native house or hut of reeds and thatch costs about $4, and a big hut to be used as a church from $10 to $30, chiefly in labour, as materials cost nothing.

In Syria, the half-naked Arabs of Jericho live in thatch huts, but the villagers of Syria and Palestine in stone houses, which cost from $100 to $200, or more, as timber is scarce and costly and the walls are double walls of hard limestone or trap rock. In Zahleh and the villages north and around Hamath, the houses are of adobe or sun-dried brick, but in all the villages over the land, the churches and mosques are built of stone, and a plain edifice, twice the size of a dwelling-house, to hold seventy-five to one hundred people sitting on mats on the floor, would cost about $400 or $500. The most of the churches and mosques in the cities are massive and expensive edifices, with high arched ceilings and beautiful columns. The suggestion of a missionary



MISSION STATIONS

1. Ain Zehalteh—Church and School. 2. Deir el Komr (entrance to Seraia of the Massacre, 1860). 3. Suk el Gharb Church. 4. Suk el Gharb Boys' School. 5. Deir el Komr (Protestant Boys' School and Chapel). 6. Abeih Church, showing memorial arch to Messrs. Calhoun and Bird, 1905. 7. Baalbek Chapel. 8. Deir el Komr (Girls' Schools). 9. Deir el Komr (Court of the Seraia. Scene of the Massacre).

board that $20 churches be built is out of the question in Syria. The principle of strict economy is sound, but it can hardly imply that the Christians in Syria are to worship in "wood, hay, and stubble" houses, like the half-naked savages of Africa. A religious edifice here is supposed to be at least respectable, and, as a fact, almost all the modern churches in Syria of all sects have been built with foreign help. The American Board from 1850 to 1870 opposed the building of church edifices here. But when Dr. N. G. Clark came here in 1871 and saw the Beirut church building, he was greatly gratified and said, "You are right. Protestantism has come to stay." Of thatch and reed matting one could hardly say, "It has come to stay."

On Monday, October 2, 1899, at 3 P. M., a goodly company of foreign missionaries, Syrian friends, and employees of the American Press at Beirut assembled in the press room of the printing-house to celebrate by appropriate religious exercises the inauguration of a new cylinder press. The old press, presented years ago by the American Bible Society, and used for printing the Arabic Scriptures, was showing the infirmities of age, and this new machine had just been set up and got ready for work.

After the benediction, Mr. Freyer requested the youngest missionary of the Presbyterian Church in Syria, who had arrived only that morning from the United States, Miss Rachel Tolles, of the Beirut Female Seminary, to turn on the steam and set the new Bible press in motion, and the freshly printed sheets of the first chapter of Genesis were distributed to the visitors present as mementoes of this memorable occasion.

Among the varied events of this year were the visits of Rev. Dr. G. J. Nichols of Binghamton and Dr. Richards of Plainfield; a letter from Sir Arthur Cotton in England, aged ninety-six, who was writing a book and wrote to ask about Asaad es Shidiak. Sir Arthur was in Syria in 1832, the year of my birth. I wrote him, "Truly the Lord has been good to you in prolonging your life and vigour to such a good old age, like a cedar of Lebanon bringing forth fruit in old age."

This year the British Syrian Mission took up the Shemlan Girls' Boarding-School, owing to the disbanding of the "Society for Promoting Female Education in the East."

Mrs. Dale and Miss Emily Bird visited Rishmeiya, where Mr. Bird had a school and a preaching service. The women and girls were deeply impressed. I spent Sunday there with Mr. Bird in August and on Sunday night, after the service, as we sat in the open air in the moonlight, a young girl about fifteen, who is lame, said to Mr. Bird, "We are so glad Mrs. Dale and Miss Bird came here. I had never dreamed that there were such women in the world. I was astonished at their words. They did not talk on the frivolous subjects we women talk about. They told us of heavenly things and holy living. I feel that a change is coming over me. I am not what I was. Let them come again and soon." She is now learning to read with great zeal, and next month Mrs. Dale is going again to spend a fortnight.

In December the winter rains set in with unusual violence. The Lebanon gorges, which are mostly dry in summer, were filled with boiling, roaring torrents, hurrying to the sea. The famous Dog River rose in freshet and swept away the massive stone wagon bridge and the railway iron bridge below it, just at the mouth of the river where it empties into the sea.

As the year closed, we were all anxiously watching the resistless progress of heart disease, which was gradually weakening Dr. Eddy's hold on life. From hour to hour he was expecting the summons and ready to meet his Lord.

1900—Rev. W. W. Eddy, D. D., a beloved brother and man of God, entered into rest on January 26th, aged seventy-four years. Like a shock of corn fully ripe, after a life of arduous labours and faithful witnessing for Christ, he is summoned to go up higher. Having known him for forty-four years as a fellow missionary, I am glad to testify to the pure and noble life he has led.

Wm. Woodbridge Eddy was born in Penn Yan, N. Y., Decem-

ber 18, 1825, his father, Rev. Dr. Chauncey Eddy, being at that time pastor of the Presbyterian church. His father and mother had been accepted as missionaries of the American Board in 1823, but ill health had prevented their going. The father then prayed that God would raise up one of his children to take his place, and his son, William, grew up with the idea that God would enable him to go as a substitute for his father. He prepared for college under Dr. Chester in Saratoga in 1841, graduated from Williams College in 1845, taught school for two years, graduated from Union Theological Seminary in 1850, married Miss Hannah Maria Condit of Oswego, N. Y., in November, 1851, and then sailed for Smyrna on the bark *Sultana*, arriving in Beirut January 31, 1852.

He laboured in Aleppo four years, until 1856, then one year in Kefr Shima, until September, 1857, when he removed to Sidon. In that extensive field he laboured for twenty-one years, and then came to our help in Beirut where I was intimately associated with him for eighteen years.

Among his fellow passengers on the *Sultana* were Dr. Lobdell of Mosul, Mr. Morgan of Antioch, and Mr. Sutphen of Trebizond. Of all the missionaries whom he and his wife met on their arrival in Smyrna and Beirut, only Mrs. Dr. Van Dyck of Beirut and Mrs. S. H. Calhoun of Natal, South Africa, still remain.

In 1875 the University of New York conferred upon him the degree of D. D.

In 1858 his father and mother visited Syria. They made tours with their son to the different outstations of the Sidon field, attending communion services, the father speaking through the son as interpreter to the numerous congregations. He would often exclaim, as did Simeon of old, that now he was ready to depart because he had realized his prayer and hope. He would have rejoiced with still greater joy could he have anticipated that three of his grandchildren would be colleague missionaries with their parents: Rev. Wm. King Eddy, for twenty years in Sidon, Mrs. Harriette M. Hoskins, from 1876 to 1888 in Sidon, in Zahleh from 1888 to 1900 and since then in Beirut, Dr. Mary Pierson

Eddy, who came in December, 1893, to be a general medical missionary, itinerating in different parts of the field, but connected with Beirut station.

After an illness of more than four months, struggling with the shortness of breath resultant from heart disease, he gently fell asleep on January 26th, in the early morning. His bedchamber was peace. His mind retained its great vigour and activity to the last. All the members of the mission were present at his funeral, having come by sea and land, and all excepting his son and son-in-law took part, with the Syrian pastors, in the funeral service, which was attended by a great concourse of natives and foreigners, with students of the college and the American, English, and German boarding-schools. The pall-bearers were eight American and English young men and eight Syrian brethren. The Arabic address was by H. H. Jessup and the English by Dr. George A. Ford.

My love for Dr. Eddy was that of a brother. I had known him in joy and in sorrow, in labours oft, in journeying, in teaching the theological students, in the Church and Sunday-school, in the business management of the press.

For fifteen years he gave the best of his strength to the Arabic Commentary on the New Testament which was completed July 29, 1899, just three weeks before the stroke of heart disease which laid him aside from active labour. The commentary was compiled from the best modern works and is eminently practical, spiritual, and homiletical and adapted to the needs of the evangelical communities in the East. It is in five volumes octavo, comprising in all 3,033 pages. Dr. Eddy was scholarly, accurate, judicious, a safe counsellor, and a thorough missionary in the best sense of the word and in every fibre of his being. The spiritual impression of his godly life will long remain in this land. He was studious, yet practical; sound, level-headed; modest, yet bold as a lion.

His English style was clear, concise, and ornate. His handwriting was like steel engraving and it was a comfort to receive his letters. One can hardly claim that a man is known by his

handwriting, as several of our most eminent missionaries have had a handwriting which was simply execrable,—but there was a correspondence between the clearness of his handwriting and the classic purity of his style.

He was a builder. I remember seeing him at one time on the steep zinc roof of the Khiyam church near Mount Hermon, repairing the leaks in the blazing sun, and at another overhauling a gang of masons and carpenters in the summer heat in Sidon, repairing and rebuilding the old Abela house for the girls' boarding-school. He proved the truth of the maxim that a foreign missionary must be a many-sided man, and that no gift nor accomplishment is lost in the life of one who would be all things to all men and make his work most effective.

That church in Khiyam was the occasion of serious discussion in the mission. And the same question arose with regard to other churches roofed with zinc or corrugated iron. Why build roofs of materials which the people themselves cannot use nor repair? The Syrian churches of the old sects are generally arched with vaulted roofs of solid masonry with earthen roofs which they can roll and keep in repair. Owing to the rapid development of the country and the introduction of French-tiled roofs in the small villages, there would be no need to-day of a missionary's doing what Dr. Eddy did forty years ago in El Khiyam.

Early in February, through the earnest efforts of American and English ladies, led by Mrs. Jessup, and the Syrian Y. M. C. A., a Christian temperance reading-room was opened in Beirut to furnish a counter attraction to the young men of the city who would otherwise be drawn into the saloons and gambling hells of the city. It has proved a great success, and what remains to make it a permanent blessing is a building for the Y. M. C. A. and reading-rooms, which shall be designed especially for this object.

In the readjustment following the death of Dr. Eddy, Rev. F. E. Hoskins, of Zahleh, was transferred to Beirut. Mr. Yusef

Aatiyeh, the eloquent and earnest preacher of the Beirut church, was obliged by reasons of health to leave for Tripoli and Rev. Asaad Abdullah was called to his place.

In February a young Moslem convert, Haj Kasim, from M'arrat Naaman, north of Hamath, came to Beirut seeking work and finally left for Egypt. The same month we received into the Beirut church seven Moslem and Druse maidens, all of whom were intelligent Christians.

In October Mrs. Gerald F. Dale began her work in the distant outpost of Ras Baalbec, instructing and visiting the women and girls of that far-off and uncouth region. Hardship, exposure, the vicinity of the notorious robbers and sheep thieves of the clans of Dendesh and Harfoosh, and the annual visits of the nomad Aneyzy Arabs have made the villagers hardy, rough, and brave. Mr. Dale opened the way there for a school and won their confidence, and in spite of monks and nuns and every species of malicious persecution, a few stand firm and the school has greatly prospered.

The mission boarding and day-schools were all increasing in numbers, in financial income and in influence in the land.

Dr. Mary P. Eddy, having been physically prostrated by months of constant watching at her father's bedside, was ordered on furlough to America February 27, 1900.

Five theological students graduated at Suk el Gharb, November 7th, and went out to their fields of labour.

November 12th, by the advice of our physician, Mrs. Jessup and I took the Austrian steamer *Helios* for Haifa to spend a season at Hotel Pross on Mount Carmel. There is no more restful place in Syria. The scenery is inspiring and the absolute quiet of that German hotel and its clean, wholesome appointments give one just the rest and refreshment that the weary in mind and body need. We remained the first day after landing at

Hotel Carmel in the German colony, and there were brought into contact with the Babites. An American lady, who became enamoured of this system of mysticism, was at the hotel, and Captain Wells, a chaplain from the Philippines, had come there for the express purpose of keeping her out of that abyss of religious platitudes. We spent four and a half hours in conversation with her. She could give no reason for following Abbas Effendi, excepting a kind of hypnotic fascination. Abbas Effendi's two brothers, Mohammed Ali and Bedea, were then in a bitter quarrel with him, and Mrs. ——— said that Abbas feared for his life. While we were talking, a tall youth with a long Persian coat passed the door and stopped. She called out, "There he is, that awful creature. He is trying to kill Abbas, and is a spy trying to hear what we are saying."

The next day, by invitation, I called with Captain Wells on Abbas Effendi. I published in the *Outlook* a full account of my conversation with him in Arabic. He is an elderly and venerable man, very similar to scores of venerable Moslem and Druse sheikhs I have met in this land. I can understand how an intelligent Moslem might be attracted to Babism, on account of its liberality towards other sects, as contrasted with the narrow conceited illiberality of Islam. But I cannot understand how a true Christian can possibly exchange the liberty with which Christ makes us free and the clear, consistent plan of salvation through a Redeemer, for the misty and mystical platitudes of Babism. It has helped in breaking up the solidity of Islam in Persia, but is becoming more and more of a "sect." It may result in good if it spreads among the Sunni Moslems of Turkey and Egypt as it has among the Shiahs of Persia.

An extensive movement towards Babism, or the doctrine of the Mystic Shadhilees, would do more than anything else to break up Pan-Islamism.

In March, 1901, Rev. Mr. Bray of Wisconsin dined with Mohammed Ali and Bedea Effendi, brothers of Abbas. They showed him the tomb of their father, Beha Allah, who they insisted was an incarnation of the Holy Ghost. "What," said

Mr. Bray, "is this the tomb of a *dead Holy Ghost?*" Mohammed Effendi was perplexed and made no reply.

Any religious system which depends on the life of one man or family must tumble one day from its foundation of sand.

I left Abbas Effendi with the painful feeling that he was accepting divine honours from simple-minded women from America and receiving their gifts of gold, without a protest or rebuke.

I hear that his younger brother, Bedea, has become reconciled to him, but I would not guarantee that his main object is not to gain his share of the money which is in the possession of Abbas Effendi. It is not long since he was threatening to kill Abbas, and assassination is an old fashion of Persian fanatics.

In December an American woman was brought ashore from a steamer and placed in St. John's Hospital in Beirut in a state of collapse. When sufficiently revived to speak, she said she was Mrs. ——— of Chicago, and had left contrary to her husband's request to visit the Bab Incarnation, Abbas Effendi of Acre. She was literally starved through seasickness, and before her death, she moaned and mourned her folly in leaving her husband and home to visit the "Master" Abbas. An autopsy revealed perforation of the coats of the stomach. The poor woman had taken this long journey alone and must have suffered untold agonies, ignorant of the language and helpless through seasickness in a winter voyage. Yet to what lengths of exposure will religious delusion drive people! This Holy Land is the happy hunting-ground of cranks and visionaries of all stripes, Oriental and Occidental.

One of the recent woman pilgrims to the shrine of Abbas Effendi was an English-speaking woman who stated that she had been successively an Agnostic, Christian Scientist, and Theosophist and now was going to try Abbasism. Palestine, whether it ever witnesses the turning of the Jews from Europe and America to their old fatherland or not, is certainly now witnessing the "turning of the cranks."

1900—After forty-four years of residence in Syria, I cheerfully

bear my testimony to the many attractive traits in the character of the Syrian people of the Arab race.

1. Their hospitality. This is proverbial and it is real. Whether among the Bedawin Arabs of the desert, or the dwellers in cities and villages, they are kind and liberal in entertaining strangers. And they do it with great kindness and native courtesy even among the very poor. On great occasions, such as weddings or betrothals, they invite literally the whole village to a feast. If Europeans, in travelling, reach their village, the best house will be put at their disposal.

2. Their fondness for their children. No people are more fond of children, and since education is available, they are all anxious to educate their children. And the Syrian children are very bright, attractive, and lovable, and will compare favourably with the children of any other people.

3. Their aptness to learn. You would be pleased to hear the little Arab boys and girls recite by heart whole chapters of the Bible. Their memories are remarkable.

4. They are a naturally religious people, and a man without a religion of some kind would be looked upon as a strange creature. And they believe in divinely inspired books, whether the Koran or the Bible.

5. The literature of the Arab race is very extensive and beautiful. Their poetry is exquisite and their proverbs have no superior in any language. The Arabic language is capable of great eloquence and great nicety of expression and the people are very fond of it.

6. Many of their educated men, trained in the missionary colleges and schools, are now filling high positions as editors, clerks, business managers, physicians, preachers, and teachers in all parts of this empire, in Egypt, and in North Africa.

7. They have caught the enterprising spirit of Western civilization and are starting out in a new Phœnician migration to the ends of the earth, seeking to better their condition; and at some time in the future the more solid and reliable part of them will come back to benefit and elevate their country.

8. The evangelical churches scattered throughout Syria have many members whose pure and consecrated lives are a living witness to their sincerity and faith. Thousands of the children are in Christian schools, in preparation for future usefulness.

9. Some of these Syrian believers have been an honour to the Church of Christ.

Dr. Samuel Jessup and his daughter Fanny went June 11, 1900, by invitation of a friend, to the Paris Exposition, and took with them a box of Arabic Scriptures to be given to the Arabic-speaking visitors from Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, and Egypt. At this time, also, Arabic Testaments were given freely to the hundreds of emigrants going from Syria to North and South America.

June 20th our daughter Amy was married to Rev. Paul Erdman.

They had been appointed missionaries to Korea. All preparations were made for their journey to the far East, when suddenly there came another voice, not from the cloud, but from under the sea, "Assigned to Syria," and the dear children were given back to us and to Syria. The Board had come to see our need of reinforcement since Dr. Eddy's death, and accordingly reversed their former decision.

Just eighteen months afterwards, the dear daughter in giving life lost her own, and her monument stands among the olive trees east of Sidon where she had begun her missionary life. Only a parent can understand the anguish of that hour when we saw her life ebbing away. So beautiful, so vigorous, so well fitted by nature and grace to honour her Lord and Saviour by loving, faithful service in Syria, she had won all hearts, and now so suddenly summoned away! We were indeed stricken and smitten, but found it sweet and comforting to say, "Thy will be done." She was His and He called her home.

"That life is long which answers life's best end," and she hath done what she could to serve the Master in the land of her birth. May her son, Frederick Erdman, live to witness for Christ in Syria or some other mission as his Uncle Frederick is doing in Persia!



SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY PICNIC TO DOG RIVER
ANCIENT MULE BRIDGE OVER DOG RIVER

On April 14th a remarkable body of Christian tourists, known as "Christian Endeavour Party," led by Dr. Wilbur Chapman and Dr. Shaw, left Beirut for Constantinople, the whole company singing in chorus, "God be with you till we meet again," and as we rowed away to the shore, with such a farewell, we felt as if a part of our own family were leaving us. On Good Friday, Dr. Shaw preached in the American Church and in the evening, the Syrian Christian Endeavourers gave a reception to the hundred tourists and some forty resident Americans and English in the Memorial Sunday-School Hall. After a social reunion and simple refreshments, addresses were made by Drs. Shaw, Chapman, and Countermine and responded to by Syrians and missionaries. The opening prayer was offered by a missionary son, Dr. Ford of Sidon, and the benediction by a missionary grandson, Rev. Ezekiel Scudder of the Arcot Mission in India. Time would fail me to mention the names of all the good and great men in that goodly company. They brought a blessing to us and to our Syrian friends and will, no doubt, carry a blessing to their homes.

In June, 1900, two men with their wives, converts from Islam, passed through here, en route for Egypt. They were brought to accept Christ through their godly Protestant neighbours in an interior city and after long probation were received as brethren. We obtained passage for them on a steamer bound for Alexandria, and they went to their new home in Egypt, where they engaged at once in self-supporting work and gave great satisfaction by their sincerity and steadfastness. The old mother of one of the women insisted on coming with them to Beirut and after they sailed, returned to Damascus.

In order to relieve the minds of the brethren who sent them on to us and who feared they might be prevented from sailing, I wrote a letter to one of them as follows:

"The goods you forwarded to us came safely and we shipped them to Egypt by the khedivial steamer June 30th to our business agent. The large bale, which was found too old for shipment, we returned to the Damascus agent to be forwarded to

you. We have hopes of great profit from the portion sent to Egypt."

The reason for writing in this commercial style was that an Arabic letter giving the literal facts might have been read by the postal police, and brought some of the parties concerned into trouble.

"Should Missionary Work be Kept on in China?"

In September my friend, Miss Holmes of Pittsburg, in a letter on missions, asked me the above question, in view of the dreadful massacres by the Boxers. I replied that the true soldier of Jesus Christ will never give up as long as there are men to be saved. The Christians in Madagascar were burned alive, cast down precipices, and cruelly tortured, but God's Word remained and the missionaries went back and were more successful than ever. In 1860 Syria was desolated with fire and sword. Thousands of Christians were massacred, churches, schools and homes destroyed. Some thought we should come home and leave such a land. They said, "Wind up and come home." We did wind up the machine, and it has kept running for forty-eight years with no sign of needing another winding at present. The Church will have to wind up its mission clock in China afresh. We would not give up or leave the country. We fed and clothed some 20,000 refugees in Beirut who had come from Damascus, Hasbeiya, and Lebanon. And from that time has begun a new interest in Christianity all over Syria. I have no doubt that the same will eventually be the result in China. It may be delayed by the rapacity, land hunger, and jealousies of the European Powers, but some day and in some way, the Lord, who bought that people with such a precious ransom, will see to it that they have the light and comfort of the Gospel. Alas, that the Christian Church should have waited so long before sending the Gospel to China.

Dr. Brown visited China in 1901 and I wrote to him, "If you cannot rectify everything in China during your visit, be content to let the Lord finish up the job."

In September the Moslem roughs in Haifa insulted a body of German women from the colony who were bathing in the sea. The German consul obtained the severe punishment of the offenders. The Turks will not allow outrages upon the subjects of Emperor William, above all, the peaceable colonists in Haifa.

On the 1st of October, Abdullah, the American Press watchman in Beirut, was found brutally murdered and mutilated in his room and the money drawer of the office broken open. The murderer found little money. Suspicion fell on a young Moslem. In entering the press over the wall, he had stepped into a bed of soft mortar and left the exact impression of his bare foot. The Moslem was brought and his foot exactly fitted the mould. The evidence against him was clear, but as he was a Moslem, and had only killed a Christian infidel dog, *he was soon released.* There is hardly a case on record where a Moslem has been executed for the "highly meritorious" act of killing a Christian. Their sacred book and law allow it, and a Mohammedan government is not adapted to rule over a semi-Christian, semi-Moslem people. The day has passed when a purely sectarian government can rule justly and without constant friction over a mixed population. It is religiously obliged to discriminate in all cases in favour of one sect and against all others.

I translated Rev. S. M. Zwemer's statistical table of the Moslem population of the world, giving it as 196,000,000. On sending it to the Mudir el Maarif, he prohibited its publication on the ground that the Emperor William in Damascus had declared the number to be 300,000,000. I replied that the emperor only quoted what the Moslem sheikh had asserted to be the number. But the mudir kept it, and months after it was published in the *Independence Belge* in an official statement of the Ottoman government as the result of its own researches. I then copied it from the Belgian journal and published it in our *Neshrah.* The Mudir Jelal ud Din Beg, however, got the credit of it.

A review of the year 1900 shows that the press printed 24,000,000 pages, of which 17,884,000 were Arabic Scriptures. Fifty-eight thousand copies were issued, although, owing to repair, the presses were idle for two months.

During the year, the Russian Schools Committee bought 4,026 copies of the Arabic Bible and Testament for use in their schools and in addition, 7,893 volumes of educational and scientific literature.

The local press censors have continued to remind us that we are under their paternal scrutiny. They refuse now to sanction any map of the Holy Land showing the divisions made by Joshua among the twelve tribes of Israel, as the Sultan Abdul Hamid has not authorized such a division in the past nor will he in the future. In Mr. Moody's book, "To the Work," all the illustrations and lessons drawn from the story of Gideon and his victorious band of three hundred are suppressed, probably from the perilous suggestiveness of the possibility that such an event might occur again.

The Beirut Girls' Boarding-School continued to prosper and the return of Miss Barber from America was cause for special thanksgiving.

The college students numbered 512, showing a steady growth from year to year.

XXVII

The Whitening Fields (1901–1902)

Shall a Missionary Resign at 70?

MY elder brother, Judge Wm. H. Jessup, reached his seventy-first birthday on January 29th, and I wrote him a letter of congratulation. "It is a great matter and a good one, too, to have lived during the last half of the nineteenth century and to see the opening of the twentieth. We cannot expect to journey far down into the new century on this little globe, but we shall see greater things than these in that land to which we are going. Last year you were seventy and next year, D. V. I shall be seventy. President Dwight of Yale, your classmate, Dr. Munger, and President Daniel C. Gilman, old Yale friends of mine, resigned at seventy. But how can a lawyer or a missionary resign at seventy? Can a sea-captain resign when two-thirds across the Atlantic, because he is seventy? We can throw off certain burdens upon younger shoulders, but to give up *all* work is out of the question. Our missionary patriarch at Constantinople, Dr. Elias Riggs, is now ninety and still does effective literary work. Daniel Bliss, of the college, is in his seventy-seventh year and so is Mr. Bird of Abeih. Yet Dr. Bliss as president fulfills his college duties well and Mr. Bird can itinerate in Lebanon and preach with great fervour and power. Last Sunday I preached in Arabic at the college at 9 A. M., then in English in the Anglo-American Church at 11 A. M., and at 3 P. M. went to the Sunday-school, and then attended Christian Endeavour consecration meeting from 4:30 to 6 P. M., and did not feel 'Mondayish' the next day.

"Dr. Cuyler did right to resign that large pastorate at seventy and be thus in a quiet way able to serve the Church at large.

Yet how easy it is to say what other people ought to do, and how hard for us to stop work or even to go at half speed, when our heads are white, our step begins to be unsteady, and our knees and feet refuse to obey orders from headquarters!

"The 'line of fire' is fast working down to 1830, the year of your birth, and 1832 of mine; the men who stand in front of us are growing fewer and feebler and the shafts are flying thicker than ever, and ere long our old neighbours will say of us, 'See, they are now in the front; their turn will come next!'

"But why should we not work on? If we live temperately, eat moderately, work steadily, sleep soundly, exercise regularly, never worry, and calmly and lovingly trust in our God and Saviour, we ought to work on right up to the gates of glory."

And he did. The following January 16, 1902, he attended an evening religious meeting, returned home, and retired, and before sunrise was suddenly summoned by his Lord. A cablegram brought me the news while the mission was in session in my study.

The week before he had delivered before the Bar Association of Scranton, composed of some of the most eminent lawyers and judges of Pennsylvania, an elaborate address on the relations of capital and labour and the legality of strikes, which was pronounced to be one of the best presentments of the legal aspects of the question ever written. It was published and widely circulated. He was as prominent in the Church as in the law, a zealous and successful Bible class teacher, a lover of the Church, the Sunday-school, and the family altar. By his death, brother Samuel and I alone remain of the five brothers in our family, and yet it was thought that an early grave awaited us both in the distant land of Syria.

February 13th Mrs. Jessup and I were returning on horseback from Sidon to Beirut. The horses were of the kind that had "seen their fast days," and although the sheikh of the horses in Sidon had assured us of their superior qualities, we had a laborious time in reaching the river Damûr, half-way to Beirut.

Muleteers whom we met assured us that we need not go around by the bridge, as the stream was low and easily forded above its mouth near the seashore. I rode ahead and Mrs. Jessup followed. Suddenly, when near the middle of the swift, deep current, I heard a sound, and looking around, saw Mrs. Jessup's horse prostrate in water and she lying in the stream. I sprang from my horse and rushed back through two feet of water and slipping on a boulder, fell headlong into the river; but in a moment I was up, and seizing her hand, helped her out with one hand, leading the two horses with the other until we reached the north shore. There we found a little room nearly empty, and proceeded to dry our clothes in the hot sun, sitting barefoot while we ate our lunch. As our warm woollen wraps and waterproofs were in the saddle-bags, we made a partial change, and rode on to Beirut. Providentially, instead of a cold north wind, we had a dead calm and a blazing sun which prevented our taking cold. I had travelled over that road for forty years but never met with such an accident before.

It is well known that modern Islam, like the papacy, believes the traditions to be of equal authority with the sacred volume. The Moslem traditions, sayings of the Prophet and his doings, etc., are embodied in several ponderous and tedious volumes, full of puerilities and impurities, so that respectable Moslems are ashamed of them. The Shiah Moslems of Persia reject the traditions. The Sunnites, on the contrary, accept them and swear by them. These latter are the Orthodox sect, but of late, many of their leading sheikhs have become alarmed at the use made of their traditions by Christian writers and are demanding an expurgated edition of the Hadeeth. They will find it impossible to agree as to the true and false traditions. In all the ages of Islam, a bitter controversy has been waged as to which passages of the Koran are abrogated, and which are not. If all the false traditions are weeded out, there will not be much left. The Arabs tell a story of Dr. Thomson, that soon after his arrival in Syria he tried to eat a ripe prickly pear (the luscious fruit of the

giant cactus). Finding it full of woody seeds, he began to pick them out and when he got them all out, there was nothing left but the skin.

And yet modern Islam is moulded by the Hadeeth more than by the Koran, and a thousand customs and superstitions, passing as sound in doctrine by the Moslem world, rest entirely on the Hadeeth, just as the unscriptural papal doctrines of Mariolatry, Immaculate Conception, Transubstantiation and Papal Infallibility, etc., rest entirely on Romish tradition.

In March another Moslem convert appeared, an ingenuous young man, who was longing to breathe the air of religious liberty. We wrote to Egypt with regard to him, as Egypt is a refuge for the oppressed, and although private family persecution is the same everywhere, there is no religious liberty for Moslem converts in Turkey, while in Egypt, the government, as such, does not persecute.

A convert of another type appeared in April, a Benedictine monk of fine education and musical talents, named Jean. He was a good Semitic scholar and a remarkable organist. I gave him a letter to Father James A. O'Connor of New York, so well known as a Protestant "usher" of Romish priests into the Protestant fold, asking him to give him aid in securing a place as organist in some American city. Having a good profession as organist, he seemed far more hopeful than the ordinary run of ex-priests who ask to be fed, clothed, and sent to America at our expense, a request which we invariably decline.

In April, 1901, we were visited by the "Riggs Party" of American ministers and laymen, among whom were Professor Riggs, Dr. Merle Smith, Mr. Ammidon, Dr. and Mrs. Maltbie Babcock, and others. Such visits are the oases in the life of a Syrian missionary and are always refreshing and inspiring. This party embraced a larger number than usual of refined and consecrated men and women whom it was a privilege to meet. Dr.

Maltbie Babcock I was especially anxious to meet. His father, Henry Babcock, then of Truxton, New York, and his Uncle John, were schoolmates of mine in Montrose in 1846, and I afterwards visited them when they were settled in business in Syracuse. Those two brothers were the means of teaching me in one lesson how to swim. We were out in a flat-bottomed boat, fishing on Jones' Lake, near Montrose. About a hundred feet from the shore, a dead tree loomed up from the water which was quite deep. The boys asked me to lay hold of a broken limb of the tree and draw up the boat and lash it to the trunk. I reached out and the boat began to move away. Down I went into the deep water and the boat, under the impulse, was now far from me. I turned about in the water and swam towards the boat without an effort, although I had frequently before that time tried in vain to learn.

When Dr. Maltbie called on us in Beirut, I told him this story and of his father's and uncle's fondness for music, and with Mrs. Jessup at the piano, we sang familiar hymns and songs with great comfort. His clear, sweet voice reminded me of his lamented father.

He preached in the college chapel Sunday, April 21st. In the afternoon was a full meeting of the Christian Endeavour Society. On Friday evening, April 26th, a reception was given to the Riggs party and other travellers, among whom was Dr. Newman Smyth and my old friend of 1855, Titus B. Meigs of New York. After several addresses had been made Mr. J. Alling of Rochester announced, on behalf of the Riggs party, a gift of $1,500 for a new printing machine for our press, and $200 for the Zahleh and Sidon stations.

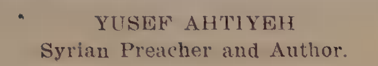
The next morning we all went down to the port and accompanied that party of beloved and noble friends to the French steamship *Equateur*, little dreaming that we should see the loved face of Dr. Babcock no more. Not long after came the startling news of his death in the Naples Hospital, and we mingled our tears with the tears of thousands of Christian people in America, who sympathized in a common sorrow and bereavement.

Years ago, Dr. Washburn telegraphed me from Cairo. The envelope came addressed, "Jessup American Machinery," a new way of spelling missionary. When one thinks of the multiplicity of duties devolving upon a missionary, the title seems not inappropriate. There are wheels within wheels and revolutions without number, and the wonder is that with translation, editing, importing, accounting, preaching, teaching, itinerating, visiting, the machinery does not give out and the men die prematurely. But for the oil of grace freely supplied to the running gear, no man could survive it long.

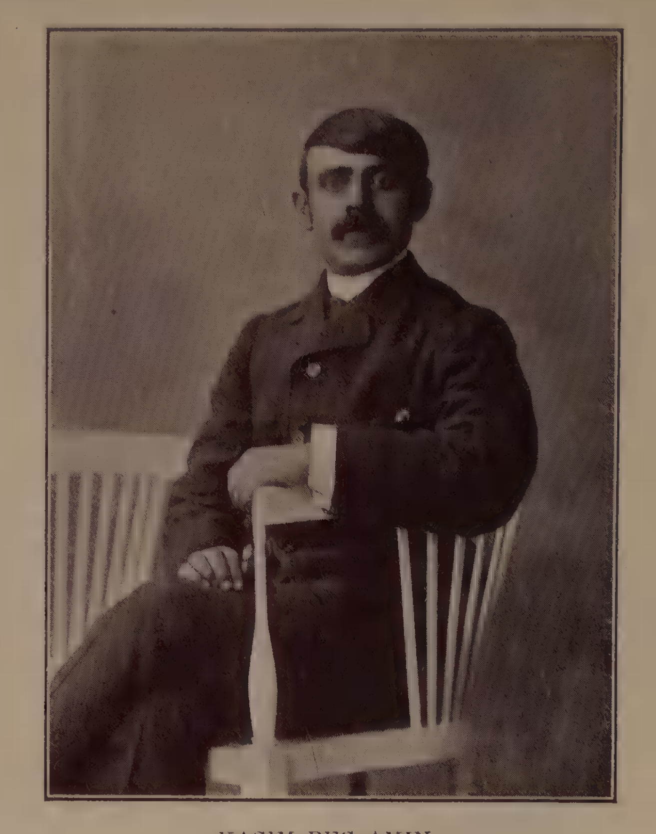
One of the most epoch making books of the last decade of progress is "The Emancipation of Woman," by Judge Kasim Beg Amîn, counsellor of the court of appeals in Cairo, Egypt, and a second work, "The New Woman." This brilliant author and judge was one of the lights of the New Egypt, and a broad-minded, liberal man, but died suddenly April, 1908, aged forty-two years. The following extracts from the book will show that the Moslem world is going to be roused from its slumber of ages by its own sons.

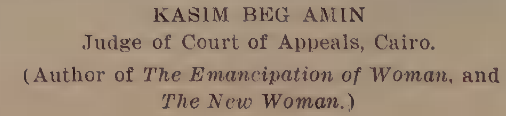
Sir William Muir in writing to me under date of May 15, 1901, quotes from a letter addressed to him by a correspondent as follows:

"'. . . I am forwarding an Arabic book which will be of interest to you. It is causing a great sensation in Moslem circles. Its author, Kasim Beg Amîn, of Cairo, is a well-known Moslem counsellor of the court of appeals. In 1889 he wrote a book called "Tahrir al Mir'at," advocating the emancipation of the women of Egypt, their education, and admission into the same rights and privileges as European women enjoy. It raised a perfect storm of opposition, the Ulema and Fikaha, the bigoted and ignorant section of the community, being especially bitter in their attacks on the book and its author. They accused him of being an unbeliever, an enemy of Islam, and guilty of propagating ideas contrary to the precepts of the Koran. In reply to these denouncements and in justification of his views, he



YUSEF AHTIYEH
Syrian Preacher and Author.





KASIM BEG AMIN
Judge of Court of Appeals, Cairo.
(Author of *The Emancipation of Woman*, and *The New Woman.*)

has just published a second book, called "Al Mir'at el Jadîdah," or "The New Woman." In the preface he gives the sheikhs of the Azhar such a proof of his mettle as they are not likely to forget soon, every word he writes is so true: and, to add to their consternation, the mufti and other enlightened leaders of Islam in Cairo are inclined to support these revolutionary views.'

"What Kasim Beg advocates is the training of the coming generation to take that place in the home and social circle which the woman in Europe occupies. He says:

"If this is accomplished, and the woman instead of being the slave of the man, becomes his equal, his companion, friend and counsellor, the manager of his house, the educator and trainer of his children, Kasim Beg is certain that the movement will be one of the greatest events that has happened in the history of Egypt.

"The principal obstacle to the education of woman is, without doubt, the state of seclusion in which she is condemned to-day to live. While this custom prevails nothing can be accomplished."

The author of these books shows that the veil and separation of men and women are not creations of the Koran, but have been enjoined because they have been thought to have an extraordinary influence on morality. The result he proves to be entirely the opposite, and he proceeds:

"Here, too, as elsewhere, the charm of prohibiting produces a result contrary to its object.

"Humiliating to the woman, detrimental to her health and morals, wounding the dignity of man himself in the sense of the reciprocal distrust which attaches to them, it has degraded our customs, and condemns our primitive precautions, which are repulsive to every cultivated mind.

"If we raise woman by giving her education and liberty, we may be able to change the whole history of Egypt, and possibly of all the East. *This is a question of life and death for us*, and for all Mussulmans, because the misfortune of the East is not, in my opinion, a religious problem as generally understood. That does not mean to say that our religion has not undergone a de-

formation which requires some reforms. But if our religion has been degraded it is because our character has been lowered. The great subject—the subject of subjects—is in connection solely or principally with the education of woman.

"We cannot seriously change our social state before changing that of our family. Religious and moral instruction, which are so generally extolled and praised by us as a remedy for our misfortune, would not produce the desired effect. It is not sufficient alone that grain should be good in order to germinate; it requires also to light upon favourable soil. But this favourable soil will be always lacking as long as woman is unable to prepare the future welfare of her children. A common saying among us is: 'Woman should never leave her home till borne from it to her grave.'

"The changes which I would urge upon my countrymen are:

"1. Let the women be educated.

"2. Accord to them the liberty of their acts, their thoughts, and their sentiments.

"3. Give to marriage its dignity by adopting, as its base, the reciprocal inclination of both parties, which is impossible if they do not see each other before marriage.

"4. Make regulations in regard to the husband's right of repudiation; give the same right to the wife. Make it in all cases a solemn act which cannot validly take place except before a tribunal, and after having been preceded by an attempt at conciliation.

"5. Prohibit polygamy by law."

In one passage the author exclaims, "Why is it, my brethren of Islam, that I cannot allow my own brother to see the face of my wife? Why do we never trust one another or trust our women? Is it because we are inferior to the Christian nations of Europe and America whose women go unveiled and are trusted and honoured? Are we so degraded that no one can trust another?

"Why do we boast of the virtue of our women and at the same time claim that they can only be kept so by the force of

watchmen, the strength of locks and bolts, and the height of our walls? Is it not strange that not a man among us trusts his wife no matter how long she has been married? Is it not a shame that we imagine that our mothers, daughters, and wives do not know how to protect their own honour? Is all this suspicion consistent with our own self-respect?

"Our only relief is in family training and the moral and intellectual education of our girls."

In speaking of polygamy, he is very eloquent and severe. He says, "Polygamy produces jealousy, hatred, intrigue, crimes innumerable, and great suffering. My critics claim that women in the hareems are happy. How do they know? Have they any statistics of hareem life?"

On August 12, 1901, the second conference of Christian workers in the Turkish Empire was conducted in Brummana, Mount Lebanon, by Rev. F. B. Meyer of London. Mr. Meyer's presence was inspiring. He spoke twice a day for seven days, and missionaries from all parts of the empire occupied the rest of the time. It was a season of heart-searching, of uplifting, and new self-dedication to Christ. I took full notes of his addresses and translated them all into Arabic for our weekly *Neshrah*.

A part of our company had been travelling before the conference along the upper backbone range of Lebanon and ascended to the summit of Jebel Suñnin, 8,600 feet above the sea. On that day, we at Aleih and Brummana were enveloped in thick clouds and fog. On their arrival we asked them how they succeeded in climbing the heights of Suñnin on that cloudy day. They replied, "Clouds? We had no clouds. We were above the clouds and saw the fleecy masses far below us. We were in a cloudless sky. We could see the Cedar Mountains on the north, Hermon on the south, and all the high ranges. Only you, who were lower down, were in clouds and darkness."

So at Brummana we felt that for a season we were above the clouds, high up in the clear sunshine of the Saviour's presence. The Lord bless Frederick B. Meyer!

His visit will never be forgotten. His teachings will be re-echoed along the Bosphorus and the Black Sea, the Orontes, the Jordan, and the Nile. He has left seed thoughts which will germinate and bring forth blessed fruit on the plains of Galatia and Cilicia, of Syria and Palestine, and in the fertile soil of Egypt.

Among the features of this conference was a question box, in which about one hundred answered the question, "What is the ideal missionary?"

In more than one instance *sanctified common sense* was held up as the threefold essential. One, whose ideal, like George Fox in his leather suit, preferred the plain and practical, wrote briefly, "(1) A warm heart. (2) A hard head. (3) A thick skin." With another, it was the case of "right relationship (1) with God, as loyal ambassadors; (2) with others, by the exercise of tact and common sense; (3) with oneself, by observing in all physical and intellectual matters a due proportion between work and relaxation, so as neither to burn out nor rust out."

Other fundamental requisites were an adequate knowledge of the language; knowledge of the problems of his field; a trained and experienced mind; one who cultivates his mind to the best of his power; mighty in the Scriptures, fully acquainted with the Word of God; thoroughly acquainted with the Bible, history, human nature, and especially his own self; giving constant thought to whatever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report; having an experimental knowledge of the Scriptures and of the way of salvation; sure of the ultimate triumph of the Gospel. He knows how to set other people to work.

1. Surrender of the will; desiring not to be ministered unto but to minister, emptied of self; a man with a single purpose, to glorify God; unadvertised self-denial.

2. Filled with the spirit, and much in prayer and in intercession on behalf of others; in constant communion with the Lord.

A *sent* one, ever about his Father's business; a witness to what the Holy Spirit has shown him of the Lord Jesus; a strong be-

lief that God will have all men to be saved; such a belief in the possibilities of human nature that he will never be discouraged; ever striving to find the angel in the rough block of marble; looking always on the bright side of people, events, and circumstances; with God's love shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost till His love streams over all barriers and covers all for whom Christ died; a love to Christ so deep in the heart that it will make him tender, patient, forgiving, and winning to all; copying the Master in every way, Christlike.

Among other not to be despised requirements were—humour, good humour, such a sense of humour as will save him and his efforts from getting into ridiculous situations; the power of living at peace with all men without sacrificing right principles. Over and over again reference was made to tact, courtesy, common sense, "plenty of common sense," "good common sense," "sanctified common sense," "consecrated common sense."

Sympathy in like manner was frequently insisted on, and specialized as broad, loving, whole-hearted, unaffected; a sympathy that wins the love and confidence of those among whom one works.

Again, the missionary keeps near his fellow missionaries and works harmoniously with them. The same spirit enables him to understand the people, sympathize with them, and to live Christ among them. Further, he should be a man of magnetic charm; of enthusiasm; interested in every person he meets, he should have an open mind and be able to deal with new developments. He is "made all things to all men that he may win some"; and yet —he is able to stand alone leaning on God's arm. He has a correct sense of proportion, enabling him to see first things that are first, and to choose always what gives glory to Christ. He lives up to what he preaches. The life of the ideal missionary like a planetary orbit is thus constantly under the influence of its two foci—consecration to God and service to man.

In reply to an invitation to be present at the Bi-Centennial of Yale, I wrote to the president and fellows of Yale University:

Dear Sirs:

I am in receipt of your invitation to me to be present at the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of Yale College, on October 20th.

I should esteem it an honour and a privilege to be present, did not duty to my work in Syria prevent my being absent at that time.

I congratulate you all on this auspicious day, and as a loyal son of Yale, permit me to say that we missionary sons of alma mater look to her to train the missionaries of the future. A noble band have gone forth from Yale to plant Christian institutions in distant lands.

On my arrival here in February, 1856, one of the first men to greet me was Eli Smith, a Yale graduate of 1821. He was then engaged in that monumental work, the translation of the Bible into the Arabic language, which Dr. Cornelius Van Dyck took up on Dr. Smith's death, January 11, 1857,—a work which has forever connected the name of Yale with the spiritual enlightenment of tens of millions of our race.

Dr. Eli Smith's son is now an honoured professor in Yale.

The sons of Yale are scattered over the earth, but more of them are needed. The missionary work to-day calls, as never before, for men thoroughly equipped, highly educated, broad-minded, level-headed. Is Yale doing her whole duty in this great mission of American Christianity? Yale was founded to train men for the Church and the world and not merely for the "American Nation."

Would it not be well to put on record at this great anniversary what Yale has done in planting Christianity and a Christian civilization in Asia, Africa, and Polynesia? Is Yale keeping pace with the great work entrusted by our divine Master to Christian America? Is she sending more men into the world's harvest field now that she has 2,500 students, than when she had only 600?

May the Yale of the new century be preëminent for liberal learning, sanctified science, and self-denying consecration to the highest spiritual welfare of the whole brotherhood of man!

Invoking the divine blessing upon you, Mr. President, son of my old professor, upon you, the fellows, among whom is a beloved classmate, and upon all the alumni and students of Yale who may be so fortunate as to be present at this two hundredth anniversary, I am ever,

Yours loyally and lovingly,

Henry Harris Jessup,
Of the Class of 1851.

My brother Samuel recently had an unusual experience when travelling in the mountains west of Mount Hermon. In riding through a lonely valley, he met several Moslem horsemen. One of them, an aged man, dismounted and stepping forward seized the bridle of my brother's horse, exclaiming, "I shall not let go this bridle until you give me what I ask." My brother said, "What do you ask?" He replied, "Years ago you sent a teacher to my village, Belott, and my son Khalil attended the school. It made a new boy of him. He became a Christian, and now I want you to send another teacher to instruct and train my younger sons. I am a Moslem, but I want them to be Christians like their brother Khalil. Now do not refuse me. If you do, I shall hold you responsible. Ere long we shall both stand before the judgment bar of God. If you do not give us a teacher and my boys grow up ignorant, God will say to me, 'Why did you neglect these sons?' And I will reply, 'I wanted them taught the right way, but this man, Dr. Jessup, would not send us a teacher. *He* is responsible.'" My brother explained the extreme difficulty of getting the means to carry on so many schools, but said he would see what could be done. Then said the sheikh, "We will gladly pay a part, only tell us what we should pay."

My brother writes that he was never addressed in that way before by a Moslem. Truly the Lord is opening the way to the hearts of the people.

When the college was founded, its board of trustees and local board of managers, or executive committee, adopted a declaration of religious belief, being the brief creed of the Evangelical Alliance. This embraced "the divine inspiration, authority, and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures: the right and duty of private judgment in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures: the unity of the Godhead and the Trinity of the Persons therein: the utter depravity of human nature in consequence of the fall: the incarnation of the Son of God, His work of atonement for the sins of mankind, and His mediatorial intercession and reign: the justification of the sinner by faith alone: the work of the Holy Spirit

in the conversion and sanctification of the sinner: the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, the judgment of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, with the blessedness of the righteous, and the eternal punishment of the wicked: the divine institution of the Christian ministry and the obligation and perpetuity of the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper, and the sacredness of the Lord's day which is to be duly honoured: the whole body of evangelical doctrine as contained in the inspired Word of God, and represented in the consensus of Protestant creeds, as opposed to the erroneous teachings of the Romish and Eastern Churches. We also declare our hearty sympathy with, and pledge our active coöperation in advancing, the chief aim of this institution, which as a missionary agency is to train up young men in the knowledge of Christian truth, and if possible secure their intelligent and hearty acceptance of the Bible as the Word of God and of Christ as the only Saviour, and at the same time inspire them with high moral purposes and consecrated aims in life.

"We further pledge ourselves to the inculcation of sound and reverent views of the relation of God to the natural universe, as its Creator and Supreme Ruler, and to give instruction in the special department assigned to us, in the spirit and method best calculated to conserve the teachings of revealed truth and demonstrate the essential harmony between the Bible and all true science and philosophy.

"In view of the responsibility of the instruction of the young, and the influence of personal example, we recognize the importance of unusual care in maintaining a high standard of Christian consistency in life and conduct with reference to all the moral questions of the day."

This continued in force for years, until it was gradually disused and new professors and tutors came out to the college who had never been required to assent to it. On the election of a new president in 1902, the board of trustees in New York, probably in view of the fact that a number of the faculty had never been asked to sign the declaration, decided to set it aside entirely as

no longer needed, and it was decided to require it no longer as a condition of appointment to the college faculty. As long as the trustees, who appoint the faculty and staff, continue to be orthodox Christian men, who use the most scrupulous care in the selection of candidates, there will be no danger "to the soundness and high character of the staff of instruction," but the abolition of the declaration has never commended itself to the missionaries of Syria, Palestine, and Egypt.

The board of managers, finding their services no longer needed by reason of the number, high character, and experience of the faculty, who were able to decide all questions of importance in correspondence with the trustees, decided to disband July 9, 1902, and the whole responsibility, which had been nominally distributed over a body of some twenty missionaries, was now thrown upon the trustees and faculty. The missionaries continue in warm support and coöperation with the college, preach in its pulpit and conform the system of training in their high schools to the requisitions of the college.

On March 21, 1902, Rev. A. J. Brown, D. D., and Mrs. Brown, after two days in the Beirut quarantine, reached our house in good health and spirits, evidently none the worse for their long journey, visiting the missions in Japan, China, Korea, Philippines, Siam, India, and Egypt. A more indefatigable worker we have not seen. During the thirty-six days of his stay in Syria, he visited all our mission stations besides Damascus and Jerusalem, attended a full week's mission meeting with three sessions a day, discussing questions of vital importance, asking questions and taking copious notes, attending receptions, making addresses in the college, the church, and the various meetings, and at the same time burning midnight oil in writing up his official reports on the Philippines, Siam, and India. He attended the memorial service for Miss Eliza D. Everett, who died in February, and was present April 19th at the seventieth birthday picnic of the writer, when a special car on the little steam tramway took our whole American community to the Dog River, where we inspected the ancient tablets

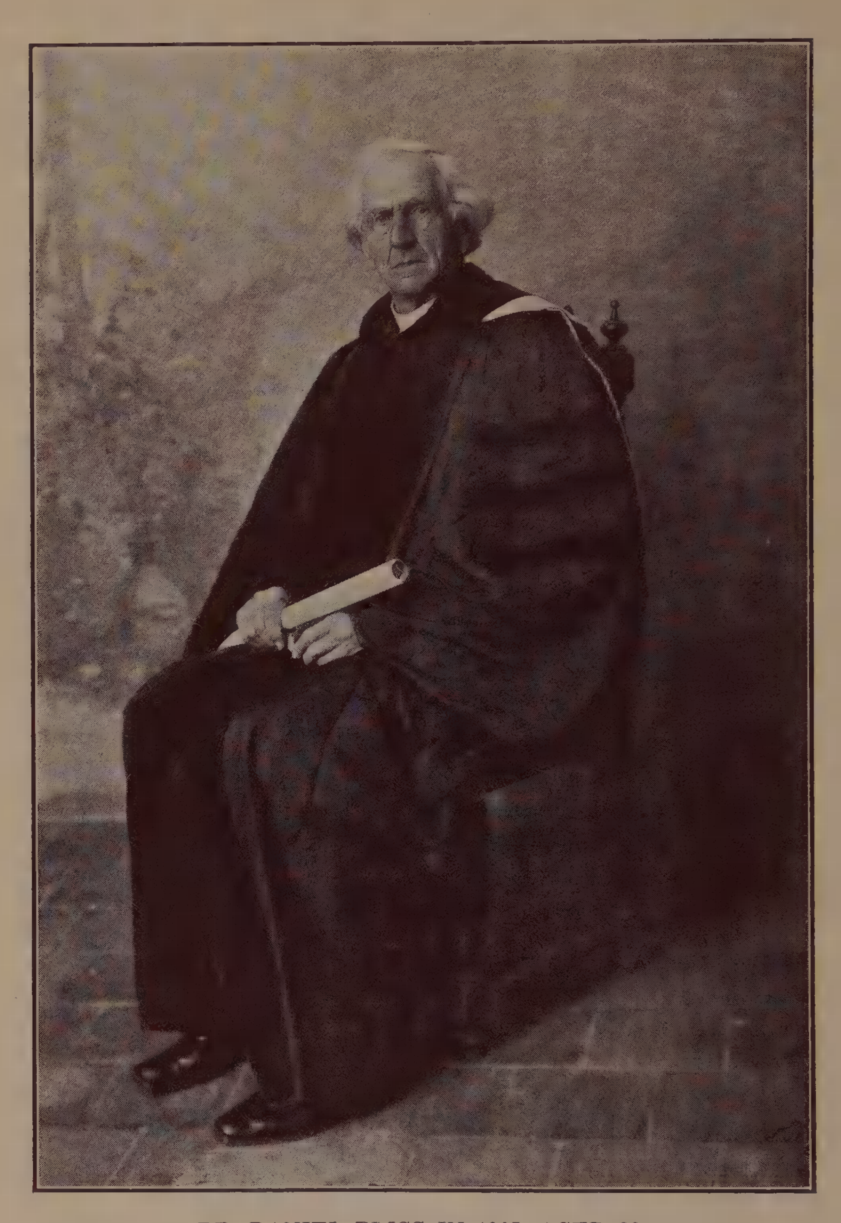
of Esarhaddon, Rameses, and Nebuchadnezzar, and had our basket lunch in the riverside khan.

His visit to Syria was not only instructive to us, by reason of his wide observation of mission work in eastern and southern Asia, but his religious character, strong faith, and intelligent enthusiasm were inspiring to us all. We all felt that his presence in our homes was a blessing to us and to our children and our children's children. In Dr. Brown there was no tinge of official authority. He was one of us and the "Secretary" was lost in the man.

On Saturday, April 25th, he sailed for America, accompanied by Mrs. Brown, Dr. Samuel Jessup, and his daughter Fanny, my daughter Anna, Mr. and Mrs. Doolittle and two children, and Miss Gertrude Moore. He occupied the time of the voyage writing notes of his Syrian visit and the various questions of policy agreed upon at our meetings, reached America in time for the General Assembly, and during the summer was prostrated by a long illness resultant from the overtaxing of his physical strength.

Just before his visit there was a religious awakening in the girls' boarding-school and thirteen young women declared their acceptance of Christ as their Saviour. There was also unusual interest in the college and in the Suk Boarding-School. In Adana, Asia Minor, there was a Pentecostal work of the Spirit. The two Protestant churches were crowded every night and some of the worst characters in the city were converted. The annual report of the mission for 1901 shows an addition to the churches on profession of faith of 151, a record year.

In January the trustees in New York of the St. Paul's Institute in Tarsus, founded by the late Col. Elliot F. Shepard, requested our mission to take over the institute as a part of the Presbyterian Mission in Syria. After careful consideration, we declined the offer and recommended that it be transferred to the American Board of Missions in Boston: 1st, because it is within



DR. DANIEL BLISS IN 1905, AGED 82

the limits of their mission field; 2d, the language of the pupils and of the school is Turkish and not Arabic; 3d, it is too far from Syria to insure proper supervision; 4th, we have enough high literary institutions already under our care; 5th, it would not be true missionary comity for us to invade the field of another society; 6th, although Colonel Shepard, who founded and endowed the institute, was a Presbyterian, he was a broad-minded man, and the transfer to the American Board would be only an illustration and fulfillment of his own Christian liberality.

Our recommendation was adopted and that interesting school is now under the wise supervision of the Central Turkey Mission and presidency of Rev. Dr. Christie.

The election of Rev. Howard S. Bliss to succeed his father, Dr. Daniel Bliss, by the New York trustees, on nomination of the Syrian resident board of managers at their meeting January 13th, met with general approbation. He arrived in Beirut with his family November 11th, and entered at once upon his duties.

During this year several persons well known in Syria Mission circles passed away.

In February Miss Eliza D. Everett, for twenty-five years principal of the Beirut Girls' Seminary, died in Chicago. March 13th, Miss Meleta Carabet, one of Mrs. Whiting's pupils and daughter of Bishop Carabet, one of the earliest Protestant converts in Syria, entered into rest. For many years she taught in various schools and then served for fifteen years in the British post-office.

November 27th my infant granddaughter, Martha Day, died in Beirut, and about the same time my old teacher and pupil, Rev. Elias Saadeh, pastor of the Syrian Evangelical Church in New York, died in Brooklyn, aged about sixty.

During the special meeting of the Syria Mission, April 18th to 25th, to confer with Dr. Brown, the Rev. Wm. Bird, the veteran missionary of Abeih, Mount Lebanon, was a guest at our house, but so prostrated by a mortal malady that he was only

able to attend a few of the sessions. Mrs. Bird and Miss Emily Bird were with him, and when I was obliged, May 15th, to remove to Aleih in Mount Lebanon, to teach in the Suk theological class, they all remained in our house until his decease, August 30th. He had the best of medical attention from Dr. Geo. Post, his physician, and of faithful nursing, but nothing could arrest the fatal disease.

He died August 30, 1902, aged seventy-nine years and thirteen days, having been born August 17, 1823, the same day and the same year with Dr. Daniel Bliss, who survives him. His sick-room was a Bethel and none visited him without receiving a benediction and a heavenward impulse.

On August 30th I wrote to Dr. A. J. Brown as follows:

"This morning at 12:30 the Nestor and patriarch of our mission, Rev. William Bird, entered into rest. He has hardly left the room in my house in which you bade him farewell April 26th. The long struggle with disease, aggravated by the infirmities of age, is at an end. He has gained the victory and now wears the victor's crown.

"This morning at sunrise, we in Aleih looked through the telescope at a certain window in my house in Beirut for a pre-arranged signal. For three months we had looked daily for that signal seven miles away, but this morniug the black cloth hung from the window, and we knew that Mr. Bird had fallen asleep. We at once sent word to the families in Aleih and Suk el Gharb, and Mrs. Jessup, Dr. Frederick J. Bliss, our guest, and I drove down to Beirut. Mr. Hardin had already been two days in Beirut, and was with Mrs. Bird and Miss Emily Bird when the end came.

"He fell asleep as gently as an infant, without a struggle, a fit ending of a beautiful life.

"The funeral services were held at the house and church at 3:30 and 4 o'clock P. M., and were conducted by Rev. Dr. Geo. E. Post of the Syrian Protestant College, Rev. Dr. Mackie of the Church of Scotland Mission, Rev. O. J. Hardin, Rev. F. W.

March, Rev. Asaad Abdullah, Syrian pastor, and Rev. Dr. H. H. Jessup.

"He was buried in the old mission cemetery below the press, where lie buried Pliny Fisk, Whiting, Eli Smith, William Calhoun, Wood, Danforth, Dale, Van Dyck, and Eddy, and many Christian women and little children. Not far from his grave are the graves of his two infant brothers who died in 1825 and 1826.

"Rev. Wm. Bird was born in Malta, August 17, 1823, when his parents, Rev. and Mrs. Isaac Bird, were on their way to Syria. They reached Syria November 16, 1823. On May 2, 1828, as war was imminent between England and Turkey, all the missionaries left Syria for Malta. The following year the missionaries laboured there in connection with the Arabic Press, which was started there in 1822, and Mr. Isaac Bird explored the Barbary States in Africa.

"May 1, 1830, the missionaries returned to Beirut, and were met at the ship's side by the entire Protestant community of the Turkish Empire, *i. e.*, six persons (now there are nearly 90,000).

"In 1836 Rev. I. Bird returned to America on account of the health of his family, arriving October 15th.

"William studied with his father and graduated at Dartmouth College. He also taught in his father's high school in Hartford, Conn., and taught arithmetic to a lad named J. Pierpont Morgan, whose attainments in addition and multiplication are just now astonishing the world.

"On June 19, 1853, Rev. Wm. Bird and his wife, Sarah F. Bird, arrived in Beirut. He went at once to Mount Lebanon, and has been stationed in two places, Abeih and Deir el Komr. For forty-nine years he has been an itinerant missionary, riding over the heights and ravines of Lebanon and over the plain of the Bookaa between Mount Hermon and Baalbec. At times he has had as many as fifty-eight schools under his superintendence, all Bible schools, where boys and girls were taught the Bible and the rudiments of a simple education, and in the high schools were carried on the higher branches of study. He was most faithful and exact in examining the children. He loved them and was be-

loved by them and thousands to-day remember Mr. Bird as their childhood's friend.

"As a preacher he was eminently evangelical and earnest, speaking from the heart and to the heart, and his fluency in Arabic brought him very close to the people in their houses, in private conversation as well as in village preaching.

"At the same time, he had decidedly scientific tastes, and made a unique collection of the fossil shells of the Lebanon cretaceous limestone and the Jura deposit of Mejdel Shems south of Mount Hermon. As he rode over the desolate gorges of Lebanon, the monotony of the ride was relieved by an eye eager to observe the geological strata and the wonderful paleontological remains. His collection of fossils is now in the museum of the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut, and scientific men of Europe and America have attached his name to rare fossils of his discovery.

"One day during his illness he said, 'Should it please the Lord to raise me up from this sick bed, how I would preach! I would beseech men to come to Christ and it seems to me that I could preach with a power that I never knew before.' I said to him, 'My dear brother, you have always preached with your whole heart and oftentimes with tears. How could you preach with more unction and earnestness than before?' 'I know it,' said he, 'but I have had such a vision of Christ and of men's need of a Saviour that I am sure I could preach with *power*.'

"But it was not the Lord's will that he should speak again from the pulpit. 'He being dead, yet speaketh.' His life has been one of seed sowing, and holding forth salvation in Christ.

"Mr. Wm. Bird was constantly thrown into contact with the old traditional sects of Syria and was mighty in the Scriptures and in full sympathy with his father's abhorrence of papal superstitions. He has led many to the light and now has gone to see the Great Prophet, Priest and King in His beauty. We shall not soon see his like again."

The grief of the people of Southern Lebanon knew no bounds. When the funeral memorial service was held in his old home in

Abeih, it was the day of the annual "Feast of the Cross," a kind of Fourth of July celebration with fireworks, firing of guns, and ringing of bells. But the Maronite priest gave orders, "Let not a bell be rung, not a fire be kindled, nor a gun fired this day. *Our* Mr. Bird has died."

The writer preached a memorial sermon in Beirut, Abeih, and Deir el Komr and everywhere the people felt that a prince had died in Israel. The Druse begs of Abeih, after the service, formally requested that Mrs. Bird and Miss Emily might remain among them to bless them by their teaching and example.

In April, a Greek monk, Athanasius, called to see me. He said he had been secretary to the Greek Patriarch Melatius in Damascus, and that he had met my brother Samuel in Sidon. His father in Nazareth begged him to abjure monasticism and come home but he declined. He stated that twelve other Greek monks were ready to doff their cowls and robes and become Protestants, of whom three were in Beirut. He then left me, ostensibly to go to Tripoli and join the other nine. The next I heard was in a letter from him and his three confèrres in Marseilles in which he told the extraordinary story that the agent of the Greek patriarch seized him here in the street and induced the Turkish police to banish him and his three companions to Marseilles, and that they were all penniless and starving, and unless I sent them at once money for their return to Beirut, the three would commit suicide and the sin rest on me! Now, as the Greek patriarch cannot exile men, and their passage to Marseilles would be four Napoleons ($16) each, which the patriarch would not be likely to pay for such tramps, I did not believe their story, yet, out of pity, I sent them forty francs to buy bread and declined to pay their passage, as it was thought here that they were en route for America.

Then I received a letter from Prof. Dr. Lucien Gautier, of the Protestant Theological School in Geneva, stating that Athanasius had appeared there and asked to be admitted as a student of theology, but they had declined and had aided in paying his fare

back to Marseilles. If the same credulous and over-trustful spirit still prevails in Princeton as existed in 1880–1882, we may yet hear of this man's supplying churches in New Jersey and then turning, as did one M——, and cursing the faculty who had borne with him and taught him gratuitously. It is a fact that in some of our theological seminaries there is less strictness as to credentials of candidates from the ends of the earth than as to those brought up in our home churches, colleges and presbyteries.

Professor Gautier did right to shake off this monkish tramp.

In August, our attention was called to the importance of bookkeeping as a part of a missionary's preparation, and I wrote to reiterate what had often been written before, that every young missionary candidate should have some definite instruction in bookkeeping. No young man going out can tell how soon he may have thrust upon him the accounts of a large station, with banking, cashing drafts, balancing complicated accounts, etc. The ordinary "sundry" accounts of theological students of ten cents for peanuts and soda water do not exactly qualify a young man for keeping the accounts of an entire station. A few weeks' course in a commercial college would be of more value than an equal time spent in almost any other form of preparation.

In October, we gave diplomas in Suk el Gharb to six theological students, all of whom gave promise of usefulness. That is doing well for Syria. I noticed in the statistics of Princeton University for 1901 that 305 graduated. One year later, they had chosen professions. Business, one hundred and sixty-one; law, thirty-five; medicine, twenty-five; teaching, twenty-three; theology, four. What a showing that is! What is the matter with Princeton, and of what use a million and a half for the theological seminary, if students are not forthcoming? Our Beirut College does not make a much better show. Very few of its hundreds of graduates have become preachers of the Gospel. They are attracted by flattering prospects of business and profes-

sional success in Egypt and swept away by the tide of emigration. The English language, as the language of the Syrian Protestant College, is, for the present at least, unfitting men to be the humble pastors of Protestant Arabic-speaking churches in Syria. Dr. Anderson in 1863 said that he feared the effect of an English education upon Syrian candidates for the ministry. Still, it is true that godly Syrian pastors who know enough English to use English commentaries and other books are broader men and last longer than those with a mere vernacular training. When the tide of emigration turns and we have a reformed Syria, there will be a supply of well-trained men coming back from America. Already, three of our pastors are returned emigrants, who have seen enough to satisfy them with foreign life and customs and are reconciled to a humble post in their dear native land.

We were favoured this summer with a visit from Dr. and Mrs. Albert Erdman of Morristown. We were refreshed by their presence in our mountain home, with their son Paul Erdman and the little motherless grandson, Frederick, who was the joy of all our hearts.

Syrian missionaries are greatly favoured by meeting so many good and eminent friends from America, owing to this land being the Gate of Palestine and the resort of Christian tourists.

Sometimes American tourists come here who do not seem to know why they came to Palestine. One man said it was an imposition for Cook to advertise Palestine tours, as there is not a first-class hotel in the land! A young lady from America was shown through the college. In the geological museum, she paused before the case of fossil fish from Lebanon, and remarked to the professor, who was her guide, "Ah, how beautiful. I suppose these are the work of the students!" She evidently thought they were etchings on stone.

About forty years ago, a broad-brimmed, brown-bearded Californian came into the American consulate, took a chair, and putting his feet on the table, remarked to Consul J——, "I suppose you are the counsel." "Yes, I am the consul." "Well, you see, I

always stops on the counsels when I'm travelling." Mr. J—— said, "Sir, I will give you any advice you need, but this is an office and I do not run a hotel." The man then said, "Can you tell me how much they charge for deck passage on a mule to Damascus?" Mr. J—— told the kavass to inquire and the man went his way.

But while a few of the tourists are eccentric, the great body are intelligent, cultivated lovers of the Bible and deeply interested in Bible lands.

On the 19th of December, brother Samuel Jessup of Sidon arrived from America bringing with him our new missionary, Miss O. M. Horne. They had a violently rough passage on a small Italian boat from Naples to Smyrna, and at times were in peril. It was the more trying to Samuel, as he had suffered on the North German Lloyd steamer, just before reaching Naples, from ptomaine poisoning from canned meat. Several of the passengers were seriously ill from the same cause. The "Jungle" had not then been written, and greed for gain suffered packers to trifle with the lives and health of the public.

Dr. Samuel reached Beirut in time for the closing session of the annual meeting of the mission, and after a brief visit, left for Sidon, just in time for the funeral of the saintly Mrs. Mary Perry Ford, mother of Dr. George Ford.

XXVIII

My Latest Furlough—Years 1903–1904

THE year 1903 opened with cholera in Damascus and traffic on the railway stopped on account of cordons. There was an unusual interest in the week of prayer in college and church in Beirut.

Having prepared, with the able assistance of Mr. Haurani, a commentary on the Pentateuch based on Ellicott, I was perplexed by being unable to find Volume I of the Arabic manuscript. We searched my library, the theological class library, where I had used it with the class, and also the manuscript case in the press, but in vain. Later a letter came from Yebrûd, on the road from Damascus to Palmyra, from a student, saying that he found the book in his chest on reaching home, and had sent it to Damascus; so after the cholera cordon was removed, it was forwarded to me to my great relief. The preparation of books in Arabic is laborious, and before printing, we have to prepare three copies in manuscript, two of which we must send to Constantinople to the public censor of the Bureau of Public Instruction. He examines it, returns a corrected copy to us and retains one in his library. We have to print from the corrected copy, and before issuing the book after printing, we send a volume back to Constantinople to be compared with the manuscript. This naturally costs the censor and his aids immense labour, and us immense patience.

When one sees the scandalous vituperation and the exposures of abominable crimes in the "yellow press" of New York and Chicago, he can almost feel reconciled to the Turkish restrictions on the press. It is inconvenient and often expensive to have a manuscript detained in Constantinople for a year, but then in the East, time is a negligible factor in most matters, and one gets used to waiting.

In February, Mr. Samuel Dennis of New York, a trustee of the college, spent a month here and went through all the departments of the college with the keen scrutiny of an experienced business man and gave many useful suggestions to the faculty and wise counsels in addresses to the students.

March 8th Professor Day, professor of geology in the college, was requested by Muzaffar Pasha, Governor of Lebanon, to proceed to Akoura, a village in the heights of Lebanon, situated at the foot of a cliff a thousand feet high, and report upon a landslide which threatened to overwhelm the village. He made a full report and received the thanks of the government.

Before leaving for America, March, 1903, I went with Mrs. Jessup to visit Dr. Mary P. Eddy in her medical mission outpost at M'aamiltein, the terminus of the French tramway on the coast, twelve miles north of Beirut. Her house and hospital are in the centre of the Maronite district of Kesrawan, the Spain of Syria, and the stronghold of papal superstition. Churches, chapels, monasteries, and nunneries abound. They are perched on the rugged mountain crags, and ensconced in the ravines and valleys. The monks and bishops own almost the entire landed property of this part of Lebanon and they have kept the people in abject and servile subjection. The most of the fellahin (farmers) are tenants of the ecclesiastics and the possession of a Bible or the suspicion of liberal or Protestant sentiments will eject a man from his house and ruin his family. They have boasted that no Protestant could live north of the Dog River. When Dr. Mary leased her present house, the patriarch thundered against the landlord, but she had the wit and the grit to hold on, and now he declares that he will keep Dr. Mary as a tenant and enlarge or repair the house to suit her. The priests, monks, and nuns who raged against her, now come when ill to consult her and receive her treatment. Her clinics are crowded by people from scores of villages. Her professional skill and mastery of the Arabic language with a thorough insight into the tastes and habits of the



SYRIAN CHURCHES AND HOUSES

1. Gerard Institute, Sidon. 2. Beino Church. 3. Amar Church. 4. Dr. Mary P. Eddy's House at Ma'amiltein.

people have won their confidence. Later the patriarch proposed to use force and drive her back to Beirut, and the American consul-general, Mr. Leo. Bergholz, sent word to the pasha that Dr. Mary P. Eddy and Miss Holmes in Jebail were under the protection of the American flag and interference with them would not be tolerated.

On March 15th, just before sailing for America, I conducted an Arabic preaching service in Beirut in the house of Miss Jessie Taylor. The congregation consisted of Moslem men and boys on the front seats, and in the rear, the Moslem and Druse girls of the school. My son William and I spoke to them in the plainest manner of the way of salvation through Jesus Christ, and the men leaned forward and listened with close attention and frequent signs of approbation. The common people of Islam, in the cities and villages, would gladly hear the Gospel but for fear of their sheikhs and the government. It is a fact that the government in this land is a purely sectarian government, ruled by Moslems, its army and navy Moslem, its public schools Moslem, and its laws everywhere discriminating in favour of Moslems and against Christians and all others. Christianity has not a fair chance. Islam is exclusive, assumptive, and domineering where it has the power. But there are multitudes who are longing and praying for liberty of conscience and liberty of worship.

On the 10th of May, Rev. Howard S. Bliss, D. D., son of the Rev. Daniel Bliss, D. D., and for ten years pastor in Upper Montclair, N. J., was inaugurated as president of the Syrian Protestant College. The father, as president emeritus, after living in the Marquand House for over thirty years, moved outside the college campus, and the son, now president, moved in, a worthy successor of his noble father.

In resigning his office in July, 1902, Dr. Daniel Bliss rendered his thirty-sixth and final report to the board of managers, closing with the words, "With this report closes the first generation of college history. From a few rented rooms, we have reached the

threshold of a university career. May the great work that calls the second generation be achieved in the fear of God."

Whereupon the faculty passed the following minute: "We, the faculty, with hearts full of affection and love for our venerable president, desire to express our gratification that, in health and strength beyond that usually given to men of eighty years, he has been permitted to lay down the burden he has so long and faithfully and so successfully borne. We pledge our loyalty to his son and successor.

"*July 9, 1902.*"

In March word was received that the honoured and saintly mother of Dr. D. Stuart Dodge, Mrs. William E. Dodge, Sr., had been summoned, after her long pilgrimage of ninety-four years, to the joys, privileges, reunions, and occupations of the heavenly life. The announcement was made at college evening prayers, and it was received by the great concourse of students with a hush of reverent sympathy.

How well I recall my many visits to that Christian home on Murray Hill, from the year 1852, when I entered Union Seminary, until my last visit. She was a woman of great intellectual and spiritual power, full of good works, and full of intelligent interest in foreign missions. She visited Beirut several times and won the esteem and admiration of both the foreign and Syrian community.

She was disinterested, generous, devout, and prayerful—a model wife and mother. "Aunt Melissa," as she was called by a large number of nephews and nieces and friends, was a universal favourite. In her later years, when no longer able to walk to church, she rode in her wheeled chair, and continued to attend the house of God at an age when the aged are usually supposed to be too infirm to venture out. And the loving devotion and thoughtful attention of her son, Dr. Stuart, were most affecting. He was like husband, son, and daughter combined, tenderly anticipating every want. There are few such mothers and few such sons. Well I recall his early desire to be a foreign missionary

and when God in His providence hedged up his way, he nobly sent his substitutes, not one but many, and no small part of the success of the Syrian Protestant College is due to his generous gifts and incessant labours. In selecting tutors for three years' service in the college, he has shown remarkable sagacity and knowledge of human nature. Only the revelations of the last great day will reveal the mighty influence for good exerted by the noble family of Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, Sr.

Pursuant to a recent custom, favoured by the Board, I was adopted by the church in Kirkwood, Mo., as their missionary. I have kept up an intermittent correspondence with that church ever since. The relations between churches and their own missionaries are very delightful.

On the 16th of March, 1903, I sailed for America with Mrs. Jessup. Our furlough in Syria comes every eight years. Only those who have been engaged in exacting labours for a long period abroad can appreciate the feelings of one who treads the deck of a steamer homeward bound. A heavy load of responsibility and care seems to be lifted at once. The air is clearer, the sea more inspiring, and though the heart is divided between the adopted land and dear native land, the thought of a change and the anticipation of seeing once more the "land of the free" is enough to heal the sick and inspire and revitalize the weak.

And then you are leaving the land of espionage and censorship and secret police and of political and ecclesiastical tyranny, at least for a time, and the thoughts reach forward and westward to a land which, with all its faults, is the best land the sun shines on.

Now inhale the pure air, face the ocean gale, rise superior to the perils and discomforts of the sea—for

"Should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home."

We stayed a week in Naples, then on by North German Lloyd steamship *Moltke*, by Gibraltar and the Azores—then the Nan-

tucket light-ship—Fire Island, Sandy Hook, the Narrows—the American flag waving everywhere,—and the friends on the wharf and the reunions and the greetings, and even the uniformed custom-house officials, though they overhaul the baggage, seem like blessings in disguise.

(What a contrast between this voyage and my first Atlantic voyage in December, 1855. The steamship *Moltke* was of 13,000 tons—the bark *Sultana* was 300 tons! The former was forty-tree times the size and tonnage of the latter!)

There on the wharf, April 13th, were two sons and their wives, one daughter, two grandchildren, and other kindred, among them a brother-in-law, who has met me on the pier on every visit I have made to America. There were also Dr. Dennis, Dr. A. Erdman, Dr. A. J. Brown, and my old friends, T. B. Meigs and Judge Vanderberg.

We were the guests of my son, Henry W. Jessup, Esq., in 130th Street, and we certainly learned the length of New York City if not its breadth during the weeks we spent in that lovely home.

A basket of lemons which we had picked from our own trees in Beirut and brought in cold storage were in perfect order on reaching New York.

We made history rapidly the next few months.

On the 20th met the members of the Board of Missions in their room at 156 Fifth Avenue; on the 21st heard George Kennan and Professor Wright of Oberlin lecture on Siberia, at the Quill Club; then on the 23d and 24th to the old childhood homes of Mrs. Jessup and myself in Binghamton and Montrose; on the 28th attended the ordination of my youngest son, Frederick Nevins, by the Presbytery of Bath, as missionary to Persia, in the church of the Rev. Mr. Frost in Bath. I was asked to give him the charge, which I did with all my heart.

I was glad to give the charge to my own son and to aid in setting him apart as a missionary to Persia. Why not Syria? was the question of many. Frederick preferred to go farther afield than his childhood's home. My son William, who is a missionary in Syria, went to America when he was two years

old and his coming to Syria was going to a foreign land. Frederick said going to Syria would be going on a home mission and he wanted to go to a foreign land as his father did in 1855.

I felt a strong drawing towards Persia. It was through the burning eloquence of the sainted Stoddard of Persia that I received one of my early impulses towards foreign missionary work, during his visit to Yale College, his alma mater, during my freshman year. And in 1882–1883 I was nominated American Ambassador to Persia by President Arthur, and declined to go, as I could not give up my missionary work, and now it was a joy to see my youngest son going to that same land as an ambassador of Jesus Christ. As my youngest son, my Benjamin, it would have been agreeable to my parental heart to have him near me in my advancing years. The heart clings to the youngest, but I would not give to the Lord that which cost me nothing. Freely I gave him up and invoked for him the Saviour's benediction. He had been chosen as the special missionary of the churches of the Bath Presbytery and before sailing he visited them all.

On the 7th of May we attended his graduation at Auburn Seminary.

On May 13th Mrs. Jessup and I set out for the General Assembly at Los Angeles, California, in "Car B of the special train, Assembly's tour." It would require a volume to tell of that wonderful journey over mountain and plain; of the inspiring meeting of the Assembly; the great and good people we met; and the spiritual uplift of that great meeting. And then, on the return journey, new perils in the great Kansas floods along the caving banks of the treacherous Missouri River, so that for twenty-four hours our train was reported lost in some unknown region among the floods,—and our gratitude at getting safely over the St. Louis bridge and away from East St. Louis which was two-thirds under water.

June 7th, after preaching in the Fifth Avenue Church, New York, a lady spoke to me and said that her grandmother gave a

contribution to Levi Parsons, the first missionary to Palestine, in 1819.

It took two elders and one clergymen to clothe me with the clerical gown in which to preach to that congregation. Gowns are eminently becoming and levelling, as a poor man looks as well as a rich man, but I have never yet possessed one. Our college professors in Beirut have adopted the hood, cap, and gown habit and on great occasions give the platform an air of rainbow-hued splendour. Yet they cannot vie with the Greek and Maronite clergy with their mitres and embroidered and jewelled robes. I once at a funeral in Beirut wore a black velvet study cap to protect my head from the cold wind as the service was in the open air. Dr. Post stood by me without a cap. The humble people at once decided that I was the bishop and Dr. Post only a priest or deacon!

June 10th "we three" attended the conference of the Board's secretaries with the "outgoing" missionaries, among whom was our Frederick. It lasted a week and was about as useful to us old missionaries as the new recruits. We did our part in giving practical ideas to these fine young men and women who were about to sail for Africa and all parts of Asia.

One evening (June 11th), Rev. Dr. J. Balcom Shaw invited me and my three sons, a missionary, a lawyer, and a doctor, to a dinner given to us by him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at which fourteen Presbyterian ministers were present. It was an unspeakable privilege to meet such men, and the memory of that occasion is very delightful.

On the 13th we were among the privileged guests at a garden party given to members of the conference by Mr. and Mrs. John Crosby Brown on Orange Mountain, in their beautiful home, beautiful for situation as Mount Zion is beautiful, and beautiful in its cordial, bounteous and loving Christian hospitality. Many will be the comforting memories of that scene, its host and hostess, its lawns and gardens and hothouses,—when these young missionaries are scattered abroad in distant and perhaps desolate regions.

Then after various visits and services, I went to New Haven to Yale commencement. It was delightful to be the guest of my dear classmate, Dr. Theodore T. Munger, and a fellow guest with such genial men as Hon. Andrew D. White, Dr. Lyman Abbott, and my classmate Enos N. Taft. It was a surprise to find such weather on the 23d of June. From the time of my arrival, for two days it rained most incessantly and we sat before a blazing fire in the grate, morning and evening. The growth of Yale in numbers and in buildings has been marvellous. The campus has crossed streets and blocks so that I got lost trying to find my way about. The Peabody Museum interested me greatly and I was fascinated by the exquisite specimens of minerals and fossils.

The alumni dinner, when 1,500 sat at the table, was an impressive sight, and we four of the class of 1851 were near the highest tables of the oldest alumni next the platform. The after dinner speeches were good, but what was my amazement to see the President of Yale University coolly drawing out a match and lighting a cigar and puffing out smoke before that vast multitude of graduates and students. Shades of Elihu Yale, of Dwight and Day and Woolsey and Porter! "What a fall was that, my countrymen" and my fellow alumni! Has the President of Yale, who preaches and teaches continence and self-control to 2,500 university boys, no control over the appetite for cigar smoke? I exclaimed when I saw it. Dr. Munger, who sat by me, said, "Times have changed since our day. Yale is not what it was. It is in some things better, in some things no better." I agreed with him. Dr. Schaff said to me that the Heidelberg fifth centenary celebration was the greatest beer drinking bout in human history. Is Yale commencement to shrink into a smoking bout?

June 27th I made a pilgrimage with my son Frederick and my niece Fanny and her husband, Rev. Jas. R. Swain, from Flushing to Southampton, L. I., the home of my ancestors. We visited our cousins the Fosters, went to the house where my father and his father were born, visited the ancient cemeteries and the rolling Atlantic surf. We returned to Flushing for Sunday and then went to the old restful village of my childhood, the

lovely Montrose, with its maple avenues, lawns, and forest-crowned hills. The fishing excursions with my sons and grandsons were frequent and often fishless. We had, however, outdoor exercise, good appetites, and sound sleep at night.

A prominent character in my brother William's family was his "coloured" man-of-all-work, Gabriel Chappel. He had been the body-servant of General Gordon in the South before the war, and came North after peace was restored. He was intelligent, active, a good groom, gardener, and carpenter, and was prominent in the African Church. He was also a champion prize winner in the cake walk, and a politician. The negro brethren down in the valley in Montrose at one time were divided, some being in favour of slavery and some opposed to it. They once had a meeting to decide what colour to whitewash the meeting-house. Gabriel was once at Alford railroad station with my brother's carriage and about to drive back the eight miles to Montrose alone. A stranger accosted him and asked to ride, as there was no stage going. Gabriel took him in. On the way, he told Gabriel he was coming to Montrose on business and wanted to know who was the best lawyer in town. Gabriel replied, "This team belongs to Judge Jessup and he is said to be the most *lawless* man in northern Pennsylvania. You'd better try him." The stranger smiled inwardly and called on my brother the next day and told him of Gabriel's flattering language and they had a good laugh together. Gabriel died in 1905, greatly lamented by all who knew him. He was above eighty years of age.

While in Montrose, the heirs of my childhood's pastor, Rev. Henry A. Riley, presented to me for the Syrian Protestant College his fine cabinet of minerals and fossils which used to be my delight and wonder when a boy. For twenty-five years since his death, the glass cases had never been opened, and I spent days with my four grandsons and several nephews and friends in dusting, arranging, and packing in six strong boxes this valuable collection. The coal fossils from the Lackawanna and Wyoming anthracite, the fossil ferns and plants from the Montrose old red sandstone, and the Devonian fossils from Central New York, are

an addition to the Beirut College cabinet which could not have been secured in any other way, and the Riley family deserve sincere thanks for their generous donation.

Then August 9th came the shock of the death at Bar Harbor of Wm. E. Dodge, a worthy son of a noble father.

On the 22d we bade farewell to Frederick on the deck of the *Campania*, commending him in prayer to God, rejoicing that this dear son and brother was going on the King's business and at the King's command.

We were greatly stirred by the cablegram in the papers that "the American Vice-Consul Magelsen had been assassinated in Beirut," and that the ships *Brooklyn*, *San Francisco*, and *Machias* had been cabled to proceed to Beirut. It soon turned out that he had only been shot at and not shot, but Mr. Magelsen had the pleasure of reading obituary notices of himself in scores of American journals. The President acted with his usual promptness in ordering those ships to Beirut, and they arrived in the "nick of time," as a riot broke out between the hereditary factions of Moslems and Greek Christians in Beirut, which threatened to produce a massacre, but the presence of these ships, and Admiral Cotton's declaration that in the case of a Moslem rising, he would land marines and take possession of the city, spurred the worse than worthless Waly, or governor-general, to put a stop to the riot. Great excesses had been committed. Innocent Greeks were murdered in their houses at noonday, and firing was going on promiscuously, when the consul and the admiral reached the spot and virtually forced the Waly to "call off his dogs" and stop the bloodshed. Thousands of Christians had fled from the city, and for three years afterwards some of their houses remained unoccupied. During the excitement, some 4,000 armed Maronite Catholics rallied in Lebanon and threatened to rush down from the mountains and punish the Beirut Moslems, but the consuls and pashas succeeded in restraining them, pledging that no further outrage should occur.

These panics among Syrian Christians are terrible and uncontrollable. Usually in other lands, when a riot occurs, the people

look to the government and the military to restore order. But here in Syria, where the military are all Moslems, the Christian people are as much afraid of the soldiers as of a mob of Moslem roughs, and they can never forget that regular troops joined in the awful massacres in Damascus, Hasbeiya, and Deir el Komr in 1860.

The faithless Waly of Beirut, Rashîd Effendi, was removed to a distant post, and another appointed in his place, who has succeeded well in keeping order.

One day an American resident in Beirut remarked to a company of foreign and Syrian friends, "Years ago two little boys rode on one donkey in Beirut. One of those boys is now president of the Syrian Protestant College (Dr. Howard S. Bliss), and the other is Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States." One of the Syrian gentlemen here observed, "And the donkey, what has become of him?" He answered his own question, "The donkey is now Waly of Beirut." That remark shows the estimate in which that Waly was held by the people of Syria and his removal was a positive relief to the tension of the public mind in Syria. He was distrusted by all sects and he bled all alike.

The respectable Moslems, merchants and literary men, are men of peace, and as they have everything to lose and nothing to gain by rioting between Moslems and Christians, they coöperate with the Christian notables in trying to keep order.

But alas, it is hard to control drunken Moslems and drunken Greeks and Maronites. An orthodox Moslem will not touch ardent spirits, not even wine. The Koran says, "Surely wine and games of chance and statues and the divining arrows are an abomination of Satan's work" (Sura 5 : 92). "Whosoever drinks wine, let him suffer correction by scourging, as often as he drinks thereof" (Hidayet 2 : 53). But in these degenerate days, especially since the occupation of Syria by six thousand French troops in 1860, intemperance has greatly increased. When I first came to Syria, the Pasha of Beirut closed the only grog-shop. Now there are 120 licensed saloons, and Moslems of the two extremes of society, the Turkish civil and military officers



GROUP OF SYRIAN TEACHERS AND PREACHERS AND AMERICAN MISSIONARIES

Taken April, 1904, at the Syrian Protestant College. (President Bliss in the centre of front row.)

and the lowest class of boatmen and artisans, drink as much as the foreign Ionian Greeks, and the native so-called Christian sects. The Moslem middle class, the well-to-do merchants, the Ulema and property owners, are generally temperate and peaceable.

There are old feuds arising from stabbing affrays between the Greek masons and quarrymen of the southern suburbs of Beirut and the Moslems of the Busta quarter, through which the Greeks must pass on the way in and out of the city. A glass or two of arrak, the poisonous Syrian whiskey, will make a Greek insolent and a Moslem pugnacious, and on the feast days, which come about once a week, the Greeks generally throng the saloons and the arrak does its work. As every native in Beirut (and one might say, in all Syria) carries either a knife or a revolver in his girdle, not much time passes between an exciting word and a knife thrust or a pistol-shot. Some one will be killed. The murderer will be caught, imprisoned for a few weeks until his friends bribe him free, and then he is ready for another victim. If a Christian is killed, a Moslem will be killed in revenge, and if a Moslem is killed, a Christian will fall. The want of punishment for crime and the prevalence of bribery make crime easy and life insecure.

If all the saloons in Beirut were shut and the liquor traffic suppressed, there would be few disturbances of the peace. And if the law against carrying concealed weapons were executed, there would be little danger of Moslem "uprisings." As it is, a Christian boy will now and then be searched for weapons, but Moslems are unmolested. This is the weakness of the whole system. It is a sectarian government and rules in the interest of one sect. Such a state of things is antiquated and narrow and cannot long survive the contact with modern civilization.

Admiral Cotton and his officers greatly endeared themselves to the American colony in Beirut in the mission and the college, and the admiral addressed the college students, giving them excellent advice.

In August, 1855, I went on a trout fishing trip to the Beaver-

kill, Delaware County, N. Y., on invitation of my dear friend, Dr. David Torrey of Delhi. In the party was young Titus B. Meigs. We had a week of marvellous success in the woods, bringing back about a bushel of trout.

This summer of 1903 Mr. Meigs, now a large lumber merchant and landowner, invited me to visit him on Follensbee Pond, near Tupper Lake, in the Adirondacks. I reached his cottage September 19th, after driving six miles through the woods from the railroad and then rowing two and a half miles to the spruce log cottage. It was an ideal spot, quiet and peaceful, the unbroken forests coming down solid to the water's edge and unapproachable, as Mr. Meigs owned 25,000 acres around the lake on every side. The first afternoon we trolled for pickerel and I had the glorious luck to haul in a pickerel twenty-nine inches long and weighing six and a half pounds. Three days later I caught a pike twenty-seven and a half inches long weighing five pounds. Our luck was varied, with bass and pickerel. The calm repose and lovely landscape refreshed my very soul. It was an unspeakable comfort to visit these refined, intelligent, and godly families of Mr. Meigs, his son, and son-in-law.

After a week in the woods I went to Mount Hermon, Northfield, and spent the Sabbath with Mr. Duley, who was once our guest in Mount Lebanon. It was a privilege to speak to those earnest young men in preparation for future usefulness. I found a decided interest in missionary work.

I returned then to Montrose, the dear old home, where everything reminded me of childhood days and youthful happiness. With my grandsons and nephews I overhauled the old cabinets of minerals and fossils in father's office and made little boxes for each of them with specimens of the various ores and stones. Father used to enjoy seeing his boys interested in natural science and said we had the "stone fever," and I was delighted to find that some of my grandsons had a passion for geology.

After visits in Binghamton, where I had an Arabic service, and Oswego, I attended the Synod of New York at Ithaca and had the pleasure of seeing Cornell University. It was a pleasure to

meet Judge Francis M. Finch, whom I knew in Yale as a member of my brother William's class of 1850.

In Binghamton Dr. Cobb presented me with a box of beautiful specimens of the zinc ores of Joplin, Missouri; and in Scranton I packed a box of the coal fossils from the mines, and shipped them all to New York en route for the college in Beirut.

On November 16th I addressed the Congregational Union of New York at the St. Denis, and had the honour of hearing Dr. Herrick and Miss Dr. Patrick of Constantinople.

On the following day Mrs. Jessup and I left New York for St. Louis to attend a foreign missionary conference, with Dr. Halsey of the Board. Mr. Coan of Persia and Mr. McConaughy were in attendance. We were the guests of Mrs. Mermod at Kirkwood, where the pastor, Rev. P. V. Jenness, with his people, had adopted me as their missionary. It was my privilege to speak several times in the Kirkwood Church and in Webster Grove; in several churches in St. Louis (Dr. Gregg's and Mr. Chalfant's); and at the ministers' meeting at the Presbyterian rooms; and in the library of Mr. Semple. At Grace Church Mr. Chalfant, Sr., said to me that his China missionary son had led seven men to the missionary field, and he himself was led to become a missionary by an address I once delivered in Lafayette College. Truly, "bread cast on the waters" does return, though it be "after many days."

On the 21st we were all invited to make an automobile trip around the Exposition grounds and buildings, then rapidly approaching completion. We called on President Francis and Professor Rogers. Professor Rogers expressed interest in the exhibition of a model of the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut, and promised to give it an eligible position in the Educational Building. I agreed to have it finished in due season after my return to New York. On our last day in St. Louis, we removed to the Southern Hotel in the city and met my Yale classmate, Gen. John W. Noble, who insisted on our having the best of everything, and when I came to pay the bill on our departure the clerk informed me that it had already been paid. That was Noble!

We spent Thanksgiving in Binghamton with the Lockwoods and Leveretts and heard one of Dr. Nichol's admirable discourses. That Binghamton Church and pastor are as near the ideal as any I have known. The church of 1,200 members are devoted to him and he to them. He is a living force in the community and looked up to by clergy and people of all churches. He is a true apostolic bishop, as were the bishops of the churches in Ephesus. Happy is such a pastor and happy is such a people!

December 1st we removed to New York and were the guests of my son Henry W. Jessup, a lawyer and an elder in the Fifth Avenue Church, and who keeps up the family tradition handed down from my father, Judge Wm. Jessup, and my brother, Judge Wm. H. Jessup, by frequently serving as commissioner to the General Assembly. I am thankful that as he did not become a minister he became an elder, and as a member of the Board of Home Missions and of the Bible Society, keeps in touch with the great work of the Church at home and abroad.

December 2d I began my work of making a new model of the campus of the Syrian Protestant College. Professor Bumpus, of the Museum of Natural History, assigned me a place in an immense unoccupied and steam heated room of the colossal edifice, and with the aid of Mr. Strader, a first-rate carpenter, and Mr. Orchard, an expert taxidermist and decorator, I entered on the formidable work. I had photographs and measurements of the Beirut campus and buildings and of the territory below the college down to the sea. After enlarging the scale, the wooden frame was made, fifteen by eleven feet, the wooden ribs of the skeleton sawed and nailed on so as to show the elevation of the terraces and slopes of the campus. The huge frame was made in three sections, so exactly fitted that when covered with the artificial grass and trees, the joints were not visible. The frame was covered with wire gauze, bent and moulded to correspond with the uneven surface and then coated with a liquid papier-mâché made by Mr. Orchard. I do not recall how many lumps of this plastic material and how many quarts of liquid glue, with

cork and sponge and leafy sponge and moss and green dye we used. But day by day it grew into shape and when finally the stone carved models of the buildings arrived from Beirut, Mr. Strader had finished a beautiful polished mahogany and plate glass case, fifteen by eleven feet, and six feet high, to fit over the frame, and my joy was full.

Owing to constant exposure to the biting and freezing winds which often assailed me when I came out from my steam-heated workshop in the museum, I took a severe cold, which obliged me to keep to my bed at my son's house for eighteen days.

February 13th Mr. Morris K. Jesup, president of the Museum of Natural History, invited about seventy-five friends of Syria and the college to a reception at the museum at the unveiling of the model which had cost me so much time and labour.

After giving a descriptive lecture to the assembled friends, I found myself exhausted and, returning to the hotel, took to my bed with grippe,—where I remained until the 19th, when we hired an automobile and returned to Harry's lovely quiet home in 130th Street. There I remained in bed under the care of good Dr. Spaulding and a trained nurse, until March 3d, five days before sailing for Syria.

Through the courtesy of Messrs. E. K. Warren, W. N. Hartshorn, and A. B. McCrillis, I was invited to take passage March 8th on the North German Lloyd steamer *Grosser Kurfurst* with eight hundred delegates to the World's Fourth Sunday-School Convention to be held in April in Jerusalem. They offered me free passage and reduced rates for my wife and daughter. As the time drew near, and I found myself weak and exhausted from long illness, I began to doubt the morality of accepting this offer, as I would be expected to lecture and speak during the voyage on subjects connected with missions and the Bible lands and I could hardly stand on my feet. However, the doctor and my sons encouraged me, and my wife and daughter, who was herself a fellow invalid with me, felt sure that the sea air would soon restore my strength, so on the appointed day we drove to the ferry, crossed to Hoboken, and with the aid of my two stalwart

sons, I made out to scale the stairway up the side of the lofty steamer. My heavy winter clothing and a ponderous ulster overcoat made it difficult for me to move about the ship. The crowd was simply indescribable. Eight hundred passengers hunting for staterooms, calling to stewards to bring missing baggage, wedging their way through the narrow passages with throngs of friends, compelled me to take refuge in a corner of the saloon bidding good-bye to friends until the good ship left her dock.

We found our stateroom blocked with baskets of fruit and flowers.

The ship was of 13,180 tons.

The sea air and change stiffened my bones and revived my spirits, and I was able to deliver seven addresses, on advice to tourists; Islam; Dr. Kalley and Madeira; Moslem women and girls; Abdul Kadir and the massacres of 1860; on temperance in Syria; my forty-eight years in Syria. I could hardly whisper before sailing, but my voice soon regained its strength. Our visits to Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, and Smyrna were full of interest. This was my first visit to Algiers and Athens. I found that the Moslems in Algiers could understand Syrian Arabic, though their pronunciation is very different. Athens was a very delightful revelation. In the exhilaration of seeing the Parthenon and other sites, I forgot my physical weakness and suffered in consequence, so that I was laid up the next day.

In Constantinople we were taken possession of by our old friends, Consul-General and Mrs. Dickinson and Miss Mason, who took us to their apartments at Hotel Londres. Miss Mason acted as our guide to the Imperial Museum and the Mosque of St. Sophia, and took the ladies to the bazaars. Mrs. Ponafidîni (née Cochran), wife of the Russian consul, told us of the murder of the American missionary, Mr. Labaree, near Salmas. The Sayyid who killed Mr. Labaree and his servant intended to kill her brother, Dr. Cochran.

March 30th Mrs. Dickinson took us in her carriage to Robert College. We first called on my old friend, President Emeritus



INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL OF THE PROTESTANT COLLEGE, BEIRUT

In this modern building the students who come from all parts of the Orient gather twice daily for prayer and worship. A reception to the delegates was held in this hall, and inspiring addresses given by Ex-President Bliss and President Bliss, — father and son, — also Dr. Jessup and several members of the faculty.

Dr. George Washburn, and then attended a mass meeting of students in the college chapel, presided over by President Gates. Addresses were made by Willard of Baltimore, Frizzel of Toronto, and myself, and a statement on behalf of the college by President Gates.

In comparing Robert College with our Syrian Protestant College in Beirut, a natural remark would be that these two colleges have secured the two most beautiful sites in the Turkish Empire, the former having the Bosphorus (which means Ox-ford) with its unique beauties and charming landscape, and the latter the commanding view of the blue Mediterranean and the snowy range of Lebanon. Beirut College at first had only Arabic-speaking students and its language was Arabic, with English and French as secondary; Robert College, drawing its students from divers nationalities, the Bulgarians, Greeks, Armenians, and Turks, adopted the English language from the outset and largely outnumbered the Syrian Protestant College. To-day Syrian Protestant College, with its attractive medical and commercial departments, has adopted the English language for its curriculum, with Arabic, French, and Turkish as secondary, and has 865 students, with a large proportion of Armenian, Persian, Bulgarian, Greek, and Egyptian students.

In religious matters, Beirut Syrian Protestant College is more distinctively religious and missionary in aiming at the religious instruction of all its students, and both are important factors in shaping the future moral destiny of Western Asia.

March 13th our captain gave us a sail to the Black Sea mouth of the Bosphorus. As we passed Robert College, the building was decorated with flags, and the students sang and cheered, and returning, we set sail for Smyrna. Dr. McLachlan, of the International College of Smyrna, lectured that evening. The next day, five hundred and eighty of our company visited Ephesus. Dr. Hoskins of Beirut, who had come on to meet the excursion, delivered an address the evening of April 2d on Beirut, Damascus, and Baalbec,—and the passengers raised $290 for the press

in Beirut. Dr. Hoskins brought word of the serious illness of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Dr. W. W. Eddy of Beirut.

On Sunday, April 3d, I introduced Dr. and Mrs. McNaughton of Smyrna to the audience on board, and after a stirring account of their work in Asia Minor, the company gave and pledged $600 to the work.

This interesting journey was now near its end for me, as I was to land in Beirut. And what a unique voyage! Eight hundred Sunday-school superintendents, teachers, and friends, all of one heart and mind. Prayer-meetings daily, with Bible classes and lectures; harmony and quiet prevailed; not a profane oath nor an intoxicated passenger; there was not a wine or beer bottle on the dining-tables; the company represented all that is good, manly, and womanly in our Christian land. I believe that the result of this tour will be a great increase of missionary interest among all the churches, societies, and Sunday-schools represented in this delegation. They can testify to what they have seen. They have already done it by generous contributions to various missions visited. I thank God for permitting me in the closing years of my life to make the acquaintance of such a choice and beloved company of Christian brothers and sisters.

At 6 A. M., April 4th, we cast anchor in Beirut harbour, and crowds of our friends came on board to welcome us: brother Samuel from Sidon; my son William from Zahleh; my daughters, Mary Day and Ethel Moore of the Syrian Protestant College; my sons-in-law, Professor Day, Professor Moore, and Rev. Paul Erdman; with three of Ethel's children; and my nephew, Stuart D. Jessup; President Howard Bliss, Mrs. Dale, Professor Porter, Mr. Freyer, and a company of Syrian and foreign friends. It was a joyous reunion and a time of hearty thanksgiving to God.

At ten o'clock the ship's company came out to the college and addresses were made in the chapel. In the evening Dr. Post and Dr. Samuel Jessup lectured on board the steamer and Dr. Mackie and others sailed with them to Jaffa for Jerusalem.

I was now at home in Beirut, the beautiful, with the blue sea, the snowy summit of Suñnin, the bright spring flowers, and everything homelike and familiar. I was not well enough to resume work at once. My daughter Mary, Mrs. Day, insisted on our coming to her house and there for days we welcomed old friends.

On Wednesday, April 6th, a conference of Syrian preachers and helpers met on invitation of President Howard Bliss in his capacious study in Marquand House and for several days discussed important religious and practical subjects and united in prayer. The delegates were guests of the college, occupying the beds vacated by the students absent on vacation and had their meals in one of the refectories. Incidentally, they thus became well acquainted with the college. A delightful spirit prevailed and God's presence was abundantly realized, and many a testimony was given at the time and since to the fresh incentives that were received to more effective service.

That evening they met in the Sunday-School Memorial Hall in town to bid me and mine welcome back to Syria. Addresses were made by Dr. Bliss, Dr. Hoskins, and Pastor Rev. Asaad er Rasi to which I responded. Brother Samuel presided.

This conference was a loving conception of President Bliss and brought our scattered pastors and preachers into close touch with the work of the college. And the nearer the college can be kept to the fundamental idea of missionary work, the more completely will it answer the aim of its founders and the greater will be its influence for good in the East. Hon. E. W. Blatchford, of Chicago, President Bliss's father-in-law, was a valuable coadjutor in all this.

On Friday, April 8th, the British contingent of the Jerusalem Sunday-school convention reached Beirut, and came to the college, where addresses were made by Dr. Munro Gibson, President Bliss, his father, and myself. I also met Dr. Schofield of London, a member of the London Central Committee of our Asfurîyeh Lebanon Asylum for the Insane.

I found our missionaries greatly concerned by the persistent refusal of the Ottoman government to allow to our missionaries in Syria the same immunities and privileges which are given to missionaries of all other nationalities, Protestant and Catholic. For many years we have petitioned our minister in Constantinople and the State Department but without effect. We are thus discriminated against in a manner which no European state would submit to. Minister Leischman insists that it is because he is of inferior rank, and that if made ambassador he could at all times communicate directly with the Sultan, instead of being turned over to the ministry, which has no authority to decide any political question.

April 11th Mrs. Dr. Moore with her husband and four children left for Switzerland for Dr. Moore's regular furlough. It often happens that it is better for health and the purse to take one's furlough in a "pension" in Switzerland than to go to the United States, where both the climate and the expense of living makes one's furlough more a loss than a gain.

On April 14th, at 6 P. M., Mrs. William W. Eddy entered into rest, aged seventy-seven years, after fifty-two years of missionary life in Syria.

She was born in Montgomery, Orange County, N. Y. Her father was the Rev. Dr. Robert Condit, long pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Oswego, N. Y. She was educated at Mount Holyoke Seminary, graduated in 1846 and was the first graduate to come to Syria from that missionary institution. She taught in Hartford, Conn., and other places. November 24, 1851, she married Rev. W. W. Eddy and they sailed soon on the bark *Sultana*, arriving in Beirut January 31, 1852. Mr. and Mrs. Eddy lived five years in Aleppo and Kefr Shima, then twenty-one years in Sidon, and twenty-six years in Beirut.

She lived to see three of her children engaged in missionary work. She was full of hospitality, a lover of the people, and beloved by them, a "mother in Israel," devotedly fond of teaching

in Bible class and Sunday-school. When preparing her home for a prayer-meeting, she fell and fractured her thigh, an injury which eventually caused her death. She died surrounded by all her children but one and several of her grandchildren. Truly her works follow her. She was a woman of great strength of character, a strong will and wonderful energy, which traits are perpetuated in her descendants.

April 22d I attended the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Arabic journal, *Lisan el Hal*, at the house of the editor, Khalil Effendi Sarkis. Mr. Sarkis has, by enterprise and industry, founded and conducted a printing-house and edited a bi-weekly and daily journal, *The Tongue of the Times*, *Lisan el Hal*. A great crowd of Syrian and foreign friends were present and prose and poetical addresses abounded. Arabic poetry lends itself with great effect to such occasions. I congratulated him on his success, for as editor also of a newspaper, I had had many years of experience with the exasperating methods of Turkish censors.

From this meeting, I went to President Emeritus Dr. Daniel Bliss's to a reception given to Mr. Marcellus Hartley Dodge, Mr. Crofts, and Professor Kepler. Mr. Dodge has since that time given to our press a thirty horse-power oil engine which has given new life and efficiency to our work of printing, and to the college an eye and ear hospital.

April 23d we visited Zahleh, where we remained eleven days, visiting this important station and making excursions into the mountain and the plain. William had found a crystalline sandstone slab by the roadside near the summit of the Lebanon ridge with a Latin inscription of the Roman Emperor Hadrian, being a "definitio sylvarum," a boundary mark of the forests, and now there is not a tree within several miles of it. We drove up to visit it, and now it is in the museum of the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut.

Returning to Beirut May 4th, we were just in time to meet the friends who had met in the girls' seminary to unveil an oil-paint-

ing of Miss Eliza D. Everett, which was presented by her old pupils resident in Cairo.

The next day was a still more impressive scene, the unveiling of a splendid white Carrara marble statue, life size, of our beloved Dr. Daniel Bliss, president emeritus of the Syrian Protestant College. Addresses were made by Mr. Nasim Berbari, of Cairo, who presented the statue in behalf of college alumni in Egypt and the Sudan; President H. Bliss, Dr. George E. Post, H. H. Jessup, Dr. Scander Barudi, and Dr. Daniel Bliss. I was deeply affected by this deserved tribute to one of my dearest earthly friends, and it was a scene not often witnessed in this world, when Dr. Bliss stood by the side of his own life-size statue in marble and expressed his gratitude to the Egyptian alumni and said, "We do aim in this college to make perfect men, ideal men, Godlike men, after the model of Jesus Christ, against whose moral character no man has said or ever can say aught."

It is a striking fact that the only two marble statues erected to eminent men by modern Syrians are the statue of Dr. Van Dyck in the Greek Hospital of St. George in the eastern part of Beirut and that of Dr. D. Bliss in the college in the western extremity of the city. "Par nobile fratrum!" These statues prove that the people of the East are not ungrateful for what men of the West have done for them.

May 10th the semi-annual meeting of the mission was held in Beirut. At the mission meeting, it was decided to purchase the Misk and Pharaûn houses, the former for a permanent manse in memory of Col. Elliot Shepard, and the latter for a mission residence and library.

A Hindu, of Ahmedabad in India, called upon me. He is a student of Arabic in the college, and has begun translating into Hindustani the "Life of Kamil."

Dr. George Adam Smith visited Beirut, addressed the college students and preached in our mission church.

The last of May we visited Sidon, and in eleven days examined all departments of the work.

Modern Sidon is itself an antique curiosity—a town of the oldest Oriental pattern, its houses flat-roofed, its streets roughly paved, and in many places arched over. There not being room enough within its narrow walls for a growing population, houses had to be built over the various streets, converting them into veritable subways or tunnels. In many places the arches are so low that a horseman must dismount. Dr. Thomson says that "Sidon was in ruins before antiquity was born," and the town is built upon successive strata of ancient ruined Sidons. The gardens overlie rich treasure of buried coins and antiques, and the foothills to the east are honeycombed with Phœnician tombs and exquisite sarcophagi. But a city cannot live on its ancient history, and but for the American and French schools which have stirred up the Moslem Sidonians to open schools for boys and girls, the town would sleep on for years to come as it has slept on ever since the soporific influence of Islam levelled it into slumber 1,200 years ago. It was once the commercial mistress of the Mediterranean, but now it can hardly influence a steam launch to anchor in its port. The breath of life which has entered it from America is waking up its young men and maidens, and some day it may recover its old renown. But the proximity of thrifty, vigorous, commercial Beirut, with its port and steamers, its railways and gas lights, its government headquarters, its schools, colleges, and hospitals, its printing-houses, and newspapers, its quarantine and electric tramway, leaves Sidon, Tyre, and Jebail, the old Phœnician trio, stranded on the sand-bars of decrepit antiquity.

Sidon is a restful place to us who go as transient visitors, but there is little rest in that busy hive which centres in Gerard Institute, and whose awakening influence extends out through Southern Lebanon and Galilee of the Gentiles, and to the north, south, and west of glorious Hermon. The mission station there superintends twelve evangelical churches, thirty-five preaching stations, twenty-four schools, with 2,000 pupils. Hundreds of

the Protestant adherents have emigrated to America, and some of them are bringing back new ideas and new aspirations for the elevation of their loved native land. For however dreary and desolate we may regard many parts of Syria, it is a fair and beautiful land and its people love it fondly.

Returning to Beirut in June, we found ourselves at once in the whirl of constant duties and engagements. We had an important meeting of the executive committee of the insane hospital at Asfurîyeh, four miles from Beirut. Some might say, "What has that to do with your missionary work?" I reply, "Much, in every way." It is a work of blessed and Christlike compassion to care for the suffering insane and their more suffering relatives and friends. Hundreds of patients have been treated and a fair proportion have been discharged cured. Moslems, Jews, Maronites, Greeks, Druses, and Protestants, alike have received the benefit of the hospital, and in view of the fiendish cruelty with which the Lebanon monks of the monastery of Kozheiya have treated the insane in past years, this well-ordered hospital is regarded as a veritable godsend to the land. An aged Moslem sheikh from Mecca was brought to the hospital in a state of delusional insanity, and on recovering his reason was full of gratitude. A fanatical priest, who had been wont to curse and denounce all Protestants as emissaries of the devil, was seized with acute and violent mania. I saw him in the strong room for violent patients. He was stark naked and gesticulating violently and preaching in Arabic against his imaginary foes. In a few months he recovered, and his gratitude knew no bounds. His patriarch and bishops sent their thanks and gratulations to the officers of the hospital.

The eighth annual report gives 157 patients as under care during the year, of whom thirty-four recovered and twenty-eight improved. The patients have come from Syria and Palestine, Armenia, Arabia, and Egypt.

The site is healthful and there have been no cases of enteric fever or tuberculosis. This is the first organized institution of the kind in Western Asia and is a missionary hospital in the sense

that it was founded and has been supported by Christian men and women for the honour of Christ, in showing the true spirit of Christianity by caring for the helpless and afflicted. All honour to Mr. T. Waldmeier and the doctor and nurses for their self-denying devotion to the mentally afflicted of a strange land. I know of no other form of Christian service which requires more of self-sacrifice, unless it be that of the leper asylums.

June 11th I attended in Aleih, Mount Lebanon, the funeral of an aged peasant in the Greek Church. Eight priests from neighbouring villages assisted the Khuri Giurgius in the service. An aged priest, Antonius, delivered the Arabic sermon, Scriptural, earnest, and truly evangelical. I listened with interest and surprise, but my surprise ceased when I recognized in the preacher an old theological student of 1886, who is now priest of the Orthodox Church in Bhamdoun. I asked him how he could read the prayers to the Virgin in the Greek liturgy, and he said in a low tone, "I do not believe them and pass over them lightly, and the people know I do not believe them." I warned him to be careful lest he sear his conscience by seeming to be what he is not. An enlightened man can hardly be at ease in the Greek Church, with its gross adoration of the sacred ikons or pictures and its abject Mariolatry. And the mass of the enlightened youth of Syria in the Greek sect are in danger of going into infidelity, unless they compel their clergy to purge their liturgy of its creature worship.

June 20th Sabat, the woman who cares for our Beirut house in the summer, was shot at in the afternoon by Moslem roughs, and her husband was shot at on the balcony of our house. With a rotten, bribe-taking police, we have no redress. Moslem thieves and murderers roam at large, or if imprisoned, soon bribe their way out, so that Sabat begged me not to complain. A few assassins have been reported as exiled to Barbary, Africa

My son-in-law, Professor Day, is collecting snakes, and offers a reward to the boys of Lebanon to bring him specimens. Many

of them are venomous but the most are harmless. In 1903 Miss Gordon, who was living with Professor West's family in Aleih, was bitten by a poisonous serpent when walking out after sunset and died in forty minutes. Since that time, we have warned our friends against walking in the thickets after sunset. Mount Lebanon, with its stony hillsides and innumerable stone terraces, is a safe haunt for snakes, and the black snake, viper, adder, and asp are not infrequently found.

July 1st I met at the Aleih railroad station Dr. Samuel J. Curtiss, the noted writer on "Primitive Semitic Religions To-day" in Palestine. He was returning from Hamath and was en route for Nablus, and not long after died in London when on his way to America. His death was a distinct loss to the cause of Biblical literature.

During the summer I preached regularly in the little chapel in Aleih in Arabic, as has been my wont for twenty-one years. The boys and girls of the day-school sit on the wall benches, and the body of the room is filled with summer residents from the plain and from Egypt and fellahin from the villages. Arabic preaching is my delight. It does a preacher good to have a good proportion of his audience young people and children.

It keeps one's language simple and clear, prevents pedantry, and compels one to use plain figures of speech and homely illustrations which appeal to all.

This summer I received a copy of a remarkable book, an Arabic metrical translation of Homer's "Iliad," a work of 1,200 pages, with an introduction of 200 pages on Homer, the "Iliad," and a comparison between Greek and Arabic poetry. The translator is Soleyman Effendi Bistany, of the famous Lebanon family of Bistany. It is a colossal undertaking. The introductory essay on Arabic poetry is worth the price of the volume. The author used the original Greek and the English and the French translations of the "Iliad," and the marginal notes and explanations are full and complete, showing remarkable learning and research. The book

was printed in Cairo at the author's expense, and should be in the library of every college and university. I know of no work in Arabic which shows greater scholarship and genius. To translate foreign poetry into prose in our own language is practicable, but to render it into poetry is a work which only a Pope, Cowper, Derby, or Bryant could undertake.[1]

One night in July, Dr. George E. Post, the famous surgeon, author, and professor in the Syrian Protestant College, was riding up from Beirut, when suddenly near Jemhour a railway train passed and the headlight and noise of the engine frightened his horse, which sprang backward off a high bank, falling partly on the doctor, breaking his wrist and gashing his head. The hair-breadth escapes of the foreign doctors in Syria, in travelling by night in storms and darkness over rocky defiles, and through thickets and quicksands, would fill a volume.

Third Brummana Conference of Christian Workers (1904)

This third conference was held as before in the beautiful grounds of the Friends' Mission at Brummana, Mount Lebanon. No speaker from abroad could be secured, and the conference was entirely conducted by missionaries from the Turkish Empire. The Rev. Geo. M. Mackie prepared the programme, on the subject: "The Missionary Gospel and the Missionary; The Message and the Messenger, and the things that affect his daily life and service for the Master."

No less than thirty-two brief papers were read, after each of which there was free discussion—and devotional and praise meetings were held at sunrise and sunset daily. Two hundred delegates were present, of whom ninety were British, fifty-eight Americans, thirty-seven Syrians, six Germans, three Danes, three Swedes, two Armenians, and one Hindu.

Eighteen Christian denominations, representing twenty-six

[1] The author is (in 1909) one of the Beirut members of the Ottoman Parliament.

societies, were present. Again all felt that the spiritual benefits of such a gathering far more than compensated for the trouble and expense incurred.

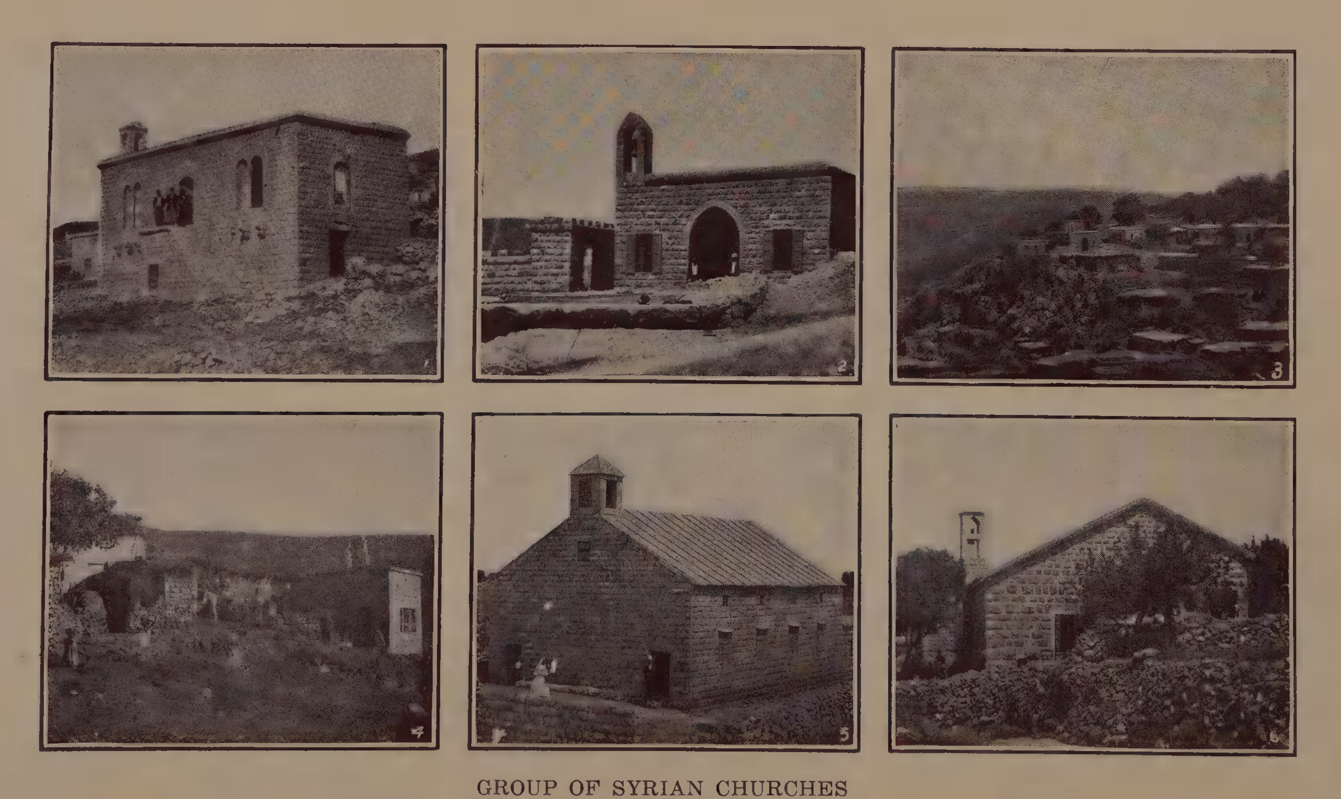
On leaving Brummana, we saw below us in the harbour off Beirut thirty British ships of war, and the thunder of their salutes August 9th, on King Edward's coronation day, when each ship fired twenty-one guns, echoed and reëchoed through the mountain ranges of Lebanon. Hundreds of mountaineers thronged Beirut, and went on board at certain appointed hours.

The visits of these fleets always impress the Syrian populace. The spectacle at night (August 9th), when the ships were decorated with thousands of electric lights and the search-lights illuminated the mountain villages ten miles away, was one of great magnificence. England thus maintains and asserts her naval supremacy in the Mediterranean. She holds Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, and Egypt, and will never surrender her control of the Suez Canal, the highway to India, Australasia, and China.

If this empire suffers dismemberment, the arbiters will be the nations who control the sea.

The visits of the European and American fleets make a deep impression upon both Turkish officials and the native people. The braggart, fanatical Moslem roughs hide their heads for a time and officials feel encouraged to keep order and give no occasion for foreign interference or occupation.

Can anything be more beautiful than the love of a little child? I have always loved children, but the artless love of my grandchildren is something precious beyond gold and rubies. A little grandson, two and a half years old, said to me, "Grandpa, I love you." His childish utterances are curious enough. One day his father led him out to the garden and called his attention to a vulture flying overhead. He looked, but it had passed. Then his father called, "F——, see that huge bird!" He looked, but the bird had disappeared behind the oak trees, and he began to think his father was joking. In a few moments he ran off some distance in the vineyard and called, "Come, papa, come see!"



GROUP OF SYRIAN CHURCHES

1. Church at Mejdel Shems. 2. Church at Rasheiyat el Fukhar. 3. Deir Mimas (Church and dwelling houses). 4. Church Ain Kunyet Banias. 5. Church at El Khiyam. 6. Church at Ibl.

His father ran, and the child pointed down between his feet, and said, "See!" "What?" said his father. "A rhinoceros!" answered the lad and burst into laughter.

The Zahleh and Lebanon Presbytery met in Zahleh September 6th, and about twenty members were in attendance. The progress made by these organizations composed of Syrian pastors and elders and American missionaries is encouraging and hopeful for the future. We foreigners are corresponding members, and business is transacted in good order and harmony, giving promise of the time when the evangelical church of Syria shall become self-supporting and self-propagating. What form of polity will be eventually adopted by these churches is a secondary matter. As long as they are dependent on foreign funds they will naturally submit to foreign advice, but when they walk alone and support their own pastors and schools, they will be at liberty to select that form of church government which suits their tastes and preference.

In 1901, a Shechemite swindler of the first water, named Kerreh, a native of Nablus, went to England to raise money for his leper asylum at Tirzah, near Nablus. He represented in his long printed programme that he had a leper asylum with 1,100 patients, extensive buildings, staff, plant, grounds, etc., and he wanted to raise £10 a head for each of his 1,100. He deceived a few persons, when his fraud was detected, and he was arrested. The English judge sent a commissioner, Mr. Francis C. Brading, then travelling in Syria, to investigate. He found at Tirzah an abject village, but no leper, no asylum, and nothing had ever been heard there of Kerreh and his swindling scheme. He was then convicted and sent to prison. After serving out his time, he crossed the sea and applied to Mr. H. H. Hall, of Orange, N. Y., for aid for his 1,100 lepers. Mr. Hall wisely inquired through a friend, whose son was in Syria, and obtained the above facts. The man was then headed off, but he will no doubt palm off his monstrous swindle in other parts of America where he has not been exposed.

The gullibility of good people is amazing. If all who are asked to help such wildcat schemes would demand credentials and certificates from responsible persons, they would not throw away their money.

On returning home, September 10th, we were shocked by the cold-blooded and unprovoked murder of a beloved and talented young man of Suk el Gharb, a student in the college and a member of a prominent Protestant family in this part of Lebanon. He was stabbed to death just at sunset within a quarter of a mile of his home by two Druse miscreants. The funeral the next day was largely attended and the mudir was present with his soldiers to prevent disturbance, as some of the less educated relatives of the deceased were ready to revenge his death on any Druse who should appear in the village. We conducted the funeral services at the house in the open air, as a noisy crowd of distant relatives and outsiders declared that, according to their traditional customs, to consent to have the funeral in the church would be to admit that they had no further claim for the punishment of the murderers. The father said he would prefer to have it in the church but the crowd overruled him.

The self-control of the father, the brothers, and sister in that tumultuous wailing and shrieking crowd, was a beautiful testimony to the sustaining power of Christian faith. Two years passed and no punishment had been inflicted on the assassins, though legally convicted of murder in the first degree.

September 27th Mrs. Gerald F. Dale, for twenty-five years connected with the mission, tendered her resignation to take the superintendence of the new Maria Dewitt Jesup hospital for women and children and the training-school for nurses. The mission only acceded to this request on the ground that the truly benevolent and self-denying work which she was about to undertake was in every sense a missionary work and an important branch of the great work being done for the benefit of the Syrian people.

On the 14th of October the people of Lebanan saw a brilliant meteoric shower which lasted not less than fifteen minutes.

October 31st word was received that the model of the Syrian Protestant College had received a gold medal at the St. Louis Exposition. It was deposited in the college. I afterwards heard that the medal was voted, but, with many others, might be given only on paper. When it came it proved to be bronze.

In November, United States Consul Ravendal received a letter from Vice-Consul Shumacher of Haifa, well known as an explorer and archæologist, resigning his office and also stating that he had given up his American citizenship and become a German subject, for the reason that, as an American, he could get no rights and secure no concessions for archæological excavation and exploration, whereas a German subject can get any concession that is desired. Dr. Shumacher's statement is no doubt true. The German emperor, for reasons too palpable to need explanation, has become the backer and friend of the Sultan Abdul Hamid II. German railway concessions are necessary to promote German commerce, and for these benefits the Emperor William will stand by the Sultan, who, as a matter of wisdom, will grant the emperor and his subjects privileges allowed to none others. As Mr. Shumacher has large experience in Palestine exploration, and is a permanent resident in Haifa, he naturally prefers the government which can most successfully promote his interests.

December 27th—To-day the contract was signed for the purchase of the so-called Misk property adjoining the American Mission premises in Beirut. For sixteen years we had been trying to secure this valuable property, the funds for which had been given by the late Col. Elliot F. Shepard of New York. The Arabic proverb "man sabar zafar," "who waits wins," was proved true in this case. Colonel Shepard gave the fund to buy the property and it was carefully invested in America. He authorized the use of the interest for supplying a residence for the native

Syrian pastor, and aiding, when needed, in his support, until the purchase should be effected. On completing the purchase, which was done by Dr. Hoskins, after meeting with the various departments and officials of the local courts for three months, the work of demolition and reconstruction was commenced, and the mission premises converted into a convenient campus, containing the church, press, Sunday-school hall, theological school, manse, girls' boarding-school, and cemetery, with two mission residences (the Pharaûn and Kekano houses) and open spaces covered with shade trees and orange and lemon orchards.

This valuable property belongs to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. The Kekano house was purchased in 1889 with funds given chiefly by Morris K. Jesup, Esq., John Stewart Kennedy, and Robert Lenox Kennedy. The Pharaûn house was bought with a portion of the theological seminary funds in the hands of the Board of Foreign Missions.

The year has been one of steady progress. The 111 schools have instructed 6,353 pupils. The college has had 750 students, more than ever before, and its corps of instructors numbers sixty-two. One hundred and forty-three were added to the churches on profession of faith and the congregations average 5,534.

The press printed 34,577,543 pages, of which 24,727,000 were Arabic Scriptures for the American Bible Society. The total number of pages printed since 1834 has been 760,089,034.

XXIX

Jubilee Times (1905–1907)

THE year 1905 was memorable as the banner year for Bible printing in the history of the American Press. Nearly sixty millions of pages were printed, of which 47,275,000 were for the American Bible Society. The number of copies of the Scriptures issued during the year was 158,000, a larger number than ever before.

The demand for Arabic Scriptures from Egypt was unprecedented. Our workmen put in extra time, and paper and binding materials had to be ordered in large quantities from Europe to meet the demand. A new printing machine had just been added to our plant to increase our facilities for Bible work. Just at this juncture the old steam engine gave signs of failing, and to avoid the catastrophe of having all our presses stopped, I wrote to Mr. Marcellus Hartley Dodge of New York, son of my old friend, Norman White Dodge, and he, with a promptness which filled our whole mission with a thrill of gratitude, replied by sending out a magnificent thirty horse-power Fairbanks Morse oil engine. The iron castings and balance-wheel of this splendid engine were so massive that Mr. Freyer had to hire the steam derrick of the Harbor Company to lift them to the wharf and from the wharf to the truck. And when they reached the churchyard adjoining the press, it required many men and many days' work to remove them to the engine house of the press.

In May a conference of Christian workers was held in Constantinople and we were all invited to be present, but owing to the May meeting of our mission coming at the same time, we had to decline. But at the request of Dr. J. K. Greene, I wrote a few words on "Hindrances to the Christian Life Among Missionaries."

1. We are apt to feel that we have already attained. Deeming that we are in a higher spiritual plane than those around us, we compare ourselves with others and are led to self-satisfaction and indolence.

2. Officialism. Because we are preachers and teachers, we are in danger of thinking that we need only to give out, and not to take in.

3. Extreme liberalism. Inclining us to believe that the lifeless systems around us are good enough, and that we need not seek the conversion of their adherents. This blunts the edge of zeal and lessens the value of experimental religion. I yield to none in broad sympathy for those brought up in the non-Christian and semi-Christian faiths, but unless we have something that they have not, and unless Jesus Christ is the only Saviour of sinners, we have absolutely no vocation in Western Asia and European Turkey.

4. Yielding to the spiritual stagnation round us.

5. Neglect of personal religious duties.

As to the remedy, I can only suggest:

1. Constant personal use of the "Word of God."

2. Personal work for the salvation of others.

3. Never forgetting that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." "And in none other is there salvation; for neither is there any other name under heaven that is given among men, wherein we must be saved" (Acts 4 : 12).

This conference was conducted by Rev. John McNeil of London and was an inspiring and uplifting occasion.

It is, alas, too often true, that we who are labouring in heathen and Mohammedan lands and are regarded by many as the most spiritual of all Christian workers feel our need of those special occasions for the promotion of the spiritual life which are so common in Christian lands, in Keswick, Northfield, Chautauqua, Winona, and the Northwest. We have many benumbing and paralyzing influences to contend with. Familiarity with a Moslem population makes us forget their spiritual deadness. We see so many forms, rites, ceremonies, and pilgrimages and so much

virtue attached to mere outward works, that we need to live in a Bible atmosphere and in a spirit of constant prayer to keep our garments white and our faith bright and clear. We need to draw our theology from the Bible and not from mere reason and hypothesis. Mere ethics will save nobody. "If righteousness is through the law then Christ died for nought" (Gal. 2:21). Christ is an example—our brightest, best, and perfect example, but He is more. He is a Saviour, a Redeemer from sin, its power, and penalty. His blood was "shed for many for the remission of sins."

There has been a powerful work of grace in St. Paul's Institute, Tarsus, and a number of conversions recently in Gerard Institute, Sidon. Six young girls in the British Syrian Institute in Beirut were received into the church.

In March Rev. Drs. Stewart and Lowe of the Irish Presbyterian Jewish Missions Committee visited their Damascus Mission and on their return proposed to transfer their two Mount Hermon stations, Rasheiyat el Wady and Ain esh Shaara, to our mission, if their General Assembly should approve. It did approve, and in the fall Rev. W. K. Eddy of Sidon was instructed to take measures to assume the work at those stations, but the expense, about $700 a year, for which our Board felt unable to provide, delayed the full support of the work there. Had these little Protestant communities the spirit of the Korean converts they would carry on the work without foreign aid.

During the summer I visited Suk, Abeih, Zahleh, and Baalbec, preaching in Arabic in these places and when at home in our own summer cottage in Aleih, I always preached in Arabic. I had planned going from Baalbec to Hums with my brother Samuel September 9th, but was prevented by illness. He went alone by the Aleppo Railroad leaving Baalbec Saturday at 2 P. M., and enjoyed meeting that interesting church and preaching once more to the people. They have shown great energy in opening a boys' boarding-school at their own expense but have not yet fulfilled the more important duty of supporting their own pastor.

While in Zahleh we drove down to the plain to visit the

famous Jesuit farm of Taanaille. It is on the Damascus Road and covers about half a mile square, on rich land, through which runs a splendid stream of water from the Jedetha fountain. It is a model French farm, with wheat fields, clover pasturage, shaded walks and drives, and fine orchards of European fruits, and vegetable and flower gardens. The father superintendent who spoke English perfectly was most courteous and showed us all the departments. An immense American threshing-machine was just being brought in, having been imported and transported over to Anjar, four miles to the east, for Tahir Pasha of Damascus, who refused to accept it and pending a lawsuit to compel him to fulfill his contract, it was being stored by the French Jesuit "fathers."

This French farm looks more like Europe and America than anything I have seen in Syria. It shows what might be done everywhere with proper care and cultivation.

In June we sent to New York by order of the American Tract Society $325 worth of Arabic books and tracts to be distributed by the American Tract Society among Syrian immigrants landing in New York. We have frequently supplied outgoing emigrants from Syria with Arabic Scriptures and they have almost without exception received them with gratitude. Many of these Arab emigrants will become American citizens, and it is a remarkable providence that the American Press and schools in Syria have been used to fit men and women to become American citizens. It is well to sow good seed abroad. Who knows when the fruit will come back to be a blessing to the sowers! The best Syrian emigrants to America are those who have been trained in the American Mission schools. Westward the Star of Syria takes its way!

In October we were favoured with a visit from Rev. Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston, wife and daughter. An itinerary had been prepared and he was able to visit all our principal stations, speaking everywhere words stimulating and inspiring on the subject of "individual work for individuals." He spoke in the Beirut College and to the young people in the city, and gave an hour to

the theological class. The unity of his theme, his great experience in personal religious work and his sententious summing up of Christian duty, as "not merely to be fed, but to feed, not merely to be led but to lead, not simply to be saved but to save others," gave his addresses great power.

He spoke to the theological class of the value of an individual acquaintance with the contents and teaching of each book of the Bible. I remarked that one of the three native brethren who had been ordained the evening before had a wonderful knowledge of the Bible. Dr. Johnston then asked the class to give him the contents of John, chapter six. Just then M. Michaiel, the person I had quoted, entered the room. Hearing Dr. Johnston's request, he quietly arose and gave a complete synopsis of that chapter to the minutest detail. It was an object-lesson to the class such as few could give. Dr. Johnston spoke fifteen times in Beirut, besides visiting Zahleh, Hums, Tripoli, Suk, and Sidon.

The ordination of three tried and experienced native preachers, Rev. Beshara Barudi, Rev. Michaiel Ibrahim, and Rev. Yusef Jerjer, took place October 24th, while Dr. Johnston was here, and the hands of seventeen ministers, American, Scotch, and Syrian, were laid on their heads.

On the 31st of October I sat by the dying bed of a lovely young Protestant, Amîn Tabet, who died in the prison ward of the municipal hospital of Beirut. He had been to America to visit his father and returned a short time before, dangerously ill. The custom-house detective in examining his baggage found a book in which was a picture of the Sultan and written under it the word "dog." The young man, a very model of integrity and uprightness, stated that he knew nothing of the book, that some friends had put a lot of books and papers in his trunk for him to read on the voyage but he had been too ill to look at them and that he could never have been foolish enough to carry such a book had he known of it. The zealous police, anxious to gain favour and promotion, telegraphed their discovery to Constantinople and he was thrown into the lowest prison. His many Beirut friends interceded, and by order of the government physi-

cian he was removed to the iron-grated ward in the hospital. But it was vain to ask for his release. Even when the physicians pronounced him a dying man, his mother was not allowed to remove him. I had baptized him in infancy, and found him ready to depart and be with Christ, and in that Turkish prison, surrounded by Moslem attendants and patients, I commended him to Christ as his Saviour. He soon after passed away, and his emaciated body was taken to his mother's house where the funeral service took place, attended by a great throng. His brothers, tutors in the college, were comforted by a large delegation of students bearing wreaths and flowers.

The leading authorities declared their conviction that he was innocent and had been victimized by some designing person, but not one of the officials ventured to utter openly a word in his favour, lest they be reported to headquarters. Would that this were the only case of the kind! He was a victim of the cruel despotic rule of Abdul Hamid and Izzet Pasha.

On the 18th of December I acknowledged Dr. A. J. Brown's letter speaking of the approaching jubilee of Dr. and Mrs. Bliss and myself. I replied in part as follows: "I should prefer that no special notice be taken of one of the Lord's servants having been permitted to keep at work for fifty years. I ought to be grateful. It has always been my principle that the missionary work is a life enlistment, and I am more than ever convinced that it is a true one. No one can be more grateful than I am for the blessed privilege of being able to hold on."

During December the annual meeting of our mission was held. It was a hopeful, inspiring season. We had printed more pages of the Arabic Scriptures and taught in our schools more children and youth than ever before, when Dr. Bowen, agent of the American Bible Society, wrote from Constantinople ordering Mr. Freyer to countermand a big order for paper and cut down at once all expenditure on account of the Bible Society. We were taken aback, like a ship under full sail, with the wind suddenly veering from stern to stem and forcing the sails back against the masts. The appropriation, under financial stress and distress at

the Bible House, New York, was cut down to a destructive figure. I was stirred so deeply that when our mission met, December 7th, I offered to write the annual letter to the Bible Society. This offer was met with applause, as a welcome innovation. The office of writing the annual letters to the Bible and Tract and other societies is never sought for, as it involves no little outlay of time and labour. The letter was written under a sense of being divinely moved, such as I have not often felt. It was sent and scattered abroad through a hundred newspapers and some months after, Dr. Bowen writes, " That letter brought into the treasury of the Society not less than $150,000. One donor gave a piece of property which will give $7,500 annually for Bible work in Mohammedan lands." I can see now that the prompting to write that letter came from above, and all the praise belongs to the Lord of the Bible who is the God of missions.

It did seem strange that just as the door is opening in Moslem lands for the Arabic Bible, and the machinery is ready to print and publish it, we should be obliged to say to Asia and Africa, " No, America is too poor. You must wait still longer for the Bread of Life. The Beirut Press stands committed before the Christian world to supply the demand for Arabic Scriptures, and in Bible work this press is the agent and servant of the American Bible Society." We have been saying to Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and Arabia, Tunis and Algiers, Mesopotamia, and Bussorah, " Call, and we will answer; call for the Scriptures and we will supply them."

And now are we to say to these missionaries: " You will have to wait. Tell the Moslems, just beginning to ask for God's word, that they cannot have it;—that the great Church of America has too much to do to think of 60,000,000 of Arabic-speaking people, and 140,000,000 more of Moslems whose Koran is Arabic"?

Will the Christian Church give the $9,000 a year needed to keep up the Bible work and manufacture to an extent sufficient for the demand?

Shall foreign missionaries from England, Scotland, Ireland,

Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and Scandinavia, who have depended upon us for their Arabic Scriptures, be obliged to write to their home societies that the American Bible Press in Beirut, which holds the key to the Arabic Bible, has finally admitted its inability to supply the increasing demands upon it?

We call upon the Bible-loving Church of Christ to come to your aid and ours.

In November Rev. James H. Nicol and wife arrived from America for the Tripoli station. Early in the year, January 2, 1906, Dr. Mary Pierson Eddy and Miss Caroline M. Holmes arrived from America, the former to resume her medical work, and the latter to labour in the same region, on the coast north of Beirut. Miss Holmes was for ten years connected with the Tripoli Girls' Boarding-School (from 1883 to 1887 and from 1888 to 1894), and had been absent from Syria eleven years. She now returned under the auspices of a number of American friends who pledged her support for a term of years. After working with Dr. Mary P. Eddy in M'aamiltein for some months, she removed to Jebail (the Gebal of the Bible), half-way between Beirut and Tripoli, and has succeeded in overcoming prejudice until she has a school of seventy-five girls. She has begun work as a pioneer in one of the most bigoted regions in Syria.

I cannot but admire the pluck and courage of these two Christian women. The Board supports Dr. Mary P. Eddy. Miss Holmes with her fine knowledge of Arabic, her splendid capacity for organization, and devoted spirit should have abundant support.

In November Rev. Paul Erdman, Mrs. Gertrude Erdman, and son Frederick arrived from America to take up their residence in Tripoli.

In October Sheikh Nebhany, Kadi of Beirut, issued a pamphlet, attacking Christian schools and all Moslems who patronize them. His language was bitter and coarse, full of invective and rant, and to the astonishment of the public it had the sanction of the Ministry of Public Instruction in Constantinople. The better class of Moslems repudiated the book and denounced the author.

Several learned sheikhs of Beirut, Damascus and Cairo published replies to his book, rebuking him severely for his ignorance of history and his narrow intolerance. It not only failed to compel Moslems to take their children out of Christian schools, but it resulted in a large increase in the number of Moslem students in Christian schools, especially in the Beirut College. This result is but another proof of the growing independence among intelligent Moslems of their fanatical religious leaders.

The jubilee year, my fiftieth in Syria, was celebrated by many friends, Syrian and foreign.

Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Bliss and I arrived in Syria February 7, 1856, and on and before February 7th congratulatory letters, cablegrams, and messages came in upon me like a flood. About sunrise a company of Syrian girls from the British Syrian Institution came quietly in and sang sweet hymns of cheer. Our house was decorated with white almond blossoms, which have been for fifty years a reminder of the day of our landing in 1856, when the almond trees were in bloom. And these little girls each brought a spray of the sweet blossoms and gave them to me as a floral offering.

At half-past nine came all the members of the Syria Mission, men and women, and made addresses which quite overcame me with their expressions of fraternal affection. They then presented me with a massive cathedral chiming clock in a case of polished English oak with an inscripton on a gilt brass plate.

Then came a deputation of the Syrian Protestant sect, eight in number, each of whom made an eloquent Arabic address, in prose or poetry, the substance of which is too personal to allow its being repeated by me. The most of them and their families were my spiritual children, and their language, though full of Oriental hyperbole, was most kind and sincere. They left with me as souvenirs elegant specimens of silver filigree work on a little inlaid table of Damascene work. A little Syrian boy gave me some rare specimens of Phœnician iridescent glass.

At one o'clock eighteen of our kindred and those of Dr. and

Mrs. Bliss sat down to dinner together, the little grandchildren being at a side table.

At 3 P. M. we were taken to the Gerald F. Dale Memorial Sunday-School Hall, which was densely packed with a crowd of people who were awaiting us. This was a complete surprise. The hall was decorated with flags, evergreens, and flowers, and prominent among them the almond blossoms. The girls of our seminary and of the British Syrian Institution were dressed in holiday attire, and sang as Dr. and Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Jessup, and myself entered the hall. There was a full musical programme and then the entire assembly of five hundred came up to take us by the hand, wishing us a joyful jubilee. The ladies of the mission then presented to Mrs. Jessup a pyramidal frosted loaf of cake which she cut, and Mrs. Hoskins and her sister, Dr. Mary Eddy, gave out portions to missionary friends.

At half-past seven, a beautiful moonlight evening, the church was crowded for the memorial jubilee service. Addresses were made in Arabic by two prominent Protestant Arabic scholars, Messrs. Selim Kessab and Ibrahim Haurani, in German by Pastor Fritz Ulrich, and in English by Dr. George E. Post and Dr. George A. Ford, the latter in poetry. Thus closed the jubilee day—a day full of sacred memories, of many regrets and much thanksgiving to God.

The love and esteem of so many of Christ's children, American, Syrian, and European, is inexpressibly precious. May every one of these dear friends live to celebrate their own jubilee!

1906—January was a month of storms, of much sickness, and snow. The Damascus railway was repeatedly blocked with snow, and the winter rains were constant with frequent electric storms of thunder and lightning. Miss Van Zandt of the Woman's Hospital had a long and severe illness with typhoid fever. Pneumonia, pleurisy, and typhoid fever prevailed throughout the land. My son William wrote from Zahleh of icicles ten feet long and a foot thick.

On January 7th, at 4 P. M., Miss Jessie Taylor entered into

rest, aged seventy-nine, after forty years of self-denying labour for the Moslem and Druse girls and women of Syria.

Her death produced wide-spread and unfeigned sorrow among the multitudes of Moslem women and girls whom she had instructed and befriended. No foreign woman ever had such a hold on the confidence of the Moslems of Beirut, and this, although she was a fearless witness for salvation through Christ alone. Moslem men would come to a preaching service in her house when nothing would have induced them to enter a Christian church.

Miss Jessie Taylor was "one called of God." She heeded the call and came to this land alone, and began her work among the lowly and neglected. I well remember her first arrival and have followed her course with sympathy and prayer ever since. Like good Mr. Cullen in Edinburgh, she belonged to all the churches and all Christian people. Her home was a house of prayer. I know of no house in Syria where prayer seemed more natural and appropriate, and certainly there was no house where Moslem, Druse, and Jew and Maronite and Protestant felt more welcome and more at home.

Without an effort on her part, and by the simple power of an unselfish, sincere and blameless life, she secured and held the confidence of her non-Christian neighbours to an extent which was remarkable.

And how many perils escaped, difficulties overcome, burdens lifted, and spiritual fruits gathered as a direct and comforting answer to prayer! Here was the source of her strength, which kept up that frail body to a great age; made her invariably cheerful and hopeful; helped her to look always on the bright side, "bright as the promise of God," and made her the spiritual guide to the new life in Christ, of so many of her pupils.

She believed in conversion, in passing from death into life, and the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit.

At times she needed great courage and decision, and was never left to lack either in times of emergency.

Her solitary journey to Scotland, when over seventy years of

age in order to save her old mission home from sale, was an illustration of her simple faith and unflagging energy. Her friends in Scotland, when appealed to personally, said, "In these days of Boer War and financial embarrassment it is not possible to raise £1,100." She replied, "The silver and the gold are the Lord's and the fund must be raised," and it was raised and amounted to £1,500, sufficient to buy the house and make all needed repairs. She returned to Syria looking ten years younger, her face beaming with hope and energy, and resumed her work with new buoyancy and faith.

And she had impressed those qualities upon her fellow workers and pupils, and we believe that they will go forward, trustful and hopeful as she has been. She called her school "St. George's School for Moslem and Druse Girls," but the Syrians and the foreign community know it and speak of it as Miss Taylor's school and there can be no comparison between the solid spiritual work done by her, and the shadowy exploits of the mythical St. George.

March 7th Beirut was honoured by a visit from Admiral Sigsbee of the American Navy with the ships *Brooklyn*, *Galveston*, and *Chattanooga*. Consul-General Bergholz gave them a reception which was attended by the American and European communities. It has been my experience for fifty years that there is no finer class of men anywhere than the officers of the American Navy. And as a rule they fully appreciate the educational and elevating work done by their missionary fellow countrymen. Much depends on the man, whether they show hearty sympathy with the more spiritual aspect of our work. I knew a naval commander who would hold prayer-meetings with the men in the cockpit, though his officers held aloof and scarcely concealed their disgust. He was deeply interested in the evangelistic work of our mission. The majority of naval officers respect religion and respect manliness and manly work, but they generally appreciate educational, publishing, and what is called civilizing work more than the purely religious. An address to the college students by an American admiral is always impressive. One can

hardly conceive of such an address by a Turkish admiral. Our government does well to give its citizens abroad an occasional glimpse of the Stars and Stripes. I notice that an American congressman has given notice of a bill to deprive of the rights of citizenship any American who shall reside abroad more than five years! This is aimed at the millionaires who reside abroad to evade taxes. But think of the blow it would inflict upon the 3,300 American foreign missionaries who have gone abroad to stay and have burned their ships behind them! It is inconceivable that citizenship should be wrested from such a body of men and women engaged only in benevolent and unselfish work! And it was not ——

Rev. Mr. Franson, a Swedish missionary secretary, who had felt a call to visit missions in foreign lands, after visiting the missions in India, Persia, and Eastern and Central Turkey, reached Beirut and spoke March 25th in the college, and at the Sunday-school hall to a large concourse of people. Preaching through an interpreter (an "interrupter," as it has been called) is far from satisfactory. I have had large experience in translating sermons and addresses into Arabic for travellers, and find that the only satisfactory way is to sit quietly behind the speaker with a pad and pencil and take rapid notes, giving the speaker freedom. Then I translate the notes offhand into Arabic and the people get the gist of it without a break.

On the 4th of April, 1906, was held in Cairo the memorable conference of missionaries to Mohammedan lands. The sessions were held in the Church Missionary Society's buildings, the former home of Arabi Pasha.

The attendance was large, including delegates from the Turkish Empire, Egypt, Arabia, Persia, India, the East Indies, the Sudan, and North and West Africa. The papers read, the discussions held, and the reports made, showed a striking uniformity of experience with regard to the difficulties, the encouragements and the magnitude of the work. There was no note of retreat or pessimism. The time had come for an onward movement all

along the line. Thirty-two thousand converts in India and the East Indies were regarded as but the first-fruits of a great gathering. It was agreed that we owe it to our Moslem brethren to exhibit the true nature of Christianity, to show them that we are their friends, to disabuse them of their false conceptions of the Trinity and the Scriptures, and to show them that the hostile and cruel spirit shown by the European crusaders and by modern Christian nations no longer exists. That we only ask that they read the Tourah and the Ingeel (the Old and New Testaments) and judge for themselves. And we ask that Christians in Moslem lands enjoy the same liberty of conscience that Moslems enjoy in Christian lands. We were agreed to appeal to all Christian people to pray for our Mohammedan friends, and to send forth labourers into the vast fields occupied by two hundred millions of Mohammedans.

Some timid men had apprehended that this conference would awaken acts of hostility on the part of the hundreds of thousands of Moslems in Cairo, and had even asked Lord Cromer to interfere and prevent such a calamity. But the Moslem journals and populace took no notice of the conference. The evening open discussion with the sheikhs of the Azhar University and Moslem students continued as usual, and we from other and less favoured lands looked with wonder at the notices posted on the mission house and in the hotels, of evening public discussions with Mohammedans. It was apparent that all delegates present were ready for a new forward movement.

Twenty years ago I published a little volume, "The Mohammedan Missionary Problem" (a sermon preached before the General Assembly in Saratoga, May, 1879), and pled for an awakening of the Church to its duty towards Islam and insisted that "God has been preparing Christianity for Islam: He is now preparing Islam for Christianity. The Roman power and the Greek language prepared the way for the coming of Christ and the giving of the Gospel to the world. Anglo-Saxon power and the Arabic Bible in the sacred language of the Koran are preparing the way

for the giving the Word of Christ and Christ the Word to the millions of the Mohammedan world.

"The religion of Islam now extends from the Pacific Ocean at Peking to the Atlantic at Sierra Leone, over one hundred and twenty degrees of longitude, embracing 175,000,000 of followers (now 200,000,000, 1906). Its votaries are diverse in language, nationality, and customs, embracing the more civilized inhabitants of Damascus, Cairo, and Constantinople, as well as the wild nomad tribes of Arabia, Turkistan, and the Sahara.

"The evangelization of these vast organized, fanatical, and widely extended masses of men is one of the grandest and most inspiring problems ever brought before the Church of Christ on earth. It is a work of surprising difficulty which will require a new baptism of apostolic wisdom and energy, faith, and love.

"This great Mohammedan problem lying before the Church of Christ in the immediate future, connected with its fulfillment of the great missionary commission of its divine Head for the world's salvation, will tax the intellect, the faith, the wisdom, the zeal, and the self-denial of the whole Church in every land.

"How are we to reach the 200,000,000 of Mohammedans spread over one hundred and twenty degrees of longitude from China to Mogadore; embracing vast nations speaking thirty different languages, with diverse climates, customs, and traditions, yet unified and compacted by a common faith which has survived the shock and conflicts of twelve hundred years?

" . . . Let every Christian missionary insist upon the great scheme of redemption, the atoning sufferings and death of Jesus the son of Mary and when the Mohammedan feels, as many have already felt, that he is a lost sinner and under the righteous displeasure of an offended God, he will gladly and gratefully take refuge in the conviction and the faith that man needs a Saviour from sin, and that Jesus the son of Mary in order to be a Saviour must also be the Son of God."

When the above words were written the exact statistics of Islam were not known. The number of Mohammedans under Christian rule was supposed to be:

England in India	41,000,000
Russia in Central Asia	6,000,000
France in Africa	2,000,000
Holland in Java and Celebes	1,000,000
Total	50,000,000

But the statistical survey of Dr. Zwemer presented to the Cairo conference gives the total number under Christian rule in 1906 as 161,000,000, out of a total of 232,966,170.

Great Britain in Africa	17,920,330	
" " " Asia	63,633,783	
Total		81,554,113
France in Africa	27,849,580	
" " Asia	1,455,238	
Total		29,304,818
Holland in Asia		29,289,440
Russia in Europe and Asia		15,889,420
Germany in Africa		2,572,500
America in the Philippines		300,000
Other states		2,150,579
Total		161,060,870

Thus two-thirds of the Mohammedans in the world are under Christian rule, one-seventh under non-Christian rulers (33,976,500) and only 37,928,800, or a little more than one-seventh, under purely Moslem rulers.

This remarkable fact renders any political solidarity of Islam impossible. It also insures liberty of conscience to honest-minded Moslems who wish to read the Bible and even to profess Christianity.

If any of the delegates to Cairo were faint-hearted when they went, they all came away full of hope and courage.

We who labour in the Ottoman Empire have to "learn to labour and to wait." We cannot give the names of converts until they

are dead or exiled. And to publish the names of the exiled might bring down wrath upon the heads of their relatives. The machinery of political espionage and persecution is so complex and ramified that we must be "wise as serpents." Let any Moslem believer be charged by another with having cursed the name of Mohammed and he will be exiled without a trial. This is one of the most monstrous and iniquitous features of the present régime in this empire. No man knows when he is safe, and nothing is easier than denouncing a Moslem convert with having cursed the name of Mohammed.

Among the delegates to the conference was the Reverend Dr. George Alexander, pastor in New York, and president of the Presbyterian Board of Missions. He accompanied us to Jerusalem and Beirut and visited several of our stations, preaching twice in Beirut and sailing May 4th for America.

What a blessing to us in this far-off land to see the benignant face of such a man and hear his voice in our churches! We in Syria are especially favoured in this respect, being on the line of travel to the Holy Land and we appreciate our privileges.

The steamer which took Dr. Alexander and his niece also took our Persian missionary delegates, Dr. Wilson and Miss Holliday, returning from Cairo to Tabriz, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan of Teheran, going to America and Rev. George A. Ford of Sidon going home on furlough. Dr. Ford returned in December, a new man, having been married in America to Miss Katherine Booth, daughter of our beloved friend, the late William A. Booth, Esq., of New York. They came out buoyant and fresh, ready for work, full of hope and cheer. Mrs. Ford will find in the retired and secluded life in the mission school in Sidon a striking contrast to the life in New York. But missionaries abroad, like pioneers of the West, find home where the heart is, and truly consecrated men or women can adjust themselves to any environment.

The Hon. Wm. J. Bryan, the Chrysostom of Democracy, visited Beirut in May, with his wife, son and daughter. He had a taste of the Turkish solicitude for the intellectual welfare of its subjects and guests by having his books seized and threatened

with confiscation by the custom-house police. But by the efforts of the consul-general the Waly was persuaded to restore the books and leave the distinguished visitor unmolested.

He addressed the Christian Endeavour Society at a public evening assembly and lectured in the Syrian Protestant College on the Christian religion and its evidences, speaking with a mellifluous facility, beauty of language, and cogency of argument which quite captivated his hearers. He made a profound impression, and reflected honour on his country as a Christian land. One could not help thinking of the contrast between Mr. Bryan and the typical Turkish pasha.

Who ever heard of a political speech by a Turkish pasha? Politics is, in this land, not a subject to be talked about or thought about. All the political thinking for the empire is supposed to be done on the Bosphorus. A despotism cannot train orators or engender eloquence. When even the press must avoid both religion and politics, the public mind soon subsides into stolid if not sullen indifference.[1]

Among the changes of this year in Syria was the arrival of President Howard Bliss from America and the departure of Dr. Hoskins and family and Mrs. George Wood for the home land.

The benefactions of Mrs. Wood to educational work in Syria need no praise from me. The fine mission house in Judaideh, the Gerard Institute in Sidon, the farm of 300 acres and the Beulah Orphan Home known as Dar es Salaam are monuments of her generosity.

The summer was now past. The scattered families and labourers returned from their vacations in Mount Lebanon and the interior, and preparations were completed for a new year's work in the mission stations and the higher schools of learning. The prospect for a prosperous year was never brighter, when three successive blows fell upon the college and mission circles filling all minds with awe and solemnity. First, Mr. E. H. Barnes,

[1] November, 1908—Under the new Turkish Constitution, all is now changed. We have a free press, free assembly and free speech. Eloquent orators are arising on every side.

tutor in the Syrian Protestant College, was mortally injured by a kick from his horse early in October, and survived only three days.

Then came the second stroke in the death of one of God's noblemen, Rev. William King Eddy of Sidon. I wrote of his death as follows:

"His peaceful, beautiful death seemed as the 'Amen' to a noble, harmonious anthem. He was encamped in Wady Darbaz, about four miles and a half distant from both Bussah and 'Alma at the northeast end of the plain of Acre. His tent companions were his two sons, Clarence, twelve years old, and William, ten, his servant Hassan, and his Bedawi disciple and devoted friend, 'Ali Berdan. Hassan he had taken care of when a poor boy and he had proved to be a most faithful and thoughtful servant to Mr. Eddy in his constant itinerating over the mountains and plains of Southern Syria and Northern Palestine. 'Ali, who was once a noted robber, sheep-thief, and highwayman, became acquainted with Mr. Eddy on a hunting expedition and admired his marksmanship so much that he accompanied him on his tours through that wild and lawless region. By degrees he left off cursing, swearing, lying, and stealing and his change was so striking that the Arabs and villagers of that whole region between Tyre and Tiberias called Mr. Eddy 'Ali's 'kussis' or minister. He loved Mr. Eddy and would do anything for him.

"Mr. Eddy had been on a long tour through the villages north, south, and west of Mount Hermon, and after a few days of rest at Sidon set out on Wednesday, October 31st, for another tour to Tyre, 'Alma, Bussah, and Safad. Professor Carrier of McCormick Theological Seminary, who had been with him on the Mount Hermon trip, went with him as far as Tyre, and then pursued his journey to Jerusalem, while Mr. Eddy turned eastward to Bussah and pitched his tent near a fine stream of water four miles and a half east of the town. On Saturday, November 3d, he told his men to take the boys on a hunting trip into the forest and among the rugged hills, as he wished to rest and prepare for two communion services the next day at Bussah and 'Alma. They

returned at evening, very weary, and, after supper, all retired, father and sons in the tent on iron travelling bedsteads and Hassan and 'Ali in the cook's tent. Before midnight Mr. Eddy was seized with acute pain in the heart and called Hassan, who came with 'Ali and found him suffering and speaking only with great difficulty. The boys awoke and sat up in bed. Mr. Eddy said to them, 'My sons, I am about to die, good-bye.' He gave them various messages to their mother and others, and asked Clarence to repeat the Twenty-third Psalm, and said, 'Now, boys, lie down and go to sleep, it is too cold for you to get up.' (Thoughtful to the end!) Beautifully he wove into the sad news of impending death affectionate remembrances of his lifelong associate, recently married in America. 'To-day Dr. Ford and his bride have sailed from New York on their way to Syria, and to-day I am beginning my journey from Syria to heaven.' 'Ali offered to gallop to Bussah for medical aid. Mr. Eddy said, 'No, 'Ali, I am too near the end; nothing can avail now; I shall soon be gone.' He then gave Hassan messages to Dr. Samuel Jessup and Dr. Mary Eddy, and to the church in Mejdeluna (whom he had especially helped). When the paroxysm of pain came on 'Ali and Hassan brought hot stones from the fireplace outside, where the food had been cooked, and placed them at his feet, which were growing icy cold. They chafed his hands and did all in their power to relieve him. About 1 A. M., Sunday, November 4th, he said to Hassan, 'You can see by my pulse that death is near. When I cease to breathe, close my eyes, dress me in my clothes, take all my papers and the contents of my pockets, wrap them and carry them to Mrs. Eddy. Pack up the tent equipage and carry me to Bussah, and there Mr. Shikri will make a coffin. Then take me to Sidon. I wish my body to be buried there, among my people, and not in my lot in the Beirut cemetery.' He then placed his hand on 'Ali's head and bade him and Hassan a loving good-bye. His voice was growing weaker. He said to his little sons, 'Sleep on now; I shall sleep and not wake here.' His pulse grew feebler and his breathing ceased. His soul passed on to glory.

"Silence fell upon the lonely camp. The little boys say that they could not sleep, neither could they get warm. 'How could we get warm when our hearts were so cold?' At length one of them left his bed, got in with his brother, and locked in each other's arms they fell asleep.

"Mr. Eddy had for some time been conscious that a mortal malady was fastened upon him. With true prophetic instinct he had said to his wife, 'I shall die some day suddenly, so do not be alarmed when you hear of my death. I would prefer to die in the wilderness where I have spent so much of my time.' And his desire was accomplished. He died in his missionary tent, apart from the habitations of men, in the silence of the midnight, in those mountains of "Galilee of the Gentiles,' his loyal disciple, the Bedawi, 'Ali Berdan, being the last to watch his expiring breath.

"When all was finished, in the quiet of the night 'Ali rode to Bussah and brought bearers. The camp was packed and taken to town. The bearers bore the dear form on a stretcher to Bussah, where it was laid in the public open area, and the villagers surrounded it with great lamentations. Shikri, a devoted friend and helper of Mr. Eddy, prepared a coffin. It was borne three miles down to the seashore near Zib (the ancient Achzib) where a boat with eight oarsmen was engaged to take the body to Sidon. After rowing eleven miles, opposite the Ladder of Tyre, a fierce north wind arose and made rowing impossible. They drew up to the beach and tried to tow the boat with a rope, but this was dangerous with the rising surf. They then landed, engaged a camel from a passing caravan, and set out for Tyre, seven miles distant. At Ras el Ain, three miles south of Tyre, they met a wagon and a company of friends, the pastor, Rev. Asaad Abbûd, the Misses Walker and Onslow, of the British Syrian School, and others. At the bridge of the river Kasimîyeh, five miles north of Tyre, they met Mr. Stuart Jessup and the Sidon pastor, Mr. Khalil Rasi, in a carriage, who took the wearied little orphan boys on with them to Sidon, where the party arrived about 10 P. M., met and accompanied by large numbers of

brethren and friends. Mohammed Effendi Dada, a Moslem, one of the most devotedly attached friends of Mr. Eddy, and a skillful carpenter, superintended the making of an appropriate coffin in the industrial shops, to replace the rough box made in Bussah, and after the body was transferred to it, it was placed in the chapel for the night.

"The sad telegraphic news reached Beirut at 2 P. M. Sunday, as also Tripoli and Zahleh. Dr. Mary P. Eddy, at M'aamiltein near Beirut, was informed of her brother's death and set out by moonlight by carriage for Sidon. On Monday morning at six Messrs. Nelson of Tripoli, William Jessup of Zahleh, H. H. Jessup and March of Beirut with Professor Porter and Mr. Kurban of the college, and Mr. Powell, United States vice-consul, left for Sidon, arriving about noon.

"The funeral was held at 2 P. M. in the ancient Crusaders' Hall, the present chapel of the boarding-schools. It was a magnificent tribute to the memory of the departed one,—Christians, Moslems, and Jews, and representatives of some twenty villages were present to do him reverence. Some came from 'Alma, thirty miles distant. The crowds about the chapel were so great that the street outside was blocked. The services were conducted by Drs. Henry and Samuel Jessup, Rev. F. W. March, Professor Porter, Rev. William Jessup, and Rev. Asaad Abbûd.

"As the procession passed through the streets, the Moslems shut their shops and stood in silence on both sides of the street, and many of them walked the mile out to the cemetery. Thousands of the people of Sidon and the vicinity crowded into the streets and open spaces as the funeral line advanced. The head of the Romish Latin convent exclaimed as the cortège passed, 'That man has gone straight to heaven.' Three elegiac poems were recited over the grave by young men from the Gerard Institute. The expressions of sympathy were very affecting. As the people left the cemetery, the missionaries stood with Dr. Nelson, the brother of Mrs. Eddy, near the gate to receive, according to the Syrian custom, the parting bow and salutation of the friends. One elderly Moslem called out, 'We shall never forget him, we

shall never forget you, God comfort you.' The grief of the people old and young, of teachers and preachers and neighbours, was very great. It was a solemn hour for all. Sidon and Syria had lost a champion.

"Mr. Eddy developed remarkable power as a missionary. He was a man of more than ordinary intellectual ability and force of character. His whole heart was in evangelistic work. The mission assigned to him the care of an extensive district, including many outstations with their churches and schools. The Syrian pastors and helpers under his superintendence needed and received his constant coöperation in a thousand matters. He was indefatigable in his labours. He spent no small part of each year on horseback, visiting the various parts of his great bishopric, sleeping in the native houses, exposing himself freely to every kind of hardship and privation, travelling in summer's heat and winter's cold, and not only in sunshine but in rain and snow. In the mingled beauty and strength of his Christian consecration, he was an ideal missionary. He took, too, a deep interest in matters outside of his own immediate field. He was one of the best informed men in the world regarding the political, economic, and moral problems in the Turkish Empire."

He died December 3, 1906. At the meeting of the mission an appropriate minute was adopted, and a memorial service held in which fifteen American and English missionaries recounted their impressions of his life and character. He was in many respects the ideal missionary.

The third stroke of sorrow came in the death of Prof. Robert Haldane West of the Syrian Protestant College on December 12th, of typhoid fever. He came to Syria November 14, 1883, and for twenty years has been a man to reckon upon in the college. He won the affection and respect of all who knew him. His high scientific attainments as a mathematician and astronomer, his mechanical skill, his practical good sense, his knowledge of human nature, his firm stand for truth and righteousness, his great humility and godly life made him a fit example for the hundreds of young men who came under his influence.

On August 30, 1905, he was one of the astronomers appointed to observe the solar eclipse at Assouan, Upper Egypt. Robert West was a saintly scholar and a scholarly saint.

1907—Early in 1907 the Moslem journals in Egypt and Syria boasted that Japan was likely to become Mohammedan; that a deputation of learned sheikhs had interviewed the Mikado, who was disposed to adopt Islam as the national faith. Well assured that the story was false, I wrote to Dr. Imbrie of Tokio, who replied that there was not a Moslem in Japan, that no deputation of Moslems had seen the Mikado nor could see him. I translated Dr. Imbrie's letter into Arabic and had it published in the *Ahram* of Cairo, as we could not print it in Syria. Here the Moslems can attack Christianity, but no Christian can reply. (It remains to be seen whether, under the new constitution of July 24, 1908, free discussions with Moslems will be allowed.)

In June we gave diplomas to four theological graduates, who went at once to their fields of labour, three in Northern Syria, and one to the Bookaa.

The necrology of this year includes the death, on February 1st, of Mr. Selim Kessab, a prominent Christian worker, and, on March 2d, that of Miss Proctor, founder of the Shwifat schools.

Mr. Kessab, or "Muallim Selim," as he was familiarly called, was a native of Damascus, born in the year 1841. In July, 1860, at the time of the dreadful massacre in Damascus, he was the Arabic teacher and helper of Rev. John Crawford, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission. They had gone to Yabrood for the summer, when the Moslem villagers attempted to kill him, asserting that all Christians were to be massacred, but the friendly sheikh protected him and the missionaries. The massacre in Damascus took place July 9th, and a fortnight later a party of Algerine horsemen of the Prince Abd el Kadir went to Yabrood, at the request of the British consul and escorted them safely to Damascus. Two months later he removed with the missionaries Crawford and Robson to Beirut, where in September he met Mrs. Bowen Thompson, just arrived from England to aid in the relief

of the widows and orphans. He was her interpreter and teacher, and became in time the head master of the institution, and was for years the trusted examiner of all the British Syrian Schools. He was prominent in the Syrian Evangelical Church, and often preached with great acceptance. His Arabic was both clear and classical, and he was master of the most extensive "bahr," or vocabulary, in Arabic, that I have ever known. He spoke with great ease and fluency. On the last morning of his life he entered the chapel of the institution as usual, to conduct morning prayers. In the midst of the prayer he suddenly fell back and expired from heart failure. His death was a great loss to the cause of Protestant Christian education and to the church in Syria. He was the founder and first president of Beirut City Y. M. C. A. called in Arabic "The Shems ul Bir," or sun of righteousness.

Miss Louisa Proctor came to Syria as a traveller, in 1880, and joined Mrs. Mentor Mott in the British Syrian School work. Later she assisted successively Miss Hicks of the Female Education Society in Shemlan, Mount Lebanon, and Miss Taylor in her remarkable work for Moslem and Druse girls in Beirut. Up to 1885 the Shwifat schools were under the American Mission, and in August, 1880, Miss Susan H. Calhoun with her widowed mother began a high school for girls, which continued until their departure, on account of impaired health, for America in April, 1885. Miss Proctor then acceded to the request of the Shwifat people, and, in September, 1886, opened a boarding-school for girls with fifteen pupils, being assisted by the Syrian preacher of the American Mission, Rev. Tannus Saad, who continued as her assistant and manager up to the time of her death. She erected a large edifice for a boys' boarding-school, and, at the time of her decease, had in both schools 183 pupils, of whom 114 were boarders. She devoted her fortune and her whole time and strength to these schools. She had remarkable self-consuming zeal, great energy and executive ability, and even in advancing years taught her class with all fidelity. Her work is now under the care of Miss Stephenson, Rev. Tannus Saad, and a committee

of friends in England and Beirut. Shwifat is a large village of Greeks and Druses, at the base of the Lebanon range, six miles south of Beirut.

In May an imperial order was issued for the Syrian Protestant College and the American schools in the empire, granting them the same immunities that are given to the schools of other nations. The state of the empire seemed almost hopeless. Murder and outrage were unpunished, secret police and spies made life miserable: everything was under censorship and espionage and the best citizens were constantly maltreated, imprisoned or exiled. No one could blame the people for emigrating in thousands.

In this same month two corner-stones were laid with great ceremony: that of the Orthodox Greek bishop's proposed college, and the Waly's industrial schools. The latter were completed and opened for pupils, but on the removal of the Waly who founded them, and having no endowment or fixed income, they have been closed. The Greek college is still unfinished, as, owing to divisions in the sect, the funds failed for the time.

In June a young Persian Moslem convert, a pupil of Sidon school, who had been teaching in Hauran, was arrested and imprisoned in Damascus and Beirut. No charge was filed against him, and he was not given a trial, but the police and zabtiyehs expected bribes and kept him in prison for months.

On June 28th Muzuffar Pasha, Governor of Lebanon, died, regretted by none. His family had exploited the Lebanon district for months, shamelessly taking bribes, until his government became a byword. He was succeeded in the fall by Yusef Franco, son of a former governor, who has yet to prove his competence for this high office.

We were all made very anxious, in September, by the serious illness of Dr. Daniel Bliss. It was cause for the greatest thankfulness that he was mercifully restored to health, and he has now recovered his usual vigour, to the great joy of the whole community.

The American Press reported this year that 75,200 volumes, and 22,292,842 pages had been printed, making, from the beginning, 878,756,184 pages. The mission had 100 schools of all grades, and 5,089 pupils. The income from pupils in all the mission schools was $41,632, and the Syrian Protestant College income was even larger.

In October my only surviving sister, Miss Fanny M. Jessup, died in Montrose, Pa., aged seventy-two years. She was a model of loving devotion to her kindred and service to her church. During the fifty-two years of my residence in Syria she had, when not disabled by illness, written me or brother Samuel a weekly letter. Through her we have been kept in close touch with the home friends and the home land. Though struggling for forty years with an incurable malady, she maintained her cheerful Christian courage and found joy in blessing others.

But I little thought what a grievous affliction was in store for me, when, after the December mission meeting was over, my dear wife, Theodosia, was taken suddenly ill with a cold which developed rapidly into pneumonia. Her heart was affected, and in the early morning of December 19th she breathed her last, peacefully falling asleep in Jesus. She said she was ready to go, but she longed to remain for the sake of her loved ones, and because there was so much more she wanted to do for her Lord. Others have spoken and written of her eminent piety, her high intellectual gifts, her musical talents and unwearied missionary labours, her organization of the societies which are carrying on the work of Christian Endeavour, the Beirut reading-room, and the Syrian Women's "Helping Hand." The sympathy of our friends, Syrian and foreign, was unbounded, and the tributes paid to her character and life were beautiful. "She hath done what she could."

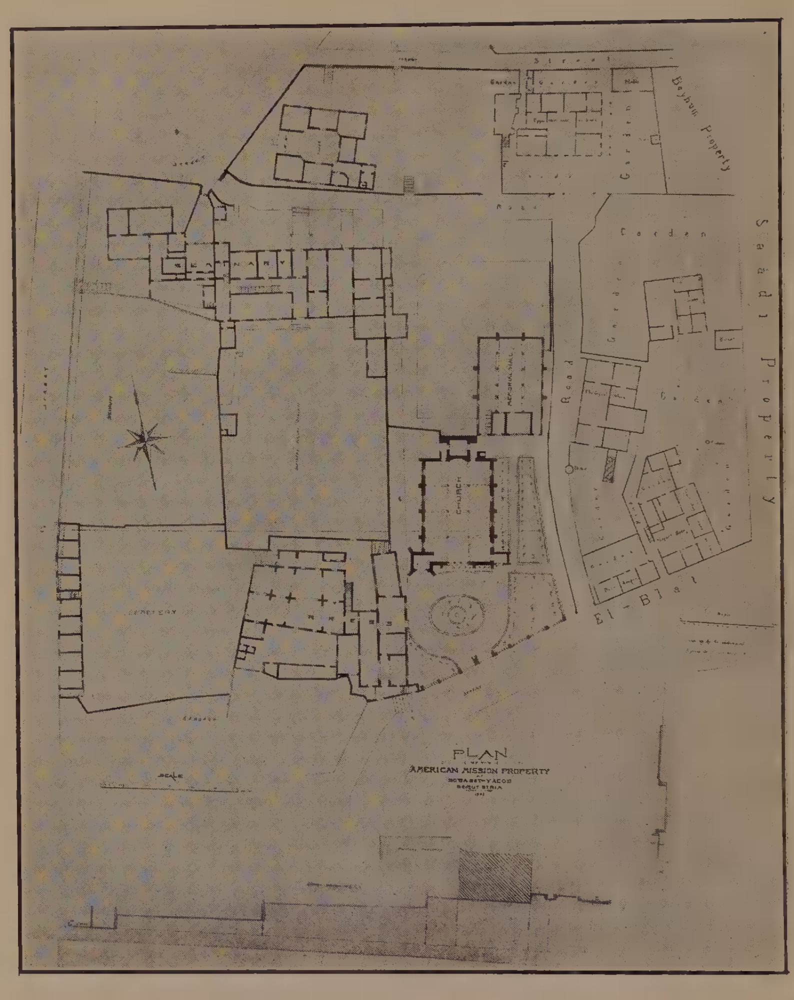
A learned effendi of Beirut recently said to me that the so-called Koranic learning of the Azhar University is a sham and behind the age. Said he, "Of what use is it that this Fukîh or learned sheikh can tell you twenty different interpretations of a verse of the Koran, or a point of law, and strut about in his long

robes full of scholastic conceit? We want men trained in practical things, and not men living in the seventh and eighth centuries!"

The Moslems have many fine traits, and hold to much of the truth. A poor Protestant girl in Beirut, wasted with consumption, helped to support herself and her widowed mother by knitting the beautiful thread edging called "oya" on the border of the muslin veils of the Syrian women. One day she started to walk down-town about a mile, to deliver to the merchant a dozen veils she had finished. When nearly down to the old city she sank exhausted by the wayside. Nearly opposite was a Moslem coffee-house. An elderly white-bearded Moslem saw her and hastened to carry her a stool and help her to sit on it. He said, "My child, you look very ill. Why did you try to walk this hot day?" He then ordered iced lemonade, ordered a carriage, and drove with her to an educated Moslem doctor in the vicinity. Getting a prescription, for which he paid, and paying the pharmacist also for the medicine, he ordered the driver to take her home at his expense! She did not know his name, but in telling us of it a few days after as we called on her, lying on her bed, she said, "Was not that like the Good Samaritan?" We assured her that it was. But we could not ascertain the name of the kind-hearted old man.

Let us print and teach and live before them a Christian life and we may win them to Christ.

The Arabic Bible with educational and medical missions will be the efficient factors in bringing Islam to Christ.



PLAN OF THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN MISSION PROPERTY
AT BEIRUT

XXX

What Shall the Harvest Be?—January 1908–May 1909

WITH this year, in my seventy-seventh year, I conclude this sketch of a missionary's life and of the American Mission in Syria. I hardly expected to live to see the granting of a Constitution in Turkey, but it has come in my day, and we are now living in the time of transition between the old and the new, a time, naturally, full of ferment and unrest.

The work of Christian education in Syria suffered a great loss by the death, in January, of Mr. Morris K. Jesup of New York, a trustee of the Syrian Protestant College, and one of its most generous supporters.

Among other losses by death was that of Mr. Thomas Little, the head of the boys' boarding-school of the Friends' Mission in Brummana; that of Mrs. Luciya Zaazooah Saiugh, for many years a teacher in the Beirut Girls' School, and an exemplary Christian wife and mother; and, on November 21st, Rev. John Wortabet, M. D., aged eighty-one years. He was widely known as a physician and author. He was ordained May, 1853, in Hasbeiya, and served as pastor there about five years when he visited Scotland and published his invaluable book on the "Religions of Syria." He was then sent out by a Scotch society as missionary to Aleppo where he remained until called in 1869 to a professorship in the Beirut Medical College as colleague with Drs. Van Dyck and Post. He was a man of great industry, an exact scholar and successful physician. He was especially kind to the sick poor, and had a wide reputation throughout Syria. For twenty years he had given up preaching and confined himself to professional and literary work. He was one of the original committee which organized the Asfurîyeh Hospital for the Insane.

Mrs. S. H. Calhoun, the widow of the "Saint of Lebanon," died in the home of her missionary daughter, Mrs. C. H. Ransom, at Adams, Natal, South Africa, November 4th, aged eighty-four years. She arrived in Syria March 6, 1849, and for twenty-six years until June, 1875, lived in Abeih a beautiful life, the angel of a model Christian household, beloved by Druses and Christians of all sects, and a tower of strength to her noble husband. In June, 1875, she sailed for America with her husband, who died in Buffalo, December 14, 1876. The following May she returned to Syria and laboured among the women in Beirut, Deir el Komr (1878), and Shwifat (1880). In 1885 she returned to America, and afterwards accompanied her daughter, Mrs. Ransom, to the Zulu Mission, Natal, where she remained until her death, having visited Syria in 1901 en route for America.

Mrs. Wm. K. Eddy, feeling obliged to resign from the mission, sailed with her two younger boys and Dr. and Mrs. Nelson for America, in April. Rev. Wm. Jessup and family started on their furlough in July.

The work of the press was a record one,—44,589,571 pages, of which 30,500,000 were Arabic Scriptures, having been printed. Eighteen cases of Scriptures were shipped to Shanghai, for use among Chinese Mohammedans. In March orders were on file for more than 100,000 copies of Scriptures and parts of Scriptures.

There has been also a marked increase in the number of pupils in all the mission boarding-schools for boys and girls, as well as in the amount paid by them.

Mr. Amîn Fehad was ordained in the summer over the Abeih church, in the presence of a crowded congregation, and I was glad to stand in the old pulpit of Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Bird and give him the ordaining charge.

Mr. Tannus Saad was ordained in Beirut in December, during the annual meeting of the Syria Mission, as pastor of the Shwifat congregation.

Early in December, Mr. Antone Hamawy, a stone-mason of Kharaba, in Hauran, east of the Sea of Galilee, was ordained by the

Presbytery of Sidon and two of the church-members were ordained as elders at the same time. He has had no theological training, but has studied the Bible for years, and drunk deep from the fountain of divine truth. These three brethren came to see me in Beirut, came into my sick-room, and I prayed with them. It was refreshing to see these stalwart men, dressed like the Arabs of Hauran, consecrated to the service of Christ in that wild region.

In June, 1908, one month before the fall of the Turkish despotism, I wrote the following forecast of the future of Syria, little thinking that in so short a time such great strides would have been taken towards its ultimate fulfillment.

The Future

As I look forward from this height to the future of Syria I am full of hope. For twenty-three hundred years Semitic Syria has been a vassal of Indo-Germanic races, Macedonians, Greeks, Romans, Franks, and Turks. And there is little hope that it will ever be governed by a Semitic ruler. There will be a new Syrian people and a new Syria. But it will not be evolved chiefly from political changes, nor by commercial development, but by the spread of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. These effete systems of Oriental Christianity will be vitalized by casting off the grave-clothes of dead forms and standing up in the purity and life of a true Christian faith. The scores of monasteries and nunneries, which have appropriated the hard earnings of the poor peasants of the Greeks, Maronites, and Greek Catholics for ages, until they dominate whole provinces by the money power, holding the people as tenants at will, will be confiscated, as has been done in Italy, Spain, and France, and the proceeds devoted to schools and hospitals instead of supporting an army of lazy, corrupt, and worthless monks.

There will arise from among the Moslems themselves earnest men who will see in Jesus, the son of Mary, their true prophet, priest, and king, and call on the Moslem world to accept Him as their Lord and Redeemer.

The evangelical church of Syria will carry on the work of evangelizing the Bedawin Arab tribes. The American missionaries, leaving the care of the native churches to the people themselves, will devote their energies to instruction in the universities and colleges, to the theological schools, the seminaries for girls, and the work of publication.

Woman, emancipated from the hareem and the veil, will take her proper place in Oriental society, supreme in the home and eminent in Christian service.

Can all these things take place under Mohammedan despotic rule? I do not venture to say, but the verdict of history is that despotism and reform are incompatible. Whoever is on the throne, will have to grant absolute liberty of conscience, abolish bribery and corruption in the courts, and make all men equal before the law. The interference of priests and bishops, Ulema and sheikhs, in the courts of justice will be stopped. No man entering a court will be asked, "What is your religious sect?" or "What pull or backing have you?" but each man will be treated as a man and a citizen. No Christian will be told as now that "You cannot testify, as testimony is a religious act, and only Mohammedans are true believers, therefore they only can testify," but this colossal principle of religious bigotry will be abolished. The thousands of emigrants to America, returning with their foreign-born children, will bring into the old East the free ideas and sterling principles of the West. And the broad uncultivated acres of the Hinterland of Syria will teem with new villages and a crowded, enlightened, and happy people.

The Arabic Bible will supplant the Arabic Koran: not the mutilated and manipulated Bible of the modern sappers and miners, but the Old Testament as we have it from the Jews, and the New Testament as accepted by the early Church.

The scholars of the Syrian Evangelical Church, born and bred in an Oriental atmosphere and accustomed to Semitic forms of thought and expression, accept the Bible as it is, and find no difficulty in matters which men trained in Western and European surroundings regard as insuperable objections to the Scripture

veracity and verity. And the Arabic Bible, which has no peer in Arabic literature, and which as a translation is known to stand nearest to the original text, will continue to mould the literature of the Arab race in the future, as the Koran has done in the past.

The finer qualities of the Syrian character, their courtesy and hospitality, their sympathy with the sorrowing and bereaved, their loyalty to family and home, will be hallowed and sanctified by the added graces of Christian faith and love,—and certain defects, incident to a people oppressed for centuries, will be gradually eliminated by the wholesome air of civil and religious liberty.

It is a great comfort, to one able to compare the dark past with the brightening present and the brighter future, that all the modern awakening of the Syrian people is ascribed by the people themselves to the institutions planted by the American missionaries eight decades ago. The Moslems and Oriental Christians alike used to tell us that the education of girls was not only impossible but dangerous.

Now they vie with each other in founding and conducting schools for girls, building fine edifices, using modern methods, discussing the benefits of female education in their journals, and insisting that the stability of society depends upon educated mothers. One wonders at the transformation. This new departure is leavening society. Girls and women are beginning to think.

On Sunday P. M., July 26th, as we were leaving the little Aleih chapel after the English service, Consul-General Ravendal startled us all with the telegraphic news that the Midhat Pasha Constitution of 1876, which had been suppressed by Abdul Hamid II for thirty-two years, had now, July 23d, been restored by a bloodless revolution effected by the Young Turkey Party headed by Enver Beg and Niazi Beg, commanders of the Turkish army in Macedonia in the name of the Committee of Union and Progress. The threat of marching on Constantinople with 100,000 men brought the Sultan to terms, and after vain attempts to evade the

issue he was obliged to send telegraphic orders throughout the whole empire reëstablishing the Constitution, and requiring the immediate election of members to the Ottoman Parliament.

There is no need of going into details which are so fresh in all minds and so generally known, but we, as well as the world at large, were electrified at the sudden transition.

It was not only the transition of the Turkish Empire from despotism to constitutional government, but a transition from an exasperating censorship of books and newspapers to perfect liberty of the press; from a cruel and intimidating system of espionage managed by that arch intriguer and deceiver of the Sultan, Izzet Pasha, to the abolition of the whole system and the flight of Izzet himself; from a grinding system of internal tezkeras (passports) to free right of transit to all; from constant banishment and imprisonment of enlightened men, Moslems and Christians, suspected of belonging to the Young Turkey Party,—hundreds having fled from their country,—to a full and free amnesty to all political exiles, hundreds of whom are now returning to their loved native land; from a condition in which no public meeting could be held, no public speech uttered without special permission from a fanatical censor, to free speech, free right of assembly, and freedom in criticizing the acts of the government; from an irresponsible rule of hungry and bribe-taking pashas, to a parliament of representatives from all parts of the empire, elected by the people from all sects, Moslems, Christians and Jews!

The whole empire burst forth in universal rejoicing. The press spoke out. Public meetings were held, cities and towns decorated, Moslems were seen embracing Christians and Jews, and inviting one another to receptions and feasts. The universal voice of the Moslems was, "We have been compelled by orders from the Sultan's palace to hate one another. Now, we are brethren and we can live in peace. We shall henceforth know each other only as Ottomans." "Long live liberty! Long live the army! Long live the Sultan!"

The pent-up feelings of the populace everywhere burst forth in

loud hurrahs in the public streets. Syria has never seen such real rejoicing. Can it be true? Will it last? were questions in all mouths. It was startling to those who had left Syria early in July under the old régime to be greeted in New York harbour with the news of free institutions in Turkey. It seemed too good to be true, and for weeks we here, foreigners and Syrians alike, seemed to be living in a dream. The Golden Age seemed to be dawning.

While the large majority believed in the genuineness of this radical change in the institutions of the empire, not a few doubted, and it is true that the old Islamic spirit of intolerance, held in check temporarily by the popular enthusiasm, has turned out to be like a smouldering flame ready to burst out whenever favourable occasion should offer. This appeared in various ways:—in the sullen attitude of the sheikhs and religious fanatics; in anonymous papers printed in Damascus and Aleppo asserting that the Constitution was destructive to the Sacred Shareaa (Islamic law) of the Koran, and in other ways of which I shall speak later.

A striking instance of the practical outcome of this ferment working in the popular mind after the promulgation of the Constitution was the attempt made by non-Christian pupils in our Syrian Protestant College to evade the rule requiring attendance upon religious worship. In December, 1908, the college had a larger roll of pupils than ever before, of whom 120 were Mohammedans. Repeated efforts had been made by them, their families and their sheikhs to have them excused from attendance at prayers and all religious exercises, including classes for Bible study, on the ground that this was the new era of "religious liberty." They were reminded that the college is a Christian missionary college, founded by Christian men, controlled by Christian trustees in New York, endowed with Christian funds and that its fundamental rules require all students to attend all the religious exercises. This, however, was well known to all the Moslem parents who send their sons to the college as it has been the policy for forty years, and is made perfectly clear in state-

ments in the college prospectus and catalogue. No one is forced to enter the college, there is perfect "liberty" in that, but if he enters he must conform to all its rules. There is no discrimination against non-Christian students. All are treated alike: —Moslems, Armenians, Jews, Greeks, Catholics, Druses and Protestants, and these 870 students, living, studying and exercising together for four, eight, or twelve years will learn to act together harmoniously in the future as citizens of a free country, to respect each other and be the leaders in reform and progress.

This was the case until the close of 1908 when ninety of the Moslem students, incited by fanatical men in Beirut, and intriguers among their own number formed a league of rebellion and took an oath on the Koran that they would "neither attend the religious exercises of the college nor leave the college." A considerable number of the Moslem students refused to join the league, but seventy Jewish students took similar ground, and the faculty, in the absence of the president, had to face the problem of either trying to expel 160 students by force, or yielding temporarily to their demand to be excused from college prayers and Bible study. The latter course was adopted as a temporary expedient, but in March, 1909, after the president's return, this action was modified. The non-Christian students were excused from chapel exercises, but those who wished to remain in the college were required to attend the regular Bible classes. This compromise was to be a "modus vivendi" until the end of the college year in July, with the understanding that when the college opened its doors in October, 1909, it would be on the old basis of required attendance on religious exercises. This maintains the missionary character of the college, and will be gratifying to all its friends in this empire and in America.

The history of this difficulty in the college has been ably summarized in a printed statement (April, 1909) issued by President Bliss.

The dawn of a new era is breaking. A parliament assembled in December, 1908, not, this time, to be suppressed again as in 1877. The entire army of the empire, on which the Sultan

Abdul Hamid relied to sustain his throne, has become constitutional in its policies. It produced the bloodless revolution and it will see to it that there is no going back.

The parliament, as at present constituted, is a fair exponent of the racial and religious elements of the empire.

There are 259 members of which

Turks	119—All Mohammedans
Arabs	72—71 Mohammedans, 1 Catholic Christian
Greeks	23—Orthodox Greek Christians
Albanians	15—All Mohammedans
Gregorian Armenian	10—Armenian Christians
Kurds	8—Mohammedans
Spanish Jews . .	4—Jews
Bulgarians . . .	4—Orthodox Greek Christians
Servians . . .	3— " " "
Wallachs . . .	1— " " "
	259

This gives 213 Mohammedan members
42 Christian "
4 Jewish "

As this is their first experience of parliamentary rules and duties, this first session should be regarded as a training-school. The people in the provinces complain bitterly of the present state of disintegration and disorder, and of the failure of Parliament, after a few months in session, to give relief and security to the empire. But the people must be patient. They have started on a new career, and have many able and level-headed men among their leaders. The two great needs to-day are money—to build up the country impoverished by the rapacity of the office-holders—and honest men.

The Syrians may well pray,

"Give me men to match my mountains, give me men to match my plains,
Men with empires in their purpose, men with eras in their brains."

And, may I add, men of conscience, integrity and principle. Alas, that they are so few!

We must anticipate fanatical outbreaks against the constitutional government. Lord Cromer says, "To reform Islam is to destroy it." The fanatics evidently believe this and resist reform.

The unclean spirit first rent the lad and then came out of him. The evil demon of Moslem fanatical hatred of light and liberty will be cast out, but let us not wonder if it first rend and tear the Ottoman body politic.

The question which naturally confronts us is, How will all these great changes affect the religious future of the empire?

We can be sure that the free publication and importation of books, magazines and newspapers will give a great impulse to popular enlightenment and tend to break down prejudice.

Popular education in government schools as well as the independent schools, native and foreign, must be vastly extended and improved,—as hereafter primary education will be compulsory. Heretofore all the government primary schools have been for Moslem children only and under Moslem teachers. It remains to be seen whether government aid will be given to schools for Christian children.

The *Thumrat*, a leading Moslem journal in Beirut, insists that the only sure means for fusing the sects of the empire and making all Ottomans brethren is the mixing of Moslem and Christian children in the common schools to study and learn the same lessons from the same books. It is not clear that the Oriental Christians will consent to this. Moslem children are so foul-mouthed and use such vile language in common conversation, that Christian parents dread to have their children associate with them. But if a government allowance is given to separate schools for the time being, the difficulty may be gradually removed. We cannot expect patriotic Turks and Christians to do in a year what our ancestors have attained only after centuries of struggle and experiment.

What the effect will be on liberty of conscience to Moslems,

one cannot predict. They can at least buy the Bible and Christian books openly, which they could not do before. One great reason for government opposition to Moslems becoming Christians has been that the army of the empire is a Moslem army,—only Moslems being allowed to bear arms—hence every Moslem convert to Christianity was a loss to the army, a renegade from conscription. A late proclamation by the new party of "Union and Progress" declares that henceforth the Christians may enter the army and the military schools for training officers. When this is carried into effect, the government, as such, will not care what a man's religion is, as all will belong to the army as loyal soldiers under the Constitution. It will develop a spirit of manly independence among the youth of the Oriental Christian sects instead of the cowed, cringing attitude into which they have so long been driven by their inferior condition.

What will be the effect of the Constitution on Pan-Islamism?

1. It will not promote it.[1] The policy of the late despotism of "Yildiz" was to elevate, promote, and reward Moslems and to depress, oppress, and suppress Christians. The new policy of equality and justice will elevate Christians and remove fanatical prejudice. It will make it difficult for any Sultan in the future to proclaim a Pan-Islamic crusade.

2. It will modify it. It proclaims the absolute equality of all sects and religions. It claims that Islam favours justice, liberty of conscience, and civilization. If it incites Moslems elsewhere to fraternize with Christians and Jews, and upholds Islam as the bond of brotherhood with all men, it will be a large step forward. A free constitution extracts the fangs of the old Pan-Islamic monster nurtured so long at "Yildiz."

3. The fanatical tribes of Asia and Africa will be slow to accept the counsels of a Sultan at the head of a free, self-governing, civilized people.

4. Arabic scholars are already printing tracts to prove that Islam is the mother of modern civilization, and promotes brother-

[1] Enver Beg, the head of the reform party, declares that the new Constitution will have nothing to do with Pan-Islamism.

hood among the nations. This is a hopeful sign. The new parliament will never vote a Jehad or Holy War!

5. The right of free assembly and free speech will bring the educated young men, Moslems and Christians, into a new fellowlowship and a new feeling of dignity and manhood. As a Damascene scholar has just said, "Under the old régime we were mere ciphers. There was no manhood and no self-respect. Suspicion and alienation were universal, but now we can hold up our heads; we are men, we are brethren. We have rights and we have a country. Life is now worth living!" This experience of independent manhood is one of the most hopeful features of the present outlook. There may be excesses and errors. In the present transition state of the empire there is great confusion and unrest. The reactionaries are numerous and full of intrigue. But the reform government seems to be preparing to do thorough work. The great difficulty is to find *honest* officials. No matter. A free people will soon learn in the school of experience.

The state of Turkey up to July 23, 1908, was like the state of Rome up to September 20, 1870, when the Italian army entered the Eternal City. Up to that time Rome was a nest of spies, informers, and persecutors, governed by the Inquisition. Every Protestant foreign traveller had his Bibles and books taken from him, his steps were dogged by spies, and informers listened at the keyhole of his room. No Protestant book or newspaper could enter the city. Every enlightened Italian was persecuted and banished. But on September 20th the gates flew open. Light and liberty entered. The horde of spies hid their heads. Bible and book shops were opened and travellers unmolested.

So in Turkey, before July 23, 1908, the whole empire was under a reign of terror. The best men in the empire were assassinated or exiled. Spies charged innocent men with conspiracy and crime and they were dragged from their beds and thrust into loathsome dungeons. Secret police dogged the steps of every foreigner, seized books and newspapers, and levied blackmail on native travellers, until the people were driven to desperation, and while publicly shouting "Long live the Sultan!" in-

wardly invoked the curse of God upon him. But on July 24th all was changed. The Sultan's power was curtailed. His horde of corrupt palace officials imprisoned and banished, and proclamation made of a free press and free right of assembly, free speech, free transit, no more spies, or secret police, or arbitrary arrests. The exiles called home, no censorship of newspapers, books or telegrams, and for the first time in history, Turkey has a "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

The month of July will hereafter be known as the month of liberty:

July 4th, America.
July 14th, France.
July 23d, Turkey.

Truly "this is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes" (Ps. 118:43).

6. The seed planted in Syrian soil in 1822 by two young Americans was slow in germinating, but the root took firm hold of the soil. Decade after decade it spread over the empire, from village to village, city to city, and province to province. The school and the press gradually did their work, until thousands of the best youth in Syria, Asia Minor, Palestine, and Egypt are now thinking men and women. Tyranny and misrule have driven them forth to the ends of the earth to breathe a free air and find scope for their energies. They will gradually return, some of them at least, prepared to join in the civil, moral, and political regeneration of the empire.

Now is the time for distributing God's Word and spreading a Christian literature. A free press will print more bad than good books. Let all interested in these historic lands supply the means for giving the people a wholesome literature.

Let us have faith in the Orient, long oppressed and blinded by centuries of misrule, and just beginning to "see men as trees walking."

A chain of parliaments from Portugal to Persia is a fact no one would have credited when I came to Syria. God's hand is in it. He changes the hearts of kings and their people. We

have doubted long enough. Let us have faith in God and humanity. Christ will yet come to His own. "His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom and His dominion endureth throughout all generations."

Conclusion

After writing two successive conclusions to this history, I find it necessary to add another, in view of the two kaleidoscopic revolutions just enacted in Constantinople, and the blood-curdling tragedies in Cilicia and Northern Syria. They seem to be parts of the expiring throes of Islamic despotism. The Liberal Midhat Constitution of 1876, so soon throttled by Abdul Hamid, and revived by the Young Turkey heroes, Niazi Beg and Enver Beg, July 23, 1908, roused against itself the fury of all the reactionary and absolutist forces in the empire headed by the Yildiz palace gang of Abdul Hamid, and the cause of liberty seemed to be lost a second time. But the well-drilled and loyal army of Salonica once more saved Constantinople, banished the old Sultan and placed his younger brother Reshad, a better man, on the throne, April 24, 1909, as Sultan Mohammed V.

Simultaneously with this furious outbreak in the capital, came the Cilician, sacrificing more than thirty thousand Armenian Christian lives and leaving more than that number of homeless and starving widows and orphans.

Mukhtar Pasha el Ghazi, Turkish commissioner in Egypt for twenty years, and now loyal to the Constitution, writes from Constantinople to a Turkish pasha in Egypt, that had the entrance of the Salonica army been delayed five days, not only Constantinople but all the cities in the empire would have been given over to massacre and pillage. Thank God that such horrors were averted! —and only a small part of the fiendish programme was carried out —*i. e.*, that in Cilicia and Northern Syria.

I confess myself unable to predict what will come next. Time alone will reveal the future of this hapless empire. The hand of God is, however, so manifest in recent events that we may firmly

believe that a higher and better future is in store for the new Ottoman nation.

After the Armenian massacres, in 1896, Sir Lewis Morris wrote a burning appeal to Europe to intervene, and seemed to have a seer's vision as he wrote:

"Nay, nay, it is enough! enough! No more
Shall black Oppression rule. Her reign is o'er.
No more, O Earth, no more.
Let not despair afflict your brethren still!
Let the new-coming Age, a happier birth,
Bless these waste places of the suffering Earth!
Let Peace, with Law, the tranquil valleys fill,
And make the desert blossom as the rose!"

Postscript:—It was impracticable for my father to personally supervise the bringing out of this book. He is therefore not responsible for any oversights in proof-reading.

He would desire to record his gratitude to Dr. Dennis for valuable suggestions on detail points which his exact knowledge made available.

H. W. J., Ed.


SYRIA
Scale 1: 3000,000
English Miles
0 10 20 30 40 50
Mission Stations underlined in Black.
Outstations with Black dot
Mission Boundary Lines.
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
35
36
37
HALEB (ALEPPO)
Antioch
Dana
Harim
Martawan
Kabusi
Nahr el Asy
Jeb. Kosseir
Derkush
Sfire
Jeb. Akra
Idlib
el Matkh
Kessab
Urdu
Sermin
Erjel
Ras el Basit
es Shugr
Ite
Serayyo
Riha
Ras Ibn Han
Dana
Mesherrifeh
Jendariyeh
Bara
Marreh
Latakiah
Sahiun
Hsarin
Kolat el Medeuk
Jebleh
Kerdaha
Jeb. el Ansariyeh
Nahr el Asy
Mahardeh
Beldeh
Banias
Hamidiyeh
Taiyibeh
Markob
Kadmus
Hamath
Safo
Khawabi
Musyaf
Selemiyeh
Tartus
Meshta
Derfur
Arwed
Restan
Jeb. Shamerlyeh
Amrit
Safita
el Ferklus
Kolat el Husn
Anar
Hums
Nahr el Kebir
Kattineh
Feirusi
Beino
Zeiteh
el Koseir
Tripoli
el Mina
Minyara
el Hurmul
Ribleh
Hasya
el Ghontur
Ras esh Shakah
Hamat
Ehden
Ras Baalbek
Sudud
el Kuryetein
Batrun
Amyun
Mahin
Munsif
Duma
Lebanon
Kara
Jebail
Ghurzuz
Lelweh
Ghazir
Afka
Baalbek
Nebk
BEIRUT
Shoveir
Kustul
Suk el Gharb
Zahleh
Maalula
Jeb. Ustani
Jeb. Ruak
Abeih
Anti Lebanon
Saidanaya
Deir el Komr
Zebdany
Kuteifeh
Kasr Saykal
Sugbbin
Helbon
Azra
Dhumeyr
Sidon
Jezzin
Meshghara
Rasheiya
Bahret esh Sherkiyeh
Diret et Tulul
Sarafend
Hasbeiya
Mt. Hermon
DAMASCUS
Deraya
Bahret el Kibliyeh
Jedeideh
Ibl
Hiny
Tyre
Kana
Hunin
Sasa
Mejdel
Kesweh
Bahret el Hijaneh
Bahret Bala
Tibnin
Banias
Burak
Tulul es Safa
Alka
Alma
Kades
Kuneitrah
Suwarat
el Hermiyeh
es Zib
D. el Huleh
es Sunamein
Kulat Jiddin
el Lejja
Acre
er Rameh
Safed
Nawa
Ezra
Shukha
W. el Gharr
C. Carmel
Haifa
Tiberias
Dama
Teima
Kerna
el Dar
Hauran
Busan
en Nasirah
Abil
el Mezeirib
Kunawat
Tanturah
Mt. Tabor
Irbid
Deraah
Suweideh
Zerin
Remtheh
Hebran
Kaisarieh
Taiyibeh
Busrah
Salkhad
Jenin
Beisan
Tibneh
Jeb. Ajlun
Imtan
Ekon
Kulat
Rabadh
Suf
Sebustieh
Tulluza
Jerash
Kefr Saba
Nablus
Rajib
Jit
Akrabeh
Wady Zerka
Yafa
Selfit
es Salt
el Belka
Ludd
Taiyibeh
er Ramleh
Bireh
el Fuheis
Amman
Amwas
Beit Ur
Eriha
Esdud
Jerusalem (el Kuds)
Hesban
Beit Jala
Beit Lahm (Bethlehem)
Dead Sea
Main
Beit Jibrin
Tekua
el Khulil (Hebron)
Um Rasas
M'Khaur
PALESTINE
BEIRUT
St. George's Bay
Syrian Protestant Coll.
Nahr Beirut
Metn
Brummana
Ras el Metn
el Hadeth
Abadiyeh
B'ikhnaia
Jeb Kineseh
Baabda
Nahr el Ghadir
Shweifat
Kefr Shima
Aleih
Hammana
Deir Kobil
Aitath
Suk el Gharb
Ainab
Hamdun
B'Shamun
Shemlan
Ainab
B'howara
Aramun
Abeih
Arkub
Moallakah
Kefr Matta
Aintzehalta
Nahr Damur
Wady el Kadi
Manasif
Deir el Komr
Aronaiik
el Baruk
Longitude East 36 of Greenwich
Bartholomew, Edin.

Appendix I

Missionaries in Syria Mission From 1819 to 1908

Names	*Time of Entering*	*Time of Leaving*	*Date of Death*
1. Rev. Levi Parsons	Jan. 15, 1820		Feb. 10, 1822
2. Rev. Pliny Fisk	Jan. 15, 1820		Oct. 23, 1825
3. Rev. Jonas King, D. D. . .	Nov. 2, 1822	Aug. 26, 1825	
4. Rev. Wm. Goodell, D. D. .	Oct. 16, 1823	May 2, 1828	Feb. 16, 1867
5. Mrs. Abigail P. Goodell . .	Oct. 16, 1823	May 2, 1828	
6. Rev. Isaac Bird	Oct. 16, 1823	Aug. 1835	June 1876
7. Mrs. Ann P. Bird	Oct. 16, 1823	Aug. 1835	May 10, 1877
8. Rev. Eli Smith, D. D. . . .	Feb. 18, 1827		Jan. 11, 1857
9. Mrs. Sarah L. H. Smith . .	Jan. 28, 1834		Sept. 30, 1836
10. Rev. W. M. Thomson, D. D.	April 1834	To U. S. 1877	April 8, 1894
11. Mrs. Eliza N. Thomson . .	April 1834		July 22, 1834
12. Asa Dodge, M. D.	Sept. 1834		Jan. 28, 1835
13. Mrs. Martha Dodge	Sept. 1834		1838
14. Rev. George B. Whiting . .	Oct. 1834		Nov. 8, 1855
15. Mrs. Matilda S. Whiting . .	Oct. 1834	Mar. 14, 1856	
16. Mrs. Maria Thomson . . .	Aug. 3, 1835		April 29, 1873
17. Miss Rebecca Williams . .	Nov. 13, 1835		Feb. 18, 1840
18. Rev. Story Hebard . . .	Mar. 14, 1836		June 30, 1841
Mrs. Hebard (Miss R. Williams)	Nov. 13, 1835		
19. Rev. John F. Lanneau . .	May 1, 1836	Feb. 17, 1846	
20. Miss Betsey Tilden	June 16, 1836	Mar. 1, 1843	
21. Rev. Chas S. Sherman . .	Sept. 1838	July 1, 1842	
22. Rev. Elias R. Beadle . . .	October 1838	Sept. 1842	Jan. 6, 1879
23. Mrs. Hannah Beadle . . .	October 1838	Sept. 1842	
24. Mrs. Martha E. Sherman .	April 1, 1840	Jan. 2, 1843	
25. Rev. Samuel Wolcott, D. D.	April 1, 1840	Jan. 2, 1843	
26. Mrs. C. E. Wolcott	April 1, 1840		Oct. 6, 1841
27. Rev. Nathaniel A. Keyes .	April 1, 1840	April 5, 1844	
28. Mrs. Mary Keyes	April 1, 1840	April 5, 1844	
29. Rev. Leader Thomson . . .	April 1, 1840	Mar. 1, 1843	
30. Mrs. Anne E. Thomson . .	April 1, 1840	Mar. 1, 1843	
31. C. V. A. Van Dyck, M. D., D. D., L. H. D.	April 1, 1840		Nov. 13, 1895
32. Mr. George C. Hurter . . .	April 15, 1841	June 31, 1864	1895
33. Mrs. Elizabeth Hurter . . .	April 15, 1841	June 7, 1861	July 24, 1893
34. Mrs. Maria W. C. Smith . .	June 17, 1841		May 27, 1842
35. Henry A. DeForest, M. D. .	Mar. 23, 1842	May 8, 1854	1859
36. Mrs. C. S. DeForest	Mar. 23, 1842	May 8, 1854	April 3, 1896
37. Mrs. Julia A. Van Dyck . .	Dec. 22, 1842	Now in Beirut	
38. Rev. Simeon H. Calhoun .	July 28, 1844	June 10, 1875	Dec. 14, 1876
39. Rev. Thomas Laurie, D. D.	Dec. 11, 1844	May 9, 1846	(to Nest. Miss.)

Names	Time of Entering	Time of Leaving	Date of Death
40. Mrs. Henrietta S. Smith . .	Jan. 12, 1847	May 1857	Aug. 14, 1893
41. Rev. Wm. A. Benton . . .	Oct. 20, 1847	1861	Aug. 1874
42. Mrs. Loanza G. Benton . .	Oct. 20, 1847	1861	
43. Rev. J. Edwards Ford . . .	Mar. 8, 1848	June 30, 1865	April 1866
44. Mrs. Mary Ford	Mar. 8, 1848	Jan. 30, 1865	Dec. 27, 1902
45. Rev. David M. Wilson . .	Mar. 8, 1848	May 4, 1861	Sept. 1887
46. Mrs. Emmeline Wilson . .	Mar. 8, 1848	May 4, 1861	May 6, 1899
47. Rev. Horace Foote	Aug. 24, 1848	Oct. 1854	Sept. 1887
48. Mrs. Roxana Foote	Aug. 24, 1848	Oct. 1854	Nov. 1854
49. Mrs. Emily P. Calhoun . .	Mar. 6, 1849	April 1, 1885	Nov. 4, 1908 (in Natal)
50. Rev. W. F. Williams, D. D.	Mar. 6, 1849	May 1851 (to Mosul)	
51. Mrs. Sarah P. Williams . .	Mar. 6, 1849		July 1, 1854
52. Miss Anna L. Whittlesey .	May 2, 1851		May 1, 1852
53. Rev. Wm. W. Eddy, D. D.	Jan. 31, 1852		Jan. 31, 1900
54. Mrs. Hannah Maria Eddy .	Jan. 1, 1852		April 19, 1904
55. Miss Sarah Cheney (Mrs. Aiken)	April 1853	May 1, 1858	
56. Rev. William Bird	April 1853		Aug. 30, 1902
57. Mrs. Sarah G. Bird	April 1853		
58. Rev. J. Lorenzo Lyons . .	Feb. 25, 1855	June 1863	Mar. 14, 1888
59. Mrs. Catherine N. Lyons .	Feb. 25, 1855	June 1863	
60. Rev. Edward Aiken	Jan. 1856	May 1, 1858	1889 (?)
61. Mrs. Susan D. Aiken . . .	Jan. 1856		June 20, 1856
62. Rev. Daniel Bliss, D. D. . .	Feb. 7, 1856	To S. P. C. 1863	
63. Mrs. Abby M. Bliss	Feb. 7, 1856	To S. P. C. 1863	
64. Rev. H. H. Jessup, D. D. .	Feb. 7, 1856		
65. Mrs. Caroline Jessup . . .	April 26, 1858		July 2, 1864
66. Miss Jane E. Johnson . . .	Aug. 31, 1858	Mar. 15, 1859	
67. Miss Amelia C. Temple . .	Aug. 31, 1858	April 1862	
68. Miss Adelaide L. Mason . .	April 11, 1860	June 30, 1865	
69. Rev. Samuel Jessup, D. D. .	Jan. 24, 1863		
70. Mrs. Annie E. Jessup . . .	Jan. 24, 1863		Dec. 11, 1895
71. Rev. Philip Berry	Oct. 7, 1863	Oct. 1865	
72. Mrs. Magdalene Berry . . .	Oct. 7, 1863	Oct. 1865	
73. Rev. Geo. E. Post, M. D., LL. D.	Nov. 1863	To S. P. C. 1866	Sept. 29, 1909
74. Mrs. Sarah R. Post	Nov. 1863	To S. P. C. 1866	
75. Rev. S. S. Mitchell	June 12, 1867	July 1868	
76. Mrs. Lucy M. Mitchell . .	June 12, 1867	July 1868	
77. Rev. Isaac N. Lowry . . .	Nov. 22, 1867	June 2, 1870	April 10, 1871
78. Mrs. Mary E. Lowry . . .	Nov. 22, 1867	June 2, 1870	1872
79. Mrs. Harriet E. Jessup . .	Nov. 22, 1868		April 5, 1882
80. Miss Eliza D. Everett . . .	Nov. 22, 1868	June 25, 1895	Feb. 8, 1902
81. Miss Ellen A. Carruth . . .	Nov. 22, 1868	May 10, 1870	
82. Rev. Jas. S. Dennis, D. D. .	Feb. 10, 1869	Feb. 1892	
83. Miss Ellen Jackson	Nov. 15, 1870	Dec. 18, 1883	
84. Miss Sophie B. Loring . .	Dec. 19, 1870	May 1873	
85. Galen B. Danforth, M. D. .	Nov. 9, 1871		July 9, 1875
86. Rev. Frank Wood	Nov. 28, 1871		July 20, 1878
87. Mrs. Sophia R. Wood . .	Nov. 28, 1871	Sept. 1878	
88. Mrs. Emily C. Danforth . .	Dec. 25, 1871		Jan. 13, 1881

	Names	*Time of Entering*		*Time of Leaving*		*Date of Death*	
89.	Rev. Oscar J. Hardin . .	Nov.	28, 1871				
90.	Mrs. Mary P. Dennis . . .	Oct.	1872	Feb.	1892		
91.	Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr. .	Nov.	5, 1872			Oct.	6, 1886
92.	Miss Mary Kipp	Nov.	5, 1872	Dec.	11, 1875		
93.	Mrs. Mary S. Hardin . .	May	5, 1873				
94.	Rev. Theodore S. Pond . .	May	16, 1873	July	1, 1889		
95.	Mrs. Julia H. Pond . . .	May	16, 1873	July	1, 1889		
96.	Rev. Frederick W. March	Nov.	18, 1873				
97.	Miss Helen M. Fisher . .	Nov.	18, 1873	Mar.	28, 1875		
98.	Miss Eliza Van Dyck . . .	Sept.	1875		1879		
99.	Miss Harriet M. Eddy (Mrs. F. E. Hoskins) . .	Jan.	20, 1876				
100.	Miss Harriet La Grange .	Jan.	25, 1876				
101.	Miss Emilia A. Thomson .	May	30, 1876				
102.	Miss Mary M. Lyons . . .	Oct.	14, 1877	May	6, 1880	June	12, 1896
103.	Rev. William K. Eddy . .	Oct.	1, 1878			Nov.	3, 1906
104.	Mrs. Mary Bliss Dale . . .	April	16, 1879		1904		
105.	Rev. Chas. Wm. Calhoun .	July	1879			July	22, 1883
106.	Rev. W. L. Johnston . . .	Aug.	12, 1879	Aug.	12, 1880		
107.	Mrs. W. L. Johnston . . .	Aug.	12, 1879	Aug.	12, 1880		
108.	Miss Emily G. Bird . . .	Aug.	20, 1879				
109.	Miss Susan H. Calhoun .	Oct.	23, 1879	Apr.	20, 1885		
110.	Miss Fanny Cundall . . .	Dec.	18, 1879	Mar.	1, 1883		
111.	Mrs. Jennie H. March . .	Nov.	4, 1880				
112.	Rev. George A. Ford, D. D.	Jan.	6, 1881				
113.	Miss Bessie M. Nelson (Mrs. W. K. Eddy) . .	Oct.	12, 1881	April	13, 1908		
114.	Miss Caroline M. Holmes .	Nov.	14, 1883	July	11, 1895		
115.	Miss Sarah A. Ford . . .	Dec.	16, 1883	April	1885		
116.	Rev. Wm. M. Greenlee . .	Dec.	16, 1883	July	1887		
117.	Ira Harris, M. D.	Dec.	18, 1883				
118.	Mrs. Alice Bird Greenlee .	Nov.	6, 1884	July	1887		
119.	Mrs. Theodosia D. Jessup .	Nov.	22, 1884			Dec.	19, 1907
120.	Mrs. Alice E. Harris . . .	Feb.	1885				
121.	Miss Alice S. Barber . . .	Oct.	15, 1885				
122.	Miss Rebecca M. Brown .	Oct.	15, 1885	June	19, 1892		
123.	Miss Charlotte H. Brown .	Oct.	15, 1885				
124.	Miss Mary T. M. Ford .	Oct.	22, 1887	June	12, 1894		
125.	Rev. Franklin E. Hoskins	July	6, 1888				
126.	Rev. Wm. S. Nelson, D. D.	Oct.	31, 1888				
127.	Mrs. Emma H. Nelson . .	Oct.	31, 1888				
128.	Rev. Wm. Scott Watson .	Oct.	5, 1889	June	8, 1892		
129.	Mrs. Watson	Oct.	5, 1889	June	8, 1892		
130.	Rev. William Jessup . . .	Nov.	29, 1890				
131.	Mrs. Faith J. Jessup . . .	Nov.	29, 1890				
132.	Miss Ellen M. Law . . .	Nov.	28, 1892	Oct.	12, 1897		
133.	Rev. George C. Doolittle .	June	29, 1893				
134.	Mrs. Carrie S. Doolittle . .	June	29, 1893				
135.	Miss M. Louise Law . . .	Oct.	16, 1893				
136.	Miss Mary P. Eddy, M. D.	Dec.	23, 1895				
137.	Mr. Edward G. Freyer . .	Feb.	11, 1895				
138.	Miss Fanny M. Jessup . .	Aug.	17, 1895	April	26, 1902		
139.	Mrs. Anna Freyer	Dec.	15, 1895				

Names		Time of Entering	Time of Leaving	Date of Death
140.	Miss Bernice Hunting . .	Oct. 19, 1896		
141.	Miss Rachel E. Tolles . .	Oct. 2, 1899		
142.	Rev. Paul Erdman	Oct. 30, 1900		
143.	Mrs. Amy C. Erdman . .	Oct. 30, 1900		Dec. 2, 1901
144.	Miss Ottora M. Horne . .	Dec. 19, 1902		
145.	Mr. Stuart D. Jessup . . .	Sept. 19, 1904		
146.	Mrs. Amy C. Jessup . . .	Sept. 19, 1904		
147.	Mrs. Gertrude B. Erdman .	Nov. 20, 1905		
148.	Rev. James H. Nicol . . .	Nov. 20, 1905		
149.	Mrs. Reb. McClure Nicol .	Nov. 20, 1905		
150.	Mrs. Katherine B. Ford .	Dec. 3, 1906		
151.	Rev. James B. Brown . .	Dec. 3, 1907		
152.	Miss Ara Elsie Harris, M. D.	Aug. 24, 1908		
153.	Miss Jane B. Beekman (Mrs. J. B. Brown) . . .	Dec. 30, 1908		

Appendix II

The History—Bibliography

In writing the history of the Syria Mission I have consulted

The Memoirs of Pliny Fisk—Edinburgh, 1829.
The manuscript journal of Levi Parsons—1820–1822.
Bible Work in Bible Lands, by Rev. Isaac Bird—Presbyterian Board of Publication, 1872.
Missions to the Oriental Churches, Rev. R. Anderson—Boston, 1872.
Missionary Herald—1819–1870 in loco.
The Foreign Missionary—
Church at Home and Abroad—1870–1908.
Assembly Herald—
Science and Missions, T. Laurie—A. B. C. F. M., Boston, 1882.
Churchill's Druses and Maronites—Quaritch, London, 1862.
Forty Years in the Turkish Empire—W. Goodell, Carter's, 1876.
Among the Turks, C. Hamlin—Carter's, 1878.
Religions of Syria, J. Wortabet—Nisbit & Co., 1860.
Martyr of Lebanon, Rev. I. Bird—American Tract Society, 1864.
The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, C. E. D. Black—Hutchinson & Co., London.
Life and Letters of Rev. D. Temple, D. H. Temple—Boston, 1855.
Kamil, H. H. Jessup—Presbyterian Board of Publication, 1899.
Encyclopedia of Missions—Funk & Wagnalls, 1904.
Modern Egypt, Lord Cromer—London, 1908.
The Emancipation of Woman in Egypt (Arabic) by Kasim Beg Amin, Judge in Cairo, Egypt.
The New Woman (Arabic) by the same author.
Dr. Michaiel Meshaka's "Mashhadul Aiyan," (Arabic). A history of his life and times from 1820 to 1873—Helal Press, Cairo.

Appendix III

(*a*) List of American Medical Missionaries in the Syria Mission, 1833–1909

	Name	*Location*	*Time of Arrival*	*Death*	*Length of Service*
1	Asa Dodge, M. D.	Jerusalem	Feb. 24, 1833	Jan. 28, 1835	1 yr., 11 mos., 4 days
2	Cornelius V. A. Van Dyck, M. D., D. D., L. H. D.	Beirut Jerusalem Abeih Station, Beirut	April 12, 1839	Nov. 13, 1895	56 yrs., 7 mos., 11 days
3	Henry A. DeForest, M. D.	Beirut	Mar. 23, 1842	Nov. 24, 1858, in Rochester, N. Y.	12 yrs., 1 mo., 15 days
4	George E. Post, M.D., D. D. S., LL. D.	Tripoli Beirut	Nov. 28, 1863	Sept. 29, 1909	4 years in Mission, 42 years in College
5	Galen B. Danforth, M. D.	Tripoli	Nov. 9, 1871	July 9, 1875	3 years, 8 months
6	Chas. Wm. Calhoun, M. D.	Tripoli	July, 1879	June 22, 1883	3 years, 11 months
7	Ira Harris, M. D.	Tripoli	Dec. 18, 1883		
8	Mary Pierson Eddy, M. D.	Sidon Ma'amiltein Shebaniyeh	Dec. 23, 1893		
9	Ara Elsie Harris, M. D.	Tripoli	Aug. 24, 1908		

(*b*) Other Medical Agencies in Palestine and Syria

ACRE.—Church Missionary Society. Hospital and Dispensary. Rev. S. Gould, M. D.

ALEPPO.—Presbyterian Church of England's Mission to the Jews. Dispensary. Dr. Charles C. Piper.

ANTILYAS.—Dispensary. Dr. B. J. Manasseh.

ANTIOCH.—Reformed Presbyterian Mission of Ireland and Scotland. Rev. James Martin, M. A., M. D., M. Ch.

ASFURIYEH.—Near Beirut, Lebanon Asylum for the Insane. Dr. H. Watson Smith.

BETHLEHEM.—Swedish Society. Dr. Ribbing.

BAAKLEEN.—Lebanon and Palestine Nurses' Mission. Cottage Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. Alameddin.

BEIRUT.—Hospital. Knights of the Johanniter Order of Germany and Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth. Rev. G. E. Post, M. D., D. D. S., LL. D.; Dr. Harris Graham; Dr. W. B. Adams, M. A.; Rev. C. A. Webster, M. D.; Dr. Franklin T. Moore, M. A.; Dr. Harry G. Dorman, Syrian Protestant College Hospitals, Women's Hospital, Dr. Franklin T. Moore. Children's Hospital, Dr. H. G. Dorman. Eye and Ear Hospital, Dr. C. A. Webster. Training-School for Nurses, Mrs. Gerald F. Dale, and Miss J. E. Van Zandt.

BRUMMANA.—Friends' Foreign Mission Association. Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. A. J. Manasseh.

DAMASCUS.—Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. Victoria Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. F. Mackinnon; Dr. Turnbull.

DEIR ATEEYEH.—Danish Orient Mission. Dr. Fox-Maule.

GAZA.—Church Missionary Society. Hospital and Dispensary. Rev. R. B. Sterling, M. D.; Dr. P. Brigstocke.

HAIFA.—Jerusalem and the East Mission. Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. Donald Coles.

HEBRON.—United Free Church of Scotland Palestine Jewish Mission. Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. A. Paterson.

IM EL FAHM.—Palestine Village Mission and Medical Work.

JAFFA.—Church Missionary Society Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. Melville Keith. Dr. Fuleihan.

JERUSALEM.—The London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews. Hospital and two Dispensaries, Dispensary at Siloam. Dr. P. D'erf Wheeler; Dr. E. W. G. Masterman; Dr. Maxwell.

Moravian Leper Asylum. Jesus Hilf House.

Ophthalmic Hospital. English Knights of St. John. Dr. Cant.

Hospital and Dispensary. Knights of the Johanniter Order of Germany and Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth. Dr. Grussdorf.

KERAK.—Church Missionary Society. Dr. F. Johnson.

LATAKIA.—Reformed Presbyterian Church of America. Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. J. M. Balph.

LYDDA.—English Dispensary. Dr. H. Salim.

NABLUS.—Church Missionary Society. Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. G. R. M. Wright; Dr. Griffiths.

NAZARETH.—Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. Dispensary. Dr. F. J. Scrimgeour.

SAFED.—United Free Church of Scotland Mission. Dispensary. Dr. G. Wilson. London Society for Promotion of Christianity amongst the Jews. Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. W. H. Anderson.

ES SALT.—Church Missionary Society Hospital. Dr. N. Kawar.

TIBERIAS.—United Free Church of Scotland Mission. Hospital and Dispensary. Rev. D. Torrance, M. D.

(*c*) Medical Mission Work of the American Presbyterian Mission in Syria, 1909

TRIPOLI.—Dr. Ira Harris and Miss Ara Elsie Harris, M. D. Hospital and Dispensary in the Meena.

SHWEIR, MOUNT LEBANON.—Rev. Wm. Carslaw, M.D., and Dr. Haddad. Dispensary.

MA'AMILTEIN.—Miss Mary Pierson Eddy, M. D., Wallace Ophthalmic Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. Eddy has also oversight of an independent summer Sanatorium for Consumptives at Shebaniyeh, and a projected winter home near Ma'amiltein.

Appendix IV

1903. List of Mission Schools of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in Vilayets of Beirut and Damascus

Town	*Common School unless indicated*	*Date of Establishment*	*Permanent Buildings owned by Americans. When erected*	*Vilayet*
Beirut	1 Boys' school	1841		Beirut
"	1 Girls' school	1833		"
"	1 Girls' Boarding-school	1845	1866	"
"	Syrian Protestant College	1866	1870–1909	"
"	Theological Seminary	1862		"
Belat	1	1858		"
Deir Mimas	2	1861	1864	"
Ibl es Saki	1	1852	1866	"
Judaideh	4 (1 High School)	1851	1873	"
Khirbeh	1	1865		"
Khiyam	1	1852	1864	"
Quleiaah	1	1858		"
Safad el Buttikh	1	1885		"
Abra	1	1866		"
Jubaa Halawi	1	1866		"
Qureiyyeh	1	1885		"
Mughdusheh	1	1882	1903	"
Maamariyeh	1	1888		"
Miyeh wa Miyeh	1	1880	1890	"
Mujeidil	1	1885		"
Sidon	1 Boys' school	1852	1864	"
"	Seminary for girls	1876	1875	"
"	Gerard Institute (boys)		1882, 1909	"
"	Dar es Salaam Orphanage (boys)		1900	"
"	Common school for girls	1852		"
Alma	1	1850	1858	"
Qana	1	1850	1864	"
Tibnin	1	1857		"
Tyre	2	1853		"
Dibl	1	1880		"

Town	*Common School unless indicated*	*Date of Establishment*	*Permanent Buildings owned by Americans. When erected*	*Vilayet*
Safed	1	1880		Beirut
Bussah	1	1880		"
Tripoli	Girls' boarding-school	1873	1876	"
"	Boys' boarding-school	1900		"
"	Boys' day-school	1854		"
"	Girls' day-school	1856		"
"	El Meena day-school	1854	1886	"
Amar	1	1879	1883	"
El Kaimeh	1	1880		"
Hab Numera	1	1874		"
Khareibeh	1	1872		"
Marmarita	1	1875		"
El Mozeibeleh	1	1890		"
Ain Barideh	1	1890		"
Kefr Ram	1	1890		"
Beit Sabat	1	1890		"
El Yazidiyeh	1	1890		"
Beinu	1	1866	1883	"
Jaar	1	1874		"
Minyara	2	1888	1888	"
Sheikh Mohammed	1	1869		"
Bezbina	1	1890		"
Meshta el Helu	2	1879		"
Safita	2	1864		"
Hasbeiya	1	1844	1854	Damascus
Khureibeh	1	1876		"
Kefeir	2	1857	1881	"
El Mary	1	1876		"
Mimis	1	1863		"
Rasheyyet Fukkhar	2	1851	1865	"
Shibaa	1	1857		"
Ain Qunyet Banias	1	1858	1880	"
Mejdel Shems	2	1858	1873	"
Hamath	2	1874		"
Barsheen	1	1902		"
Mahardee	1	1884		"
Hums	3 (1 High School)	1859	1870	"
Feiruzeh	1	1890		"
Im Dulab	1	1890		"
Baalbek	1	1874	1884	"
Ain Burdhai	1	1878		"
Beit Shama	1	1868		"
Deir el Ghazelle	1	1861	1880	"
Hadeth	1	1882		"
Howsh Barada	1	1890		"
Kefr Zebd	1	1861		"
Qusaiya	1	1873		"

Town	*Common School unless indicated*	*Date of Establishment*	*Permanent Buildings owned by Americans. When erected*	*Vilayet*
Ras Baalbek	1	1884		Damascus
Schlifa	1	1878		“
Timnin el Foka	1	1888		“
Tullya	2	1861		“
Aitanith	1	1868	1878	“
Ammiuk	1	1871		“
Furzul	2	1868		“
Jedeitha	2	1870	1877	“
Khirbeh	1	1875		“
Meshghara	2	1869	1884	“
Moallakah	2	1868	1877	“
Quabb Elias	2	1872		“
Qurâûn	2	1870		“
Sughbin	1	1870	1873	“

Mission Schools of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in the Mutserfiyet of Lebanon

Place	*No. of Schools*	*Date of Establishment*	*Permanent Buildings owned by Americans. When erected*	*District*
Ghurzuz	1	1858	1882	Kesrawan
El Munsif	1	1889		“
Sheikhan	1	1890		“
Kisba	1	1871		Kura
Bishmazin	1	1867		“
Kefr Hazir	1	1890		“
Bterram	1	1874		“
Enfeh	1	1878		“
Batrun	1	1881		Batrun
Karm Saddy	1	1902		“
Duma	1	1876		“
Jezzin	1	1881		Jezzin
Room	1	1881		“
Maghdoosheh	1	1882	1903	“
Berta	1	1856		“
Miyeh wa Miyeh	1	1880	1890	“
Salhiyeh	1	1870		“
Kaituly	1	1905		“
Kurayyeh	1	1884		“
Kefr Jerrah	1	1880		“

Place	*No. of Schools*	*Date of Establishment*	*Permanent Buildings owned by Americans. When erected*	*District*
Mejdaluna	1	1850		Shuf
Joon	1	1850		"
Jemaliyeh	1	1890		"
Aleih	2	1842	1850	"
Komatiyeh	1	1904		"
Abeih	2	1844	1850	"
Ainab	1	1842		"
Ain Anub	2	1842		"
Ain Zehalteh	1	1850	1860	"
Aramoon	1	1844		"
Baaklin	2	1868		"
Ghareefeh	1	1890		"
Metulleh	1	1878		"
Bhamdoun	1	1848	1870	"
Bshamoon	1	1842		"
Deir el Komr	2	1858	1895	"
Deir Kobel	1	1858		"
Dibbiyeh	1	1863	1870	"
Rishmaiya	2	1897		"
Shwifat	2	1863		"
Suk el Gharb	2	1853	1870	"
Ma'amiltein	1	1905		Kesrawan
Shweir	3	1865	1875	Metn
Ain Sindianeh	1	1865		"
Khunshareh	1	1905		"
Btughrin	1	1865		"
Kefr Akab	1	1865		"
Kefr Shima	1	1847		"
Hadeth	1	1853		"
Zahleh	3	1868	1875	Zahleh

Appendix V

Outline of the History of the Syria Mission of the American Presbyterian Church and Contemporary Events, 1820 to 1900

First Period—1820 to 1840

Turkish Sultan, Mahmoud II, 1808–1839.

A period of exploration and preparation, intolerance, persecution, banishment, wars and pestilence.

1822—The American Press founded in Malta.

1834—The Press removed to Beirut.

The principal missionaries were Pliny Fisk and Levi Parsons, arrived in 1820; Dr. Jonas King, 1822; Dr. William Goodell, translator of the Scriptures into Armeno-Turkish, 1823; Rev. Isaac Bird, author of "Bible Work in Bible Lands," 1823; Dr. Eli Smith, who began the translation of the Bible into the Arabic, 1827; and Dr. Wm. M. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book."

October 20, 1827—Naval battle of Navarino, destruction of the Turkish fleet by the allied English, French and Russian fleets.

1826—The first Protestant martyr, Asaad es Shidiak, starved to death in the Maronite Monastery of Kannobin, by order of the Maronite Patriarch.

1828—War with England expected, missionaries fled to Malta.

1830—Armenia explored by Dr. Eli Smith and Dr. H. G. O. Dwight.

1830—The first girls' schools ever opened in the Turkish Empire commenced by Mrs. Bird and Mrs. Goodell in Beirut and Mount Lebanon.

1830—When the missionaries returned from Malta to Beirut one small rowboat came out to meet them, containing the entire Protestant community of the Turkish Empire, viz., five persons. (Now, in 1900, about 75,000.)

1834—Mrs. Eli Smith opened school for girls in Beirut.

1835—Boys' Seminary in Beirut with six pupils.

The Greek war, the plague, the invasion of Ibrahim Pasha, son of Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt (1825–1830), and the disturbed state of the country, rendered continuous missionary labour impossible.

Protestant Christianity a *religio illicita*.

Second Period—1840 to 1860

September, 1840—From the expulsion of Ibrahim Pasha by the allied English, Austrian and Turkish fleets, to the civil war and massacres of 1860.

Turkish Sultan, Abdul Medjid, 1839–1861.

The Turks restored to Syria.

Protestantism recognized by the Turkish Sultan as one of the religions of the empire.

1840—Boys' Boarding-School in Beirut under Mr. Hebard.

November, 1841—Civil war in Lebanon between the Druses and Maronites.

March, 1844—The Sultan Abdul Medjid issued a firman that Christians of all sects are not to be insulted nor to be persecuted for their religion.

1845—Civil war again in Lebanon. Missionaries ordered down to Beirut.

1846—Boys' Boarding-School opened in Abeih by Dr. Van Dyck. Girls' Boarding-School in Beirut by Dr. and Mrs. De Forest.

1847—The Protestant "Charter of Rights" was issued by the Grand Vizier in Constantinople. (See Goodell's "Forty Years in the Turkish Empire.")

1848—The first Syrian Evangelical Church organized in Beirut with eighteen members.

1849—New translation of the Bible into the Arabic language begun by Rev. Eli Smith, D. D., assisted by Mr. Butrus Bistany.

1850—The previous Protestant "Charter of Rights" being only Vizierial, the Sultan Abdul Medjid issued an Imperial Firman, called the "Imperial Protestant Charter of Rights," guaranteeing to the Protestants all the rights and privileges of the other Christian sects in the empire.

1853—First steam printing-press set up in Beirut.

1853–1855—Crimean war. British influence predominant.

1854—Commenced printing new translation of Genesis.

February, 1857—The famous Hatti Hamaiyoun or Imperial Edict, or guarantee of religious liberty, announces that no Mohammedan becoming a Christian shall be put to death.

1857—Four evangelical churches in Syria with seventy-five members.

January 11, 1857—Death of Dr. Eli Smith.

February, 1857—Translation of the Bible continued by Rev. Cornelius V. A. Van Dyck, M. D., D. D., LL. D., assisted by the Mufti, Sheikh Yusef Asir, graduate of the Azhar University in Cairo.

1858—American Boarding-School for Girls in Suk el Gharb, Mount Lebanon.

Third Period—1860 to 1880

Light out of darkness. From the civil war and massacres of 1860 to the dedication of the Gerald F. Dale, Jr., Memorial Sunday-School Hall in Beirut.

1860-1861—Sultan Abdul Medjid.

1861-1876—Sultan Abdul Aziz.

1876-1899—Sultan Abdul Hamid.

March 29, 1860—Translation and printing of Arabic Reference New Testament completed by Dr. Van Dyck. A pocket edition in April.

April to July 9, 1860—Civil war between the Druses and Maronites in Lebanon, followed by bloody massacres in Lebanon, Hasbeiya and Damascus.

August and September, 1860—Twenty thousand refugees receiving aid from the Anglo-American and German Relief Committee in Beirut. The missionaries spent four months feeding the hungry and clothing the needy. One hundred thousand garments distributed, and £30,000 given in relief.

August, 1860, to November, 1861—Occupation of Syria for nine months by 6,000 French troops, on behalf of the European Powers, and a fleet of twenty-five British line of battle-ships, with the consent of the Sultan.

Increase of European and Christian interest in Syria. New educational and benevolent institutions founded.

October, 1860—British Syrian Schools and Bible Mission founded by Mrs. Bowen Thompson. These schools have now fifty-one schools and 4,000 children in Syria, chiefly girls.

October, 1860—Prussian Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth found an orphanage for girls in Beirut, with 130 orphans. Up to this date, 1900, they have trained about 1,000 girls.

June 10, 1861—A new government instituted in Lebanon under a Latin Christian Pasha, appointed with the approval of the six European Powers.

July 18, 1861—Daoud Pasha inaugurated as Governor-General of Lebanon. His successors have been:

Franco Pasha	1867–1871
Rustum Pasha	1871–1881
Wassa Pasha	1881–1890
Naoum Pasha	1890–1900
" "	1900–1905
Muzaffar Pasha	1905–1907
Yusef Pasha	1907+

1862—American Female Seminary reopened in Beirut.

October, 1862—Suk Girls' Boarding-School transferred to Sidon.

January 27, 1862—The Syria Mission voted to establish a college in Beirut, with Rev. Daniel Bliss as president.

1863—The Syrian Protestant College was incorporated by the Legislature of the State of New York.

March 10, 1865—Celebration of the completion of the Arabic translation of the Old Testament, thus completing the new Arabic Bible.

June, 1865—Dr. Van Dyck left for New York and superintended the electrotyping of the Arabic Bible, duplicate plates being deposited with the Bible Societies in New York and London, and in the vaults of the American Press in Beirut.

October, 1865—The College formally opened in Beirut with sixteen students. Number of students in 1880, 124. In this period Mrs. E. H. Watson, under the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, opened a Girls' Boarding-School in Mount Lebanon.

The Lebanon Schools Committee, of Scotland, opened Boys' and Girls' Boarding-Schools in Suk el Gharb and afterwards in Shweir, Mount Lebanon. The Kirk of Scotland Jewish Committee instituted schools and a chaplaincy in Beirut. Miss Taylor opened the St. George's School for Moslem and Druse Girls in Beirut.

1869—Imperial press and school laws promulgated, establishing a severe censorship over all books and newspapers.

May, 1868—American Theological Seminary opened in Abeih, with Drs. Calhoun, W. W. Eddy, and H. H. Jessup, as instructors.

1870—The Syria Mission was transferred from the A. B. C. F. M., of Boston, to the American Presbyterian Board of Missions.

December 7, 1871—Corner-stone of the Syrian Protestant College laid by the Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, of New York.

1873—American Female Seminary opened in Tripoli, Syria.

November, 1873—Theological Seminary transferred to Beirut.

May, 1875—Dog River Water introduced into Beirut.

August 31, 1876—Accession of Sultan Abdul Hamid.

April, 1877—Russia declares war against Turkey.

1877–1878—Great Circassian deportation from Bulgaria to Syria.

1877—Mohammedan Society of Benevolent Intentions opened schools for girls in Beirut, Damascus, Tripoli and Aleppo.

Greeks, Papal Greeks, Maronites and Jews opened schools for boys and girls.

Multiplication of newspapers and books.

Society of Friends founded a mission, hospital and schools at Brummana, Mount Lebanon, under Theophilus Waldmeier.

Fourth Period—1880 to 1901

December 19, 1880—From the dedication of the Gerald F. Dale Memorial Sunday-School Hall in Beirut to the present time.

Growth of all departments of Protestant missionary work, medical, educational, publication and evangelistic.

Beirut becomes the literary centre of Syria.

1887—The Mejlis el-Maarif, or Board of Public Instruction of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, the Caliph of Mohammed, placed the seal of authorization upon thirty-three different editions of the Arabic Scriptures and parts of Scriptures.

The Local Board in Damascus also approved 330 different Arabic publications of the American Press in Beirut.

April 8, 1894—Death of Rev. Wm. M. Thomson, D. D., author of "The Land and the Book," in Denver, Colorado, aged eighty-nine.

November 13, 1895—Death of Rev. C. V. A. Van Dyck, M. D., D. D., LL. D., in Beirut, aged seventy-seven years.

July, 1895—Railway opened from Beirut to Damascus and Hauran.

1896–1897—Prince Gargarin, Director of the Russian Schools in Syria and Palestine, orders the Arabic Scriptures to be used in all their schools.

During this period the Syrians of the various Christian sects have begun to emigrate in vast numbers to Egypt, Australia, and North and South America. Not less than 75,000 have gone, and others are preparing to go. The young, industrious, ambitious, and educated classes are going to seek to better their condition. Insecurity for life and property in the interior and want of employment are driving them away.

January 28, 1900—Death of Rev. W. W. Eddy, D. D., in Beirut, aged seventy-four years.

1900—The whole number of children in Protestant Schools in Syria and Palestine is about 18,000, of whom one-half are girls.

The number of Protestants enrolled as a civil sect is about 7,000.

Number of Scriptures issued since 1860, 600,000.

Whole number of pages printed at the American Press from the beginning is about 650,000,000.

There are sixteen Arabic Journals in Beirut:—one Turkish official, four Protestant, two Mohammedan, two Greek, four Maronite, one Independent, two Jesuit.

Four Hospitals have been founded since 1860:—St. John's, Protestant (Knights of St. John, Berlin); St. Joseph's, Papal; St. George's, Orthodox Greek; and the Beirut Municipality Hospital.

The Syrian Protestant College has 434 Students, sixteen American Professors and Tutors, two French Adjunct Professors, one Syrian Adjunct Professor, and nine Syrian Tutors. (See pp. 816–817.)

Its graduates number, in the Preparatory Department, 309; Collegiate Department, 169; in Medicine, 163; and in Pharmacy, fifty-eight.

It has ten stone buildings, a large library, an astronomical observatory with a refractor of twelve inches aperture and fifteen feet focal length, extensive scientific cabinets and collections, apparatus and laboratories.

In the American Cemetery, adjoining the American Press in Beirut, are the graves of Pliny Fisk, died 1826, Dr. Eli Smith, Dr. Van Dyck, Dr. C. W. Calhoun, Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Rev. Dr. Wm. W. Eddy, and others.

In the Female Seminary, in the rear of the Church, can be seen the upper room in which the Bible was translated into the Arabic, during a period of sixteen years. A tablet commemorating the fact was placed in the wall by President D. C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University.

Appendix VI

"Figures," 1908–1909—Statistics of the Syria Mission

EVANGELICAL AND GENERAL MISSIONARY WORK

		1876		1908	
American Missionaries	Men	13	28	16	41
	Women	15		25	
Native Syrian Labourers	Ordained pastors	3	120	10	226
	Licensed preachers	13		31	
	School teachers	96		174	
	Other helpers	8		11	
Stations		5		4	
Outstations		60		97	
Churches		10		34	
Church buildings		24		57	
Added on profession during the year		75		134	
Male church-members		364	573	2,744	
Female church-members		209			
Total members from the first		—		4,792	
Regular preaching places		61		97	
Average congregations		2,642		6,025	
Sabbath-schools		40		86	
Sabbath scholars		1,540		5,831	
Syrian Protestant community (within the field of the American Presbyterian Mission)		2,982		7,553	
Contributions of native communities, including tuition in boarding-schools and seminaries		$1,252		$49,536	

EDUCATIONAL WORK

	1876		1908	
Theological seminary	1		1	
Pupils in seminary	7		—	
Boys' boarding-schools	1		4	
Pupils in boarding-schools	42		577	
Female seminaries	3		3	
Pupils in seminaries	89		298	
High schools	2		2	
Pupils in high schools	29		100	
Common schools	71		106	
Boys in schools	2,031	2,850	3,410	4,709
Girls in schools	819		1,299	
Total schools	8		116	
Total pupils	359		5,688	
Adult females in Bible classes	——		350	

SCHOOLS IN BEIRUT, 1909

	Schools	*Boys' Schools*	*Girls' Schools*	*Male Teachers*	*Total Teachers*	*Boys*	*Girls*	*Total Scholars*
Moslem	36	29	7	99	130	2,965	1,497	4,462
Non-Moslem	18	15	3	106	121	1,686	460	2,146
Foreign	43	23	20	120	172	3,720	2,928	6,648
Moslem	36	29	7	99	130	2,965	310	4,462
Catholic	3	3	—	37	—	392	—	392
Orthodox Greek	5	3	2	17	25	367	1,497	677
Maronite	6	6	—	40	—	526	—	526
Jews	2	1	1	10	17	350	150	500
Syriac	2	2	—	2	—	51	—	51
French	17	14	3					
Italian	2	1	1					
Russian	5	—	5	120	172	3,720	2,928	6,648
German	3	—	3					
American	4	3	1					
English	12	5	7					
	97	67	30	325	423	8,371	4,885	13,256

THE AMERICAN PRESS

Founded at Malta, 1822, and at Beirut, 1834

The Arabic Press of the American Mission printed during the two years:

	1898	1908
Total pages	28,085,564	44,589,571
Of which, Scriptures for the American Bible Society	18,516,000	30,507,000
Volumes of Scriptures distributed	64,539	101,000
Total pages printed from the first	625,671,085	923,345,755

Volumes of Scriptures, Including Bibles, Testaments and Portions, Issued by the American Bible Society in Beirut

	1880	1908
Distributed in Syria *Sold*	4,779	9,843
" " " *Granted*	119	98
Consigned to American Mission, Egypt	5,244	48,228
" " British and Foreign Bible Society	512	32,267
" " U. S. A.	—	1,875
Total	10,654	92,311

Average yearly issues	1880–1889	23,000
" " "	1890–1899	39,000
" " "	1900–1908	64,051

PRESS WORK, PRINTING AND DISTRIBUTION OF BIBLES, TRACTS, ETC.

	1876	1908
Bible House and Press Establishment	1	1
Steam Presses	3	5
Hand Presses	2	6
Hydraulic Press	1	1
Type Foundry	1	2
Electrotype Apparatus	1	1
Stereotype Apparatus	—	1
Embossing Presses	1	2
Hot Rolling Press	—	1
Cutting Machines	2	2
Press Employees	44	62
Publications on Press Catalogue	207	692
Volumes printed during the year	38,450	171,500
Pages " " " "	13,786,980	44,589,571
Of which, pages of Scriptures for the American Bible Society	4,277,500	30,507,000
Of which, pages of Tracts	232,000	
Total pages from the beginning	159,810,300	923,345,755
Scriptures issued during the year by the American Bible Society	5,641	92,311
Other Books and Tracts sold and distributed	25,721	91,291
Copies of Publications of all kinds issued during the year	50,000	183,602

SYRIAN PROTESTANT COLLEGE

The Syrian Protestant College, situated at Beirut, is not connected with any Missionary Society or helped by its funds, but it is a direct outgrowth of the Mission in Syria, and is closely affiliated with the Mission and related to its work. It has a magnificent location, and in its Preparatory, Collegiate, Commercial, Pharmaceutical and Medical Departments it has 870 students. A Training School for Nurses was established in 1905 in connection with the College Hospitals.

The corps of instruction and administration numbers seventy-four, of these sixty-three devote all or some of their time to teaching, and eleven are engaged in the conduct of the business affairs of the institution. Thirty-five are from America; twenty-five are Syrians; two are Greek; four British; two are Italians; two are Swiss; 3 are Armenian; one is Austrian.

Students	1876	1890		1908
Medical Department } Pharmacy Department }	27	45	{ 117 / 36 }	153
Commercial Department	—	—		52
Collegiate Department	28	56		200
Preparatory Department	22	217		453
Training School for Nurses	—	—		12
Total	77	318		870

The College was opened in Beirut in the autumn of 1866. The first class was graduated in 1870. The Medical Department was organized and opened in 1867, the Preparatory Department in 1871, and the School of Commerce in October, 1900.

The College property is situated at Ras Beirut, on a fine site overlooking the sea, the city of Beirut, and the long range of Lebanon Mountains. It includes about forty acres of land, on which fourteen buildings have been erected for the accommodation of the institution. Of these, College Hall and Medical Hall were occupied in the autumn of 1873, the others having been erected at various dates since that time.

Arabic was originally the language of instruction, and is still thoroughly taught, but English was substituted in the Collegiate Department in 1880, and in the Medical Department in 1887.

MEDICAL WORK OF THE COLLEGE

I. JOHANNITER HOSPITAL

The Medical Professors of the Syrian Protestant College have been for thirty-six years the sole medical attendants of this institution. The hospital is situated on the bluff overlooking the Bay of St. George, in a terraced park of about four acres. The main building is a stately edifice with a central block, two pavilion wings and a rear pavilion connected by a covered glazed corridor. The central block contains the administration department, the operating room, the pathological laboratory, the kitchen and various apartments, and on its best ventilated faces a number of wards, most of them looking out on the sea and Mount Lebanon. The lower story of the rear pavilion is the chapel erected by American friends of the noble Johanniter Order and of the Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth. The upper story is the surgical ward for men, and is a model of its kind, having windows on all four sides and the most perfect system of lighting and ventilation. Another building furnishes accommodations for a large polyclinic, another is isolated for contagious diseases, and still others for laundry, dead house, gate house, etc.

The institution is owned and supported by the Johanniter Order, composed of the flower of the Protestant nobility of Germany, with the son of the Emperor at its head. The nursing and administrative staff is furnished by the Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth. The edifying spectacle of the coöperation of two such institutions as the Johanniter Hospital and the Syrian Protestant College is a striking testimony to ecumenical Christianity resting upon the unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace.

	1876	1908
Indoor patients	537	792
Patients treated in polyclinic . . .	9,162	13,821
Total days of treatment	17,500	21,024

These patients come from all parts of Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Cyprus, Asia Minor, and the Greek Islands. They are Mohammedans, Jews, Druses and Christians of various sects.

2. MARIA DE WITT JESUP FOUNDATION

This Foundation consists of a plot of about four acres of ground, southeast of the College campus, on which is:

(*a*) A structure known as the 'Adm House, formerly a dwelling, used as a Children's Hospital and a Training School for Nurses. In this building there were treated, during the nine months of the college year, 110 women of whom ten were labour cases, and ninety-five children. The days of treatment were 6,500.

(*b*) A Maternity and Woman's Hospital was completed in 1908, with a capacity for thirty-five patients.

(*c*) A Children's Hospital, to include an Orthopædic department, with accommodations for thirty patients, is now about to be erected.

3. MARCELLUS DODGE EYE AND EAR HOSPITAL

A commodious building, with room for thirty-five patients, now being built on ground adjacent to the Jesup Foundation. It will probably be ready for occupancy before the close of the year.

Appendix VII

Statistics of the Syrian Protestant College from 1866 to 1906

TABLE I

Showing the number of individual students who have graduated from one or more departments of the college.

Graduates of the School of Medicine (since 1871) . . .	330
Graduates of the School of Pharmacy (since 1875) . . .	162
Graduates of the School of Commerce (since 1902) . . .	53
Graduates of the Collegiate Department (since 1870) . .	300
Graduates of the Preparatory Department (since 1883) .	922
	1,767

TABLE II

Showing the number of students enrolled each year from the foundation of the college.

	College	*Medicine*	*Prep.*	*Pharmacy*	*Commerce*	*Nurses' Training School*	*Total*
1866–67	16	—	—	—	—	—	16
1867–68	27	14	—	—	—	—	41
1868–69	31	21	—	—	—	—	52
1869–70	48	29	—	—	—	—	77
1870–71	54	31	—	—	—	—	85
1871–72	36	25	5	—	—	—	66
1872–73	39	26	19	—	—	—	84
1873–74	29	27	16	2	—	—	74
1874–75	31	21	13	3	—	—	68
1875–76	28	26	22	1	—	—	77
1876–77	34	24	47	1	—	—	106
1877–78	33	21	51	3	—	—	108
1878–79	25	27	67	2	—	—	121
1879–80	33	36	38	1	—	—	108
1880–81	29	39	51	2	—	—	121
1881–82	31	46	74	1	—	—	152
1882–83	37	47	86	—	—	—	170
1883–84	43	33	99	3	—	—	178
1884–85	56	31	96	3	—	—	186
1885–86	61	30	76	1	—	—	168

	College	*Medicine*	*Prep.*	*Pharmacy*	*Commerce*	*Nurses' Training School*	*Total*
1886–87	66	27	75	2	—	—	170
1887–88	70	31	78	2	—	—	181
1888–89	65	33	96	5	—	—	199
1889–90	56	38	127	7	—	—	228
1890–91	57	36	102	5	—	—	200
1891–92	49	38	104	5	—	—	196
1892–93	49	42	139	8	—	—	238
1893–94	45	49	137	11	—	—	242
1894–95	65	59	139	12	—	—	275
1895–96	70	56	159	12	—	—	297
1896–97	72	55	172	10	—	—	309
1897–98	80	49	174	15	—	—	318
1898–99	106	50	202	20	—	—	378
1899–1900	109	62	240	24	—	—	435
1900–01	109	84	315	29	14	—	551
1901–02	124	109	324	28	26	—	611
1902–03	121	115	328	30	35	—	629
1903–04	139	129	378	26	45	—	717
1904–05	146	111	425	21	47	—	750
1905–06	153	95	450	29	37	5	769
1906–07	190	102	515	27	38	6	878
1907–08	186	108	449	30	52	6	831
1908–09	201	117	455	37	52	14	876

Index